



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }  
Vol. XIV., No. 5. }

NOVEMBER, 1871.

{ Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols. }

Quarterly Review.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIMES.\*

THE two works referred to in this article are samples of what has been done for Shakspearian literature within the last few years. It is a matter of congratulation to all students of the great dramatist that the appliances of modern science should have given us an exact fac-simile of the first collected edition of the poet's works, and thus have enabled all readers to judge for themselves of the state and arrangement of the text as it first left the hands of the poet's literary executors. Mr. Neil's little book has done good service in presenting the facts of the poet's biography, and the most material documents relating to it, in their strict chronological order. The value of the slenderest notices derived from original papers in illustrating not only the life of the poet, of his family, and

his neighbors in Warwickshire, but the spirit and manners of the period, can never be fully appreciated until the whole mass of evidence has been thoroughly sifted. Availing ourselves therefore of what has been brought to light by the indefatigable diligence of the poet's admirers within the last few years, and of such papers as still remain unpublished in the Record Office, we propose to lay before our readers a sketch of Shakspeare's life and times, carefully eliminating from the former those supposed facts and theories which have gathered round it on the faith of documents now generally regarded with discredit.

Of Shakspeare's great contemporaries, by descent as well as by feeling, Spenser was intimately connected with the aristocracy of England. His life was spent at a distance from the metropolis. During his long residence in Ireland he treasured up the impressions he had received in his youth of the glories of Elizabeth, and the grandeur of Protestantism,—its heroic sufferings, its eventual triumph over all forms

\* 1. Shakespeare: The First Folio Edition of 1623. Reproduced under the immediate supervision of Howard Staunton, by Photo-lithography. Folio.

2. Shakespeare: a Critical Biography. By Samuel Neil, 12mo. London, 1861.

of falsehood and deceit, moral, religious, social, scientific, and political. These impressions were never disturbed by too close an approximation to realities. Happily, it was never the poet's lot to witness the party and personal squabbles in which his knights indulged too freely in the court of his Gloriana, or to see prelates and Puritans divided, and both equally forgetful of mutual charity, in bitter controversies about square caps and white surplices. Hooker, on the other hand, owed his descent to the burgher class. The chief part of his life was spent in the quiet seclusion of the university. If Spenser was mainly indebted to his imagination for his knowledge of the external world, Hooker judged it by his books. His mind was as deeply tintured with fathers and schoolmen—with an ideal Christianity enshrined in the past—as Spenser's imagination lingered over mediæval romances and Arthurian legends. Over both the past had a stronger hold than the present; the *τὸ καλὸν* of the one and the *τὸ δίκαιον* of the other are equally heroic—both equally transcend the capabilities and the limits of poor, failing, commonplace humanity.

It was otherwise with Shakspeare. Like Spenser, he was allied by his mother's side to gentle blood; \* like Hooker, he was linked to the burgher classes by the stronger parent. Brought up in the country till the age of manhood, thrown early upon his own resources, obliged to no college-fellowship like Hooker, to no diplomatic appointment like Spenser, he was tossed on the seething waves of the metropolis, or rather cast himself upon them, with the same boldness, perhaps the same apparent recklessness, as he had entered on a marriage at eighteen, when he was no better than a poor apprentice or foreman to a failing glover in a poor country town. Of his life-struggles—and they must have been many—he has left no sign. Of his patience, his endurance, his solitary determination, whilst unassisted and unadvised he carved out his way from the safe obscurity of Stratford to the highest pinnacle of fame, he has told us nothing. This early familiarity with the hard realities of life left no trace on his mind, as these things leave scars and traces on inferior intellects, beyond perhaps that sympathy

with humanity, that profound appreciation of it in all its forms, which is one of his greatest characteristics as a poet.

How far the circumstances of his life and times may have determined or assisted the development of his genius, it is not easy to ascertain. Of no other English poet can it be said with greater justice: "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" Many, indeed, of Shakspeare's enthusiastic admirers will not allow that he owed anything to art or to learning. They claim for Nature and for natural inspiration alone those great masterpieces of invention in which others have professed to find traces of the most profound philosophy, the most acute physiological knowledge, the clearest distinctions of races, the fullest appreciation of all forms of poetry, the exactest study of man and of nature.

That Shakspeare owed most to nature, that his obligations to learning or accidental circumstances were but slight, we may fully concede, without at the same time entirely overlooking the obvious advantages afforded by the times for dramatic composition, and the traces of classical education to be found throughout the poet's works. The same keen and unerring instinct which from a single glance could body forth and project in a visible form the whole life and character of a man, however remote from ordinary observation, would by a similar power extract from books—poor and meagre in themselves—the quintessence of a life rich and varied, instinct with thoughts and feelings, such as inferior intelligences would fail to gather from the most perfect productions of the greatest genius. The dreary chronicle, the blundering biography, the vapidest translations of Cæsar or of Sallust, were instruments sufficient to set at work that innate power of the poet which, like nature itself, develops the most perfect and glorious results from the most contemptible and unworthy materials. That is what we mean by genius. With ordinary men the instruments by which they work must bear some proportion in dignity and value to the end to be produced; but genius is divine and miraculous in this, that it is not tied to the order, methods, and instruments by which common men are bound. Admitting, then, that no amount of training or study can account for Shakspeare's plays, admitting also that the poet was little indebted to school

\* "She was one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellmington."—*Grant of Arms.*

learning for his wonderful productions, that would not necessarily invalidate the importance of his education, or the beneficial influences of his peculiar times. Brought up at the grammar school of Stratford, he would acquire as much knowledge of Latin and French as fell to the lot of most of his contemporaries. Before the great public schools had attracted much attention—before, indeed, they were accessible to the large majority of the English country gentlemen, owing to bad roads and inefficient means of travelling—the grammar schools of our country towns furnished the only means for the training and education of the gentry and richer citizens throughout the largest extent of England. Were the results poor and unsatisfactory? Can any period be pointed out in our history which provided on the whole abler school-masters or scholars more deeply interested in learning? It is impossible to open any popular book of those times without being struck with its rich abundance of classical allusion. If this be attributed to pedantry, that pedantry was universal. But we have a more unsuspicious testimony; not only did the dramatists of the age freely borrow from classical antiquity their plots, their quotations, their witticisms—and that for dramas intended for a popular audience—without scruple, without dread of being misunderstood—but in the humors of Eastcheap, in the busiest haunts of life, “the honey of Hybla,” “pitiful Titan,” “Phœbus the wandering knight,” “Diana’s foresters,” “*homo* is a *common* name for all men,” are freely bandied from mouth to mouth, with not so much as a thought on the part of the author that his allusions will not be fully understood by his audience.

If Shakspeare, then, had, as Jonson observes, “little Latin and less Greek,” the admission at least implies that he had some knowledge of both—enough of Latin to read ordinary Latin books and translations, and more than enough of genius to extract from what he did read the pith and substance. It was an age throughout of Latin cultivation. Greek, with few exceptions, was unattainable, except to men of fortune, or rare scholars at the universities. In fact, Shakspeare was the poet of an age that loved learning for its own sake—an age that had come into a new inheritance of breathless wonder and interest—

“Like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;”  
and he would not have been the man of his time, nor the poet that he was, had he been wholly indifferent to learning, or wholly unacquainted with it.

Nor were the times less favorable to him as a dramatic poet. The Reformation had done much to develop individual character. The feeling of a common Christendom, the sense of submission to the Church as a great society, the duty of not diverging widely from the authorized limits of religious opinion and belief, had all passed away. Each man felt bound to carve out a faith for himself, and to discard as worthless—at least, as suspicious—whatever was recommended or received on authority or tradition. Bacon has said that time, like a river, brings down on its surface the straw and the stubble, but the solid and the gold have long since sunk to the bottom. What seems like a paradox to the philosopher, was accepted by the reformers as an undoubted and undeniable truth. Authority was the test of falsehood, not of truth. Uniformity of belief was not to found in nations or in single men. No two agreed. Diversity of faith led to diversity of character; and if there be one phenomenon more striking than another in the reign of Elizabeth, it is the strange humors, the extravagances, the conceits, the motley exhibition of dress, manners, sentiments, and opinions, admitting no central authority, bound by no restraint beyond the caprice of the individual. There was, besides, no standard of taste, no school of criticism, no public opinion, literary or otherwise, to which men could defer, or, probably, if there had been, would have cared to defer. There were no settled forms of English—no deference to classical models, which all consented to accept. No long-established rules imposed a wholesome restraint on the teeming invention and luxuriant wit of the Elizabethan writers.

But while the Reformation had been thus powerful in developing individual character in its widest extent; whilst men revelled in their new-found liberty, and cared not to determine when it degenerated into licentiousness; whilst nature avenged herself on the dry, logical studies of a preceding age by a reaction which sometimes trespassed into animalism, the

material forms of the old world and the old religion still held their ground. In the parish church the service was in English, not in Latin; but the ceremonies, the dresses, the fasts, and the festivals, though curtailed, remained essentially the same. Sermons were scarcely more frequent than they had been in Popish times; men and women went to confession—paid their Easter offerings—looked up to the parish priest as their spiritual guide. Most of these priests had been in their livings when Edward VI. was crowned—had complied with Queen Mary—had re-complied with Elizabeth—accommodated their new to their ancient faith—doubtless retained many of their old Rôkish practices and predilections—and were winked at by their bishops, especially in distant provinces. How could it be otherwise, unless the rulers of the Church were prepared to see nine-tenths of the parishes of England deprived of all spiritual instructors, and churches and congregations falling into irremediable decay? Though Puritanism was creeping on with rapid and stealthy pace towards the close of the century, it numbered as yet a contemptible and unnational minority. It had not yet contrived to inspire men with one intense and narrow sentimentalism; to force upon their unwilling acceptance its straitened notions of a straitened creed. It had not yet taught them to look with sour suspicion on all forms of amusement as ungodly; or to suspect Popery in mincepies and cheerful village festivals. So ancient customs remained as they had remained ages before. Christmas, with its pageants and processions, its mummers and its good fare; Twelfth-night, Midsummer's Eve, St. Mark's, St. Valentine's, and All Saints days, were duly observed. No inductive philosophy had yet appeared to disturb the popular belief in fairies or in witchcraft, in ghosts or in spectres; no ruthless geographer had stripped "the still-vexed Bermoothes" of its Ariel and its Caliban, or buried the wand which raised such potent marvels.

By the ingle-nook, especially in country towns like Stratford—half a century behind the metropolis, and exempt from those changes to which a great metropolis is subject—men still talked of elves and goblins, and still devoutly believed in them. They repeated from father to son the local traditions of their own and the

neighboring counties. They knew the battle-fields of Tewkesbury; they had heard tell of the encounter when the Severn hid its head in fear of the blood-stained combatants. Kenilworth and Coventry, Gloucester and Northampton, were studded with historical associations. And many an anecdote, many a feat, a trait of manner, of person, and character, of English worthies would thus be handed down which would be sought in vain in the chronicles of Hall or of Hollinshed. For, unlike the wars of modern times, the civil wars of England were fought by the tenants and laborers of the lord, who returned at the close of the struggle to the plough and the spade, to live and die, in most instances, at no great distance from the scene of their military exploits. So sons and grandsons learned to repeat the stories of meek Henry VI., of the fierce and forbidding Richard III., of the hateful De la Pole, and the gracious Edward.

The exact year in which Shakspeare abandoned Stratford for the metropolis cannot now be ascertained, nor yet the motive or the manner of his departure. It has been assumed that he quitted his native town shortly after his marriage with Ann Hathaway. The birth of a daughter, Susannah, in May, 1583, followed by twins, Hamnet and Judith, in 1585, has been adopted as a sufficient reason why he should leave a place and occupation in which his father had not apparently prospered, and enter upon a profession more congenial to the bent of his genius. A story, handed down by the parish clerk of Stratford in 1693, who was then upwards of eighty years old, contains the only trustworthy record of this period of the poet's life. According to this statement, Shakspeare was apprenticed to a butcher, left his master, went to London, "and there was received into the playhouse as a servitor, and by this means had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved." That the substance of the story is correct, though it may have suffered from the manner of the telling, can hardly be doubted, considering the authority from which it emanates. A parish clerk in a country town, generally the depositary of the local traditions of the place, and living so near the poet's own times, was hardly likely to have invented such a tale, though he may have disfigured it. That Shakspeare's father, combining a variety



of kindred occupations—no very unusual practice in a country town—at once glover, maltster, farmer, appraiser, frequently engaged in litigation, and therefore not unfrequently in debt, should not have considered the occupation of a butcher in a country town as a derogatory employment for one of a family of ten children, may be naturally assumed. Nor by the word “butcher” is it necessary to understand exactly what that word implies now. Popular tradition associated the poet with his father’s occupations; and if Shakspeare had never left Stratford he would, like others of his contemporaries, have grown old in his native town no more than glover, butcher, or maltster, as his father had been.

As for his running away to London and leaving his wife and family dependent on the casual charity of others, that story can only be accepted with many modifications. The distance of Stratford from the metropolis, the difficulties of travelling in those days, the improbability that his father would or could have advanced him the necessary means for so doing, and burdened himself with his son’s family, must be taken into account. It is much more probable that if Shakspeare did not join one of the many companies of actors who periodically appeared in Stratford or its vicinity, he was brought to London by the Catesbys or the Cloptons, or some one of the powerful families in the county, who had as sufficient reasons for hating the Lucys as Shakspeare himself.

And here, before we pass on to trace the future career of the poet, it will be as well to allude to the anecdote first published by Rowe and repeated by most of the poet’s biographers. “He had, by a misfortune” (says Rowe) “common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill-usage he made a ballad upon him.”\* And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter

that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London.” Omitting the modern decorations of the story, we may admit the facts of the deer-stealing in the poet’s case, as in that of many others of his contemporaries. It may be hard to point to any direct evidence in the poet’s works in confirmation of this act of youthful delinquency; but we think that the impression left on the minds of most of his readers will warrant the belief that the poet had been a lad of spirit, of no “vinegar aspect;” popular—boy, youth, and man—among his contemporaries, and taking life easy in all its stages, laughing heartily at a jest, and perfectly willing to bear his part in one. So complete and perfect are the harmony and unity of his dramatic characters that we cannot safely derive from them any hypothesis as to the poet’s dislikes and predilections; yet the humors of Eastcheap, the mad pranks of Prince Hal and his associates, the reckless adventures of hair-brained, hot blooded youth, are painted by the poet with such a zest as can scarcely be held otherwise than an indication of his own temperament. But deer-stealing, though a perilous offence, was too popular and too common in all ranks to entail disgrace or compel an offender to flee from his native town. That Shakspeare entertained a personal dislike for the Lucys, we can well believe; and the more so, as of all his signal and numerous opportunities to take poetical vengeance on his unfriends, that of the Lucys is the only prominent instance.\* But the feud between the Lucys and the natives of Stratford was of earlier date than this affair of the deer-stealing, and crops out on various occasions. The Lucys were arrogant and imperious Puri-

\* That the Lucys were fond of litigation is implied by the opening lines of “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” and justified by history. In the conversation between Shallow, Slender, and Evans, Slender says, “They may give the dozen white luses in their coat.” To which Shallow replies, “It is an *old* coat.” Evidently referring to the family pride of the Lucys, as well as their antiquity. Evans: “The dozen white louses do become an *old* coat well; it agrees well, passant:” (That being their heraldic characteristic; 12 luses, passant.) “It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—*love*.” Excessively comical in the mouth of a Welshman!

\* Compare the expression: “An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes.”

tans; the good town of Stratford, with the Cloptons and the Catesbys, were zealous adherents of the ancient faith. In the reign of Henry VIII., William Lucy, the father of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas, the friend of Bishop Latimer, had more than once endeavored to bring down the king's displeasure on the citizens of Stratford for religious differences; and more than once a riot had ensued, in which the Grevilles and the Combes, in conjunction with the Lucys, would have ridden roughshod over the burgesses, of whom Shakspeare's father was afterwards high bailiff, if they had not been supported by the Cloptons and the Catesbys.\* The Lucys were powerful at the Court of the Tudors, for they had blood-royal in their veins; and as many of their opponents were Roman Catholics, or had relapsed from Protestantism to the old faith, one of their most effective instruments for satisfying personal pique, under the garb of patriotism, was to put in force the penal laws and the power of the Crown against their rivals. In a commission issued in 1592 for persecuting and presenting recusants, directed to the Lucys and the Grevilles, and obtained apparently by their means, it is curious to observe that they presented as a recusant Mrs. Clopton, "widow of Wm. Clopton, Esq.;" but in their second return they proceed to rectify their convenient mistake by the naïve admission: Mrs. Clopton, presented as a recusant, was "mistaken, and goeth now to church!" In the same presentment, next to Henley-in-Arden, occurs the parish of Sombourne, with this notice: "Mrs. Mary Arden, widow, presented for a wilful recusant before our last certificate, continues still obstinate in her recusancy," and is accordingly indicted. By the same commissioners, John Shakspeare, the poet's father, is returned as a recusant; but this note is subjoined in his case and in that of eight others: "It is said that the last nine come not to church for fear of process for debt."†

Now, though it is true that already, some six years before the date of this commission, Shakspeare's father had fallen into difficulties and was deprived of his alderman's gown, it is hardly probable, had he been notoriously affected towards the

Protestant religion, that his name would have been inserted in the return of the commissioners; for the object of the commission was not so much to learn who absented themselves from the parish church, as to discover Jesuits, seminary priests, and papal emissaries, now, more than ever, busily engaged in sowing disaffection among the people of Warwickshire, and those who harbored them. The government of the day—as is clear from the cases cited by the commissioners—required attendance at church once a month; that done, it did not trouble itself with inflicting further penalties, or requiring more distinct proofs of the recusant's loyalty. John Shakspeare was a recusant in this sense, and the note was appended to explain the reason why he had not complied with the requirements of the government. If then he were a recusant in the ordinary use of the term, this might account for the pecuniary difficulties into which he fell some years before, when the government of Elizabeth exacted the fines for recusancy with unsparing severity.

That the townspeople of Stratford cordially hated the Lucys, and were particularly anxious to avoid incurring their displeasure, is apparent from the records of the town, printed by Mr. Halliwell. He selects numerous items of sack and sugar for the lips of Sir Thomas and his chief friends, Sir Fulke and Sir Edward Greville. In one entry, dated 1598, the chamberlain very bluntly records: "Paid to Sir Fowle (*sic*) Greville, for nothing, 40s!" And again in 1601, in an action for trespass brought by Sir Edward Greville against the burgesses of Stratford, the name of John Shakspeare appears as a witness on behalf of the defendants.

We are, therefore, inclined to believe that Shakspeare's departure from his native town was a more deliberate act than Rowe's anecdote of the deer-stalking and the vengeance of the Lucys would lead us to expect. It is impossible that the poet, living so near to Coventry, should not often have witnessed the crude dramatic representations of the times, and equally impossible that the dramatic genius within him, that was never crude, never less than powerful, should not have been mightily stirred by what he saw. "Mute, inglorious Miltons" may have died unseen; but that was because their Miltonic genius was neither all-powerful nor lasting. It

\* Unpublished papers in the Record Office.

† MSS. in the Record Office.

was the slave, not the master, of circumstances. But overpowering genius, like mastering passion, admits of no repulse, and suffers no cold obstruction. Besides, it must be remembered that in Shakspeare's time—before Puritanism had done its work—the profession of an actor as well as of a dramatist led to fame and opulence. The stage had not yet been regarded as the illusion of antichrist. It still shared with the pulpit the task of instructing the people. It still bore upon its features the marks of its ecclesiastical origin. It still reckoned amongst its authors and patrons bishops like Bale and Still.

On Shakspeare's arrival in London all accounts concur in asserting that the poet embraced the profession of an actor; and the old clerk's account—that "he was received into the play-house as a servitor"—is not without probability. Such a practice was not unusual. Mr. Halliwell has referred to an instance in Henslow's diary in which it is stated that "he hired a covenant servant, William Kendall, for two years, after the statute of Winchester, with two single pence, and to give him for his said service every week of his playing in London 10s. and in the country 5s."

Of the theatres then in vogue the most eminent was the Globe, on the Bankside; and with this or the Black Friars, belonging to the same company, Shakspeare was connected, and in one or other of these all his plays were subsequently performed. In 1603 the company consisted of Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Heminge, and Henry Condell, Shakspeare's literary executors, and several others; the most eminent performers of their age. The theatre, an hexagonal wooden building, was partly thatched and partly exposed to the weather, and the performances generally, if not always, took place in the afternoon, then the idlest time of the day. Rooms or boxes were provided for the wealthier classes, the admission to which varied from a shilling to half a crown; whilst the frequenters of the pit either stood or sat on the ground. The wits and critics of the times were admitted on the stage; and so far was this practice from detracting, as might be imagined, from the interest and illusion of the play, this identification of the audience with the actors,

at a time when the scenery was of the simplest kind, and the costume of the actors differed not from that of ordinary life, must on most occasions have given to the scene a lifelike reality to which we are strangers. Such briefly were the theatres in which Shakspeare—

"Made those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James."

Such, also, in the dearth of clubs and coffee-houses, of novels, newspapers, and other means of information, were the studies as well as the entertainment of the age, where men picked up, in the main, whatever they knew of foreign countries and distant times, of classical lore and English history. And here, by the great good fortune of that age, were brought together the court and its statesmen, from Nonsuch House or Westminster—the Sydneys, the Raleighs, the Essexes, the Cecils, and the Bacons; the soldier of fortune, like Falstaff, the grave citizen, the humorist and man of pleasure, the weather-beaten adventurer of the water-side just landed from Guinea or Bermuda;—all to see set before them every shade of human character—their own among the number—every exhibition of human passion, affection, and caprice; from the most daring and subtle intellect to the poorest driveller; genius at one time taking mystic flights, at another flickering on the verge of imbecility and madness.

At the time when Shakspeare set foot in the metropolis the stage was passing through a new epoch. The Moralities which might in his childhood have satisfied a less critical audience at Coventry or Stratford, and the dumb shows and pageants provided for the Virgin Queen at Kenilworth or Windsor had lost their attractions.\* The diffusion of classical

\* Thus, in Greene's "Never too Late," the strolling actor says to Roberto: "Why, I am as famous for *Delphrygus* and *The King of the Fairies* as ever was any of my time. *The Twelve Labors of Hercules* have I terribly thundered on the stage, and played three scenes of the Devil in *The High Way to Heaven*." "Have ye so?" said Roberto; "then I pray you pardon me." "Nay, more," quoth the player, "I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author passing (good) at a Moral; for it was I that penned the Moral of *Man's Wit*, *The Dialogue of Devils*, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my almanack is out of date.

The people make no estimation  
Of Morals teaching education."

learning, numerous translations of the dramatic poets of Greece and Rome, intellects sharpened by the great theological controversies in which they had been lately engaged, the stronger sense of national and individual freedom, had prepared men for a keener relish of the higher productions of art in all its branches. The result is seen in every direction. It would have violated all experience had it not been seen in that form of literature which represented more fully than any other the condition of the national mind, and more than any other appealed to the sympathies and experience of all classes in the nation. A people brave, resolute, and energetic, who had passed, by extraordinary exertion, through so fearful an ordeal, scarcely of less duration than 150 years, and then emerged safely on the firm ground, as they looked back on the stormy ocean from which they had so recently escaped, would expect in their poets and teachers an earnestness and reality of treatment, a vividness of perception, a power of reproduction, wholly different from the mere didactic attitude and philosophic musing into which poets are permitted to fall in more tranquil times. They would forgive any errors rather than those of tameness and insensibility. Regularity of form and harmony of design would be less attractive to them than freedom of movement. Liberty they demanded, even if, as in our early dramatists, it degenerated at times into extravagance and licentiousness. Thus, within a very brief space, English literature, as represented by the drama, experienced a sudden and entire transformation, such as no other period affords the like. Nor are the dramas of Shakspeare further removed from those of his immediate predecessors than theirs are from the Moralities and Mysteries which they had superseded in their turn.

Of the competitors for public favor when Shakspeare appeared at the Black Friars, in his new capacity as servitor, the most eminent were Lilly, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe. All of these men had been educated at one or other of the two universities; and all took to writing for the stage, with no higher object than that of relieving that poverty into which they continually relapsed from their folly and intemperance, or perhaps, as in Lilly's case, to obtain court-favor. They must be entirely acquitted of any purpose to

grasp those deeper questions which confused and perplexed the age; still less of endeavoring to discover the true solution of them. To attempt to enter upon that vast theatre of human experience now displayed before them, to comprehend the various purposes and phases of human life, and its relations, in its novel position, to the past, the present, or the future—this was a task for which they had neither the requisite faculties nor the necessary sympathy. If they could represent the passing and grotesque humors of their age, if they could point some moral lesson against its more obvious transgressions, they aimed no higher. And often, like men of meagre genius and less subtle perception, they mistook the mere transitory phenomena for the cause; their feebleness of imagination was taken captive by the disastrous effects of vice and passion, whilst the subtler and more spiritual incentives they never fathomed. So, living in times which were favorable to poetry—and to dramatic poetry especially—when men were still inspired by the excitement of past and of passing events—when individual characterism had not yet crystallized into one dull uniformity by fixed systems of education or engrossing commercial monopoly—when the old had not so far been parted from the new as to lose its vitality and fade into the unrealism of archæology—these dramatists, with all their ability and advantages, produced nothing which could serve beyond the amusement of the hour; not a passage, not a line, not a single happy expression, could take root in the memory of their contemporaries, and secure eternity for itself among the unwritten traditions of the people. Whilst unnumbered hosts of Shakspeare's phrases, often the most plain and artless, the least obviously remarkable for any peculiarity of sound or antithesis, or for those factitious qualities which catch the undisciplined fancy, have grown into household words, only less numerous than those of the Bible, it is impossible to trace any similar fortune in Shakspeare's contemporaries, or his immediate predecessors. And as it is inconceivable that any possible revolution of public taste should ever give life or animation to their writings, it is equally impossible to conceive that any revelations of science, before which the proudest of our present achievements must fade like the baseless fabric



of a vision, should consign Shakspeare to oblivion, or render him less worthy of the profoundest study, less fresh, less striking, less instructive, less philosophical, in the truest of all senses, than he is now, than he was before gravitation or the laws of Kepler were discovered, when Copernicus was esteemed no better than a dreamer—a new but ignoble Phæton driving the earth about the sun.\*

Yet these men's labors were not without their use. Steeped in classical literature, deriving their rules from classical models, guiding their judgment exclusively, though with small discrimination, by classical authority, they inexorably determined the form and style of dramatic art. They developed the poetical capabilities of the English language. They refined it to those higher purposes of poetical literature for which, even at their time, and still more emphatically before their time, it was considered wholly unsuitable. The world was still divided between the learned and the laymen. Latin, associated with the religious sympathies and scholastic supremacy of the middle ages, had not yet resigned its special dignity as the only organ of inspiration. It had entered on a new and more splendid career by the revival of letters and the labors of the revivalists. The English tongue, rough, confused, unmetrical—the tongue of business and of the vulgar—was, in the lips of the educated, a condescension to vulgar ignorance and infirmity:—a pharisaic uncleanness, which the scholar and the gentleman must contract in his associations with the unlearned, in his pity for their blindness, but of which he washed himself up to the very elbows in his communion with his fellows.† It may be easy to smile at these things now; but, to those who think deeply on the subject, it must seem wonderful how a language constantly associated with ignoble uses, intensely business-like and prosaic, despised by men of taste and learning, could pass, and that so rapidly, into the radiant sphere of poetry.

\* "Those new carmen which drive the earth about."—*Bacon*.

† Mr. Collier has printed a letter in which the authorities of the University of Cambridge request they may be excused from complying with the royal request to act a play in English. They are contented to represent a Latin play, but an English one they consider derogatory, and the students are highly offended at the notion.

What is the task of a great artist, embodying his conceptions with a piece of black charcoal and a stick, compared with that of the poet who has to clothe his most subtle thoughts, his nicest, his most incisive and accurate perceptions, in words never trained by usage to such purposes, never adequate to his needs, falsified in their true significance by carelessness and stupidity, always spilling over or falling short in the due adjustment of their popular acceptance to their etymological exactness?

These men, then, did that for Shakspeare which it is very possible the poet, great as he was, could not have done so well for himself. They had familiarized men's minds with the laws of the drama, in the concrete; they had accustomed the ears of men to a stately blank verse, essentially and exclusively English in its character—indelibly associated with all our noblest poetry—and yet evidently suggested by an intense study of its classical fore-runner.\* Language, in their hands, was intensified and elevated, however deficient it might be in suppleness and versatility—qualities at that time less required. For stateliness and dignity, combined with strength and fervor, passages may be extracted from our elder dramatists which are not surpassed by any of their successors, Shakspeare and Milton excepted;—and how much the latter was indebted for many of his excellences to a careful study of these early writers, no one can doubt who has taken the trouble to study the subject. If these excellences are marred by startling incongruities; if in their best passages they run into extravagance, or,

"all unawares,  
Fluttering their pennons vain, plumb down they drop  
Ten thousand fathoms deep"—

\* This is evidently on what poor Greene prided himself—and justly so—in his dying hours. Thus in the well-known passage referring to Shakspeare: "There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you." Beautified with our feathers means, as he expresses it, to write blank verse, and imitate the rules of dramatic composition, to which Greene and his friends had contributed so much popularity. That a country lad like Shakspeare, not of the craft, without fame, friends, or a University education, "should bombast out a blank verse" as well as the most experienced writers of the age, was a fact sufficient to alarm the jealousy of Greene and of his contemporaries.

that was incidental to their task. It was no more than, in their case, might have been anticipated. As they could not all at once pull up their audience to their own altitude, they descended to their audience. The mere Latinists, as they were called, proud of their scholarship and defiant of all departure from classical types, died in their theory, and left no mark behind them;—but these men, mixing with the world, too often steeped in its excesses, and sounding the lowest depths of its misery, had more sympathy with their fellow-men and their ways. Their own experience, as they found, was of more worth to them as dramatists than their learning, if they wished for popularity. So with their classical tastes and predilections they mixed up, often incongruously enough, the homely and coarse scenes of their own daily experience, in the homeliest and least idealized forms.

From 1585, when Shakspeare is supposed to have taken up his residence in London, to 1598, we have very few data to determine the poet's circumstances, conduct, or specific employments. That he was assiduous as an actor and a successful dramatist from the very first is clear from the concurrent testimony of the times, scanty as it is. Already in 1598, a writer named Francis Meres, "Master of Arts of both Universities," in a "Discourse of English poets,"\* mentions Shakspeare in the following terms: "Shakspeare, among the English, is *the most excellent* in both kinds (tragedy and comedy) for the stage. For comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labor's Lost,' his 'Love's Labor's Won,' his 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice.' For tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

From the language of Meres it would be naturally inferred that he did not propose to give a complete list of Shakspeare's writings in 1598, but of those only which bore out his assertion that he was "the most excellent" in tragedy as well as

in comedy. Thus, within twelve or thirteen years after Shakspeare's arrival in London, Meres could point to twelve plays of Shakspeare so generally well known and universally applauded that, in spite of the popularity of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, or even Ben Jonson,\* Meres made no scruple to claim for Shakspeare the palm as a dramatist above all his contemporaries. Even admitting that Meres's list is complete, this would give a year for a play; and for such plays as "Richard II.," "King John," "Henry IV.," the "Midsummer's Night's Dream," and "Romeo and Juliet."

But this is not all; for, in 1593, Shakspeare had given to the world his two poems of "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece." To the same period must be ascribed the three parts of "Henry VI.,"† and at least so many of the Sonnets—if they were written, as some critics imagine, at different intervals—as to justify Meres's encomium of them, which we make no scruple of repeating here, were it only to disabuse some of our readers of the notion that Shakspeare's contemporaries were insensible to his greatness. "As the soul of Euphorbus" (says Meres) "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his *Sugred Sonnets* among his private friends."

The rapidity with which Shakspeare poured forth his wonderful conceptions, the meteor-like flight with which he emerged from the throng of his contemporaries, the endless profusion of his genius, the most consummate judgment and knowledge of his art and its requirements, combined with a luxuriant energy and a teeming imagination that seemed utterly inexhaustible, might well have provoked the wonder and envy of his less favored rivals. Their most careless and

\* Jonson's best comedy, "Every Man in His Humor," appeared two years before Meres's book, in 1596, the year in which Shakspeare lost his only son.

† On the authority of Greene, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," published in 1592, in which the line—

"O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!" (3 Henry VI. l. 4)

is travestied into—"tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide." It is also supposed that the first part of "Henry VI.," is alluded to by Nash in his "Piers Penniless," written the same year.

\* "Palladis Tamia," printed at London in 1598. The testimony of Meres is the more valuable because from his reference to Shakspeare's "Sugred Sonnets among his private friends," which were not printed until long after, Meres must have been either one of those "private friends" or well acquainted with them.

irregular productions, thrown off under the pressure of necessity or the impulse of passion, could not keep pace with the creations of Shakspeare, in whom the deliberate energy, the studiousness, the conscious reticence of the artist are as conspicuous as the fertility of his imagination and the impetuosity of his genius. "In beauty," says Lord Bacon, "that of favor is more than that of color; and that of decent (becoming) and gracious motion more than that of favor." In the plays of the poet's contemporaries, it is the beauty of color, of graceful and harmonious language; their stateliness never moves; the action never advances, or by fits and by intervals, like human mechanism. In Shakspeare, on the other hand, the action, like nature, is ever advancing, never still; rapid, but imperceptible; "like the summer grass—unseen, but crescent in its faculty." Even in the feeblest of his plays—if such a term can be applied to them—this quality is remarkable. He gets over the ground with astonishing rapidity—an excellence lost to us, who read Shakspeare in the closet and never see him on the stage. He never loiters or lingers in some cool nook, or wastes his time over subordinate details, or turns out of the current to strand in muddy or shallow water, enamored of his own wit or his own sublimity. But as he rushes straight on in a fuller, more rapid, and ever increasing volume, sparkling and dashing like a river, all sorts of colors, of sights and sounds, grave and gay, pathetic and joyous, glittering and transparent, dance along the surface; now gleaming fathoms deep to the bottom, now startling and now amusing, now freezing us with emotions of uncontrollable delight, now calling up tears from some sealed and unbroken deep within us.

That the judgment of his contemporaries, though often faulty, was not always at fault, is clear from the notices illustrative of Shakspeare in the scattered literature of his times. It is certain that the greatness of his genius as a dramatist was recognized from the first. Greene would scarcely have warned his associates of their approaching eclipse by this "new Johannes Factotum," alluding to the universality of the poet's genius, had Shakspeare's audience shown themselves indifferent to these his earliest productions, or slow in recognizing their sterling merits. Nor would Meres have ventured to speak

of Shakspeare in such high terms of admiration had not popular estimation guided and sanctioned his judgment. We have, besides, the admission of Chettle, a contemporary playwright, the friend of Greene, and editor of his "Groatsworth of Wit." In defending himself from his supposed share in Greene's malevolent insinuations, which had given just offence to Shakspeare, Marlowe, and others, Chettle says: \* "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted; and with one of them (Marlowe) I care not if I never be. The other (Shakspeare) whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had;—that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he *excellent* in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." †

These testimonies alike to his genius and the spotless integrity of the poet's conduct, so different from that of most contemporary dramatists, are unimpeachable. The poet's worldly prosperity kept pace with his reputation. The occupation of an actor alone was a profitable one in those days, and with ordinary prudence was sure to lead, not only to competence, but to wealth.‡ But with his occupation

\* "Kind Hearts' Dream," published in 1592.

† Euphuism all over.

‡ Thus in Greene's "Never Too Late," in the interview between the player and Roberto (i.e. Greene), on the latter asking how the player proposed to mend Roberto's fortune—"Why easily," quoth he, "and greatly to your benefit; for men of my profession get by scholars their whole living." "What is your profession?" said Roberto. "Truly, sir," said he, "I am a player." "A player!" quoth Roberto, "I took you rather for a gentleman of great living; for if by outward habit men should be answered (judged), I tell you, you would be taken for a *substantial* man." "So am I, where I dwell," quoth the player, "reported; able at my proper cost to build a wind-mill." He then proceeds to say that at his outset in life he was fain to carry his "playing fardel," that is, his bundle of stage properties, "a foot back;" but now his show of "playing apparel" would sell for more than 200*l*. In the end he offers to engage Greene to write plays for him: "for which you shall be well paid, if you will take the pains." We know from the sequel that though Greene was extravagant, and never to be trusted if paid beforehand, "seldom he wanted, his labors were so well esteemed." See the quotation in Dyce's preface to "Works of Greene," p. 20 ed. 1861.

as an actor Shakspeare combined that of a successful and prolific dramatist; and the two together soon raised him from the condition of a needy adventurer in 1585 to that of a well-to-do possessor of lands and houses.\* In 1597 he purchased *The Great House* at Stratford-upon-Avon, described as "one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, with appurtenances." The same year his father, formerly in declining circumstances, applied for a grant of arms, and passed from the condition of a yeoman to that of a gentleman; and the same year he filed a bill in chancery against the son of the mortgagee who unjustly detained Ashbies, the hereditary property of the poet's mother.† Next year the poet is assessed for a tenement in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, valued at 5*l.*, and is asked by his friend Richard Quiney for the loan of 30*l.*

From this year, until 1602, when the fertility of his invention poured forth some of the grandest of his productions, and popular judgment placed him far above all his contemporaries, his progress to wealth and fame was equally rapid. In 1602 he purchased 107 acres of arable land in Stratford for the sum of 320*l.*, somewhat more than 1,000*l.* in modern computation; five months after, in the same year, one Walter Getley surrendered a house to the poet in Dead Lane, Stratford; at Michaelmas term, William Shakspeare, gentleman, as he is now generally styled, bought from Hercules Underhill, for 60*l.*, a property consisting of a messuage with two orchards, two gardens, two barns,

and their appurtenances. In May, 1603, when James I. came to the crown, a privy seal was granted by the king to his servants "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philipps, John Hemmings, Henry Condell," and the rest of their associates, "to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage plays, and such other, like as they have already studied, or hereafter shall use or study," in their usual house, the Globe, or elsewhere within the king's dominions. And James, who was by no means the fool that posterity represents him to have been, showed his discrimination by frequently commanding Shakspeare's plays to be acted at court.\* In 1605 the poet added to his property at Stratford by purchasing the unexpired lease of the tithes of Stratford and the adjoining hamlets for the sum of 440*l.* sterling; in modern computation 1,400*l.*

It is not known at what period he retired from the stage and settled finally in Stratford. By the spring of 1613 he had lost his father, his mother, and his only son. Two daughters remained: Susanna, married, in 1607, to Dr. Hall, a physician at Stratford; and Judith, married to a vintner named Quiney, of the same place, in 1616. During the last three years of his life notices of his purchases and employments become more rare. In 1613 the Globe Theatre was burnt, and it is gratuitously assumed that many of the poet's manuscripts perished in the flames. Had it been so, we should hardly have failed of finding some notice of such a disastrous loss in the preface and dedication to the first collected edition of his works. Nor, considering the

\* No account is to be made of the document which professes to describe Shakspeare as holding a share in the theatre as early as 1596. With that falls to the ground the whole modern hypothesis that as sharer or manager his time was employed in patching up the productions of other dramatists, older or contemporary, and fitting them for the stage. What with sonnets, poems, plays of his own, once a year, and acting in his own plays and those of his contemporaries, what room, occasion, need, or opportunity could Shakspeare have had for such an employment?

† In the grant he is called "John Shakspeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the co. of Warwick, gent., whose parent, great-grandfather and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince Henry VII., of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation."

\* In the account of "The Revels at Court," notices are found of the following: "Othello," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," in 1604; "Love's Labor's Lost," "Henry V.," "Merchant of Venice," twice in 1605; at Whitehall, "King Lear," which had already in 1608 passed through three editions; in 1611, "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Night's Tale." In 1613, on the marriage of James's daughter Elizabeth with the prince-palatine, the representation of Shakspeare's plays furnished a great part of the entertainment; among them are "The Tempest," "The Twins' Tragedy" (supposed to be the "Comedy of Errors"), "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Winter's Tale," "Sir John Falstaff," "Othello," and "Julius Caesar."



poet's immature death, his various employments, and the number of his plays which have come down to us, is it probable that any considerable portion of his writings has perished.

The manner of his death is uncertain. His will, still preserved in the Prerogative Office, is dated March 25, 1616. The poet's handwriting, never very good, if we may judge from the few signatures that have been preserved, and fifty years more antiquated than that of Sir Thomas Lucy, is feeble, shaky, and imperfect; very little like what might have been expected from one whose practice in writing must have been considerable, and who had in his time filled many reams of manuscript. His death did not occur until the 23d April following. It would seem, therefore, that his death was far from sudden; and this alone would suffice to invalidate the tradition, circulated forty-five years after, that the poet died of a fever contracted at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson. His bust in Stratford Church, his portrait by Droeshout prefixed to the first folio edition of his works, and the whole tenor of his life, contradict altogether the supposition that the poet was intemperate. If the opinion of competent judges may be taken, the bust was executed from a cast taken after death. It was certainly colored after life, and until it was painted over by Malone—a greater crime to Shakespeare's memory than Mr. Gaskill's destruction of the famous mulberry tree—it represented the poet exactly as he appeared to his contemporaries. The eyes were a bright hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet, covered with a loose black sleeveless gown. As in Droeshout's portrait, the forehead is remarkably high and broad; in fact, the immense volume of the forehead is its most striking feature. The predominant characteristic of the whole is that of a composed, self-possessed, resolute, and vigorous Englishman, of a higher intellectual stamp than usual, but not so far removed from the general national type as we should have been inclined to expect from his writings.

"Of the several works of Shakespeare—plays and poems—there were prior to 1616 in circulation, in all, no fewer than between sixty and sixty-five editions. Some of these reached as many as six

editions within a period of not more than twenty-one years. This argues of itself an extensive popularity, especially when we reflect on the small number of the reading public of his day. If we take the lowest estimate of the editions (sixty), and suppose each issue to have consisted of the lowest possible paying number (300 say), we should have in circulation no fewer than 18,000 copies of the productions of the great dramatist in print during his lifetime.\* This ingenious computation applies only to the plays and poems printed before the *first* collected edition of Shakespeare's works in 1623. That folio contains thirty-six plays; one-half of these, so far as is known, never got beyond the footlights; and, therefore, we may presume, were printed by the editors of that volume from the author's manuscript. Among that number are to be found "Macbeth," "Timon of Athens," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," all the Roman plays, "Twelfth Night," and "The Winter's Tale."†

No collected edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works appeared until 1623, seven years after the poet's death. The volume was ushered into the world by two of his former dramatic associates, John

\* "Shakespeare, a Critical Biography," by Samuel Neil, p. 59.

† The following is a list of the 4to and their various editions, before the folio of 1623. The letter *M* is prefixed to those mentioned by Meres.  
*M* 1594. *Titus Andronicus*, entered at Stationers' Hall Feb. 6, 1598, first edition not known to exist; 2d ed. 1600; 3d ed. 1611.

1595. *Henry VI.*, Part III., 1595.  
*M* 1597. *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, 1599, 1609 *bis*?

*M* " *Richard II.*, 1597, 1598, 1608 *bis*, 1615.

*M* " *Richard III.*, 1597, 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1621? 1622.

*M* 1598. *Love's Labor's Lost*, 1598.

*M* " *Henry IV.*, Part I., 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622.

*Henry IV.*, Part II., 1600.

1600. *Henry V.*, 1600, 1602, 1608.

*M* " *Merchant of Venice*, 1600 *bis*.

*M* " *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600 *bis*.

*M?* " *Much Ado about Nothing*, 1600.

1602. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, 1619.

1603. *Hamlet*, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1611.

1605. *Lea*, 1608 *bis*.

1609. *Pericles*, 1609, 1611, 1619.

" *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609 *bis*.

1622. *Othello*, 1622.

*Contention of York and Lancaster*.

Old plays: *Richard III.*, 1594; *Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, 1607.

Heminge and Henrie Condell, to whom in conjunction with Burbage, the famous actor, Shakspeare had left in his will "26s. and 8d. a piece to buy them rings." \* But Burbage died on March 16, 1619; † and if, as is not improbable, he had been originally associated with Heminge and Condell in preparing Shakspeare's dramatic works for the press, his death before the appearance of the volume prevented his name from being joined with theirs in their glorious task. Not one word appears in Shakspeare's will as to the disposal of his papers and manuscripts, or of his shares in the theatres, if at the time of his death he possessed any. If Ward's statement be true that Shakspeare during the closing years of his life furnished an-

nually two plays for the stage,\* if it be true that the poet's income was considerable, that he made no purchases of any moment after 1605, that he was besides in the very zenith of his fame and the most popular author of his times, it will be difficult to account for two things: how was it, if he sold the copyright of his plays to his fellows of the Globe and Blackfriars, that he was no richer in 1616 than in 1605? Or if he was richer, how did he dispose of his wealth? From the tithes which he had purchased at Stratford he derived an income of 120*l.* a year; not less than 400*l.* a year, according to our present computation. He was not careless or extravagant in his habits, had one daughter only, after 1607, and his wife dependent on his exertions. Did he then retain the copyright of his plays, in his own hands, during this later period of his life, intending to publish them himself, like his contemporary Ben Jonson? Or was he as indifferent to money as he is said to have been to literary fame? The former of these hypotheses is set at rest by the various documents produced by Mr. Halliwell and others, all of which go to show that the possession of the most transcendent genius is not incompatible with the virtues of economy, regularity, and despatch. His supposed indifference to literary fame finds no countenance in his writings, still less in the evidence of his contemporaries. † Thus we find Chettle apologizing to Shakspeare as one of those who had taken offence at the disparaging remarks of Greene in his "Groatworth of Wit," to the publication

\* "And to my fellows, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, xxi*l.* s. viii*l.* d. a piece, to buy them rings."

† Burbage, or Burbadge, according to Malone, was one of the principal sharers of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. In a letter written in 1613 (Harl. MSS. 7002), the actors at the Globe are called *Burbadge's Company*. In Jonson's "Masque of Christmas," 1616, the year that is of Shakspeare's death, Venus, in the character of a deaf-tire-woman, is made to say of Cupid: "I could have had money enough for him, an I would have been tempted and have let him out by the week to the king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old Master Hemings too; they have need of him."—*Shakspeare*, iii. 230, ed. 1803.

Heminge and Condell are said to have been printers as well as actors, but Malone thinks that there is no authority for this statement. Probably it arose from their connection with Shakspeare's printed works. At all events, had they been printers by occupation, it is reasonable to surmise that their names would have been found on the title pages of some of the earlier copies of Shakspeare's plays. All the payments made by the Treasurer of the Chamber in 1613, and subsequently, for plays performed at Court, are "to John Heminge and the rest of his fellows" (Malone, *ib.* 234). In his will Heminge directs that if a sufficient sum cannot be raised from his ordinary chattels towards the payment of his debts, a moiety of the profits which he has "by lease in the severall playhouses of the Globe and Blackfriars" shall be set aside for that purpose. In another legacy he says: "I give and bequeath unto every my fellows and sharers, his Majesty's servants, which shall be living at the time of my decease, the sum of 10*l.* a piece, to make them rings for remembrance of me." Heminge died in 1630.

Henry Condell, whose name appears in the privy seal of James I., 1603, in conjunction with those of Shakspeare, Burbage, and Heminge, died in 1627. Malone thinks that both Burbage and Heminge were natives of Shottery, near Stratford (*ib.* 233).

\* That Ward's statement was not very far wrong will appear from the following considerations:—Shakspeare wrote in all 37 plays, including "Pericles." Meres mentions 12 plays as existing in 1598. If to these be added "Pericles" and the three parts of "Henry VI.," that would give 16; or 19 to be written in the seventeen years and few months following. From 1597 to 1605, or 1606, seven plays only, including the first sketch of "Hamlet," appear to have been published, five in 1600, one in 1602, and "Hamlet" in 1603. Between "Hamlet" and "Lear" five years elapsed (1602–1607) without any entry of Shakspeare's writings at Stationers' Hall. Had he ceased writing all that time, or ceased to attract publishers?

† That Shakspeare permitted inaccurate copies of his plays to be circulated in print is one thing, to assume that he must have done so from indifference to literary distinction is another. Moreover, in his case, as in that of many others, literary fame was money, to which he was certainly not indifferent.

of which Chettle had been instrumental. Again, Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," published in 1612, alluding to the trick of a publisher named Jaggard, who had brought out a copy of "Venus and Adonis," with two love epistles between Paris and Helen, under the general title, "by William Shakespere," says, in reclaiming his property: "I must necessarily resent a manifest injury done me in that work by [its] taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen and of Helen to Paris, and printing them in the name of another

(Shakespere); which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him; and he to do himself right hath since published them in his own name. But as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know [was] much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that altogether unknown to him presumed to make so bold with his name." Such words are not compatible with Shakspeare's presumed indifference to the fate of his writings.

(To be continued.)

St. Paul's.

CATHAY.

WITH NOTICES OF TRAVELLERS TO THAT COUNTRY.

THE popular impression is so strong that China was a new discovery in the sixteenth century, that if we were Irish we should be disposed to call this paper, "*Visits to China before it was discovered.*" The idea is, however, equally well conveyed without a bull, if we term it "*Notices of Cathay.*" For to those who have paid any attention to the subject, the mere use of that name will define the period with which we mean to deal, viz., the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Our notices of China as known to the West might indeed go many centuries further back, though not under the name that we have prefixed. We might go back to the *Sinim* of the Prophet Isaiah if we were bold enough; we might with firmer assurance go back to the *Seres* and *Sinae* of classic poets and geographers, which were but two names applied to the same great people as dimly seen from landward on the north, and from seaward on the south; and to the *Tsinista* of the Alexandrine monk and merchant, Cosmas, in the sixth century, which was but a Grecizing of the Persian appellation *Chinistān*. But to begin so far back would lead to prolixity; we confine ourselves, then, to *Cathay*.

This name, *KHITAI*, though its European use be limited properly to the centuries we have specified, is to this day that by which China is known to nearly all the nations which are accustomed to view it from a landward point of view, including the Russians, the Persians, and

the nations of Turkestan. The name was originally borrowed from that of a people who were not, properly speaking, Chinese at all. The *Khitans* were a people of Manchu lineage (kindred therefore to the race of the present Imperial Dynasty), who in the tenth century overran all the northern provinces of China, and established a considerable empire, embracing those provinces and the adjoining regions of Tartary. This empire subsisted for two centuries. The same curious process took place which seems always to have followed the intrusion of Tartar conquerors into China, and strongly resembling that which followed the establishment of the Roman emperors in Byzantium. The intruders themselves adopted Chinese manners, ceremonies, and literature, and gradually therewith degenerated and lost all warlike energy. It must have been during the period (ending with the overthrow of the dynasty in 1123) when this northern monarchy was the face which the Celestial Empire turned to Inner Asia, that the name of *Khitān*, *Khitat*, or *Khitai* became indissolubly associated with China.

A century later came the climax of the power of Chinghiz, the Mongol conqueror of the eastern world. One result of his conquests, and those of his immediate successors, by the depression into which they threw, for a time, Mahomedan arrogance, and, in fact, all the political partitions of Asia, was to open the breadth of that great continent to the travellers, traders, and missionaries of the west. "It

is worthy of the grateful remembrance of all Christian people," says one of the ecclesiastical travellers of the next age, "that just when God let loose in the eastern parts of the world those Tartars to slay and to be slain, He sent forth also into the western parts of the world his faithful and blessed servants, Dominic and Francis, to enlighten, instruct, and build up in the faith." And, indeed, whatever we may think on the whole of the world's debt to Dominic (as indirectly, if not directly, the Father of the Inquisition), it is to the brethren of the two orders, but chiefly to the Franciscans, that we owe a large part of the notices of Eastern Asia that those ages have bequeathed.

Thus, among the many wanderers dumb to posterity, who found their way to the far court of Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian Desert, luckily for us there went, also, in 1245, John of Plano Carpini, a native of Umbria, and, a few years later, the Fleming William of Ruysbroek, or De Rubruquis, both of them Franciscan monks of superior intelligence, whose narratives have been preserved.

First by these two, after centuries of oblivion, Europe was told of a great and civilized people, dwelling in the extreme east upon the shores of the ocean; and to the land of this people they gave a name now first heard in the west, that of CATHAY.

The elder and earlier monk, after several incidental references to the *Kitai*, returns to speak of them more particularly thus:—

"The Cathayans are a Pagan people, who have a written character of their own. They have also, it is reported, a New and an Old Testament; they have besides a book of the Lives of the Fathers, and they have religious recluses, and buildings used very much like churches, in which they say their prayers at appointed seasons of their own. They worship the one God, and reverence the one Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Eternal Life, but are entirely without baptism. They honor and reverence our Scriptures, are affectionately disposed towards Christians, and do many alms-deeds; indeed they seem to be kindly and civilized folk enow. They have no beard; and in their features are very much like the Mongols, but not so broad in the face. They have a peculiar language. Better craftsmen in all the arts practised by mankind are not to be found

on the face of the earth. Their country also is very rich in corn, in wine, gold, silver, and in silk, and in all other things that tend to human maintenance."

These curious statements about the *quasi*-Christianity of the Chinese will be found repeated in Oriental rumor again and again, down to the seventeenth century, and are doubtless connected with those singular parodies of the Roman worship and religious orders which are to be found in the Buddhism of Tibet and China, and which led some of the later, as well as the earlier, missionaries of the Roman Church to declare that the evil one had devised these parodies in order to throw ridicule on the Church and obstruct its progress. Indeed, in our day, poor Père Huc, in spite of his adoption of the latter theory, painted those analogies so vividly, that he is said to have found, to his dismay, his charming book on Tibet placed in the *Index Prohibitus* of Rome!

Rubruquis (1253) gives somewhat more of detail. He shows his acumen by identifying the Cathayans with the ancient *Seres*; and he is not only the first, but, as far as we know, the only mediæval traveller who had the sagacity to discern (though, of course, imperfectly) the great characteristic of Chinese written language. The following are his chief remarks on the Cathayans:—

"Beyond this is *Great Cathay*, the people of which I believe to have been those anciently called *Seres*. From them still come the best silk stuff, which the people in that quarter still term *seric*, and the nation has the name of *Seres* from a certain city of theirs. I was well assured that in that country there is a town which has walls of silver and battlements of gold"—a Chinese legend of the ancient capital Singanfu, and which may remind us of Ptolemy's remark that it was *not true* that the metropolis of the Sinae had walls of brass. The friar goes on: "The people are little fellows who talk much through the nose; and, like most folk in the far east, they have eyes with a very narrow aperture. They are the very best of artists in every kind of craft; and their physicians have an excellent knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and of diagnosis by the pulse" (on which last matter you will find prolix pages on pages in Duhalde). . . . "Their current money consists of pieces of cotton



paper, of a palm in length and breadth, on which are printed"—remark that expression—"certain lines in imitation of the seal of the Great Khan Mangu. They do their writing with a hair-pencil, such as painters paint withal, and in what they write a single character embraces several letters, so as to form a word in itself."

When Rubruquis in this passage (with the *Serica Vestis* of the ancients in mind) points out that the people at Karakorum still called silk stuffs by the name of *seric*, he anticipates the learned etymologies of Klaproth, and refers, doubtless, as the latter does, to the *sirkek* of the Mongols, their word for silk.

In another passage Rubruquis tells us that he had heard for a fact that beyond Cathay there was a certain place with this peculiarity, that whoever entered it *never grew any older*; but he really could not believe this.

Rubruquis had been sent on this mission by St. Louis of France, part of his commission being to ascertain the truth of the rumors spread that Sartac, one of the great Mongol princes, was a Christian. This, according to the traveller, proved entirely unfounded. Indeed he was admonished by one of that Prince's officers,—“Mind what you are about, saying that our master is a Christian; he is no such thing, but a *Mongol*.” Just so we have heard of an unlucky Southron traveller in days gone by, benighted in a village north of the Scotch border, and exclaiming in despair—“Was there then no good Christian who would take him in?” “Na, na,” was all the reply, “we’re all Jardines and Johnstones here!”

Other brief notices of Cathay occur in the narrative of the Journey of Hayton, king of the small Cilician territory, which bore the name of Little Armenia, who in 1254–55 visited by invitation the court of Mangu Khan at Karakorum. Among other things King Hayton heard that beyond Cathay there was a country where the women were possessed of reason *just like men*, whilst the male sex were represented by great shaggy dogs, devoid of reason; a story which had been told also to Plano Carpini, and which Klaproth has found in Chinese books of the period. It is an Arab legend also, in somewhat different form, and probably has its foundation in the exceeding disproportion in personal comeliness between the two

sexes, which is found in many peoples of Mongolian race.

Our scheme and space admit only of an allusion to that illustrious Venetian family, whose travels occupy a large portion of the interval between the journey of Rubruquis and the end of the thirteenth century, and who were in fact the first Europeans known actually to have reached Cathay. All other travellers to Cathay are stars of inferior magnitude beside the orb of Marco Polo. There was a time when he was counted among the romancers; but that is long past, and his veracity and justness of observation still shine brighter under every recovery of lost and forgotten knowledge. Fifty years ago Marsden did much in a splendid edition to elucidate the traveller's narrative; but it is no exaggeration to say that the material for the illustration of the story has been more than doubled since that day, scarcely so much from the expansion of modern travel as from the stores of Chinese, Mongol, and Persian history which have been rendered accessible to European readers, or brought directly to bear upon the elucidation of the traveller by the great scholars of France and Germany. Within the last few years Paris has issued a beautiful edition of the book by M. Panthier, which brings forward a vast mass of new matter from the editor's own Chinese studies. It is indeed to be regretted in this work that there is a want of generosity in the recognition of the labors of the editor's predecessors, and towards some of them an acrimony which makes outsiders marvel and exclaim, “*Tartare animis cœlestibus iræ?*” Wherefore should the language of the Celestial Empire have so bad an effect on the temper of its students?

Just as the three noble Venetians were reaching their native city (*i.e.*, in 1295), the forerunner of a new band of travellers was entering China from the south. This was John of Monte Corvino, a Franciscan monk, who, already nearly fifty years of age, was plunging alone into that great sea of paganism, and of what he deemed little better, Nestorianism (for the Nestorian Christians at this time had flourishing communities in many parts of China), to preach the Gospel according to his understanding of it. After years of up-hill work and solitary labor, as better days began to dawn, others joined him; the Popes woke

up to what was going on; he was created Archbishop in Cambalec, (or Peking) with patriarchal authority, and was spasmodically reinforced with batches of suffragan bishops and friars of his order. The Roman Church spread; churches or Franciscan convents were established at Cambalec, at Kinsai (or Hangcheufu), then by general consent of Christian and Mahometan the vastest city in the world, at Zayton (or Chincheu), at Yangcheu, near the Great Kiang, and elsewhere; and the missions flourished under the immediate patronage of the Great Khan himself. Friar John, in the early and solitary days of his missions, followed a system which has sometimes been adopted by Protestant missions during famines in India. In his letter he says:—

"I have bought gradually one hundred and fifty boys, the children of pagan parents, who had never learned any religion. These I have baptized, and taught Greek and Latin after our manner. Also, I have written out Psalters for them, with thirty Hymnaries and two Breviaries. By help of these, eleven of the boys already know our service, and form a choir, and take their weekly turn of duty, whether I am there or not. Many of the boys are also employed in writing out Psalters and other things suitable. . . . . When we are chanting, his Majesty the Cham can hear our voices in his chamber; and this wonderful fact is spread far and wide among the heathen. . . . . And I have a place in the Cham's Court, and a regular entrance and seat assigned me as legate of our Lord the Pope, and the Cham honors me above all other prelates, whatever be their titles."

Among the friars who visited China during the interval between the beginning of the fourteenth century and the year 1328, when Archbishop John, full of years and honor, was followed to his tomb by a mourning multitude of Pagans as well as Christians, several have left letters or more extended accounts of their experience in Cathay. Among these was Friar Odoric, of Pordenone in Friuli, to whose work we shall recur by and by.

The Exchange had its envoys to China at this period as well as the Church. The record is a very fragmentary one; but many circumstances and incidental notices show how frequently both India and China were reached by European traders during the first half of the fourteenth century—a state of things very difficult to realize when we see how all the more easterly of those

regions, when reopened only two centuries later, seemed almost as absolutely new discoveries as the empire which about the same time Cortez and Pizarro were annexing in the west.

As examples of the frequency of mercantile expeditions to India, we may quote the allusion of the Venetian Marino Sanuto writing about 1306, to the many merchants who had already gone to that country to make their purchases and come back safely. About 1322 Friar Jordanus, a Dominican, when in sore trouble at Tana (near Bombay), falls in with a young Genoese, who gives him aid; and the same Jordanus, writing at a later date from Gogo, in Guzerat, refers to information apparently received from Latin merchants on that coast. John Marignolli, when in Malabar about 1348, has for interpreter a youth who had been rescued from pirates in the Indian Sea by a merchant of Genoa. Mandeville speaks of the Italian merchants who frequented Hormuz. Again, as regards China and the remoter regions of Asia, John of Monte Corvino was accompanied all the way from Persia to Peking (1292-95) by Master Peter of Luculongo, "a faithful Christian man and a great merchant." There was then perhaps an intermission of some years; for Friar John, writing in 1305, says that twelve years had passed since he had heard any European news, except some in the shape of awful blasphemies about the Pope, which had been spread by a certain chururgeon of Lombardy (probably a *Paterino*, or quasi-Protestant heretic) some two years before. A little latter in the century, however, Odoric refers for confirmation of the wonders he had to tell of Kansai (Hangcheufu) to the many persons he had met at Venice since his return, who had themselves been witnesses of the truth of his tales. A letter written in 1326 by Andrew Bishop, of Zayton (or Chincheu), quotes on a question of exchanges the opinion of the Genoese merchants at that great seaport. Some twenty years later John Marignolli found in the same city a *fondaco*, or factory and warehouse for the use of the Christian merchants; and about 1339 we find William of Modena, a merchant, dying with certain Franciscans, as a martyr to the faith, at Almalig, in the depths of Tartary.

But the most distinct and notable evidence of the importance and frequency of

this eastern trade is to be found in the work of Francis Balducci Pegolotti, a factor in the service of the great Florentine house of the Bardi (the house which gave a husband to Dante's Beatrice, and a heroine to George Eliot, in *Romola*), for whom he had acted not only in England and Flanders, but in Cyprus and the East. This book, which was written about 1340, under the name of *Divisamenti di Paesi*, or "Descriptions of Countries," is a regular hand-book of commerce, and the first two chapters of it are devoted to useful information for the merchant going to Cathay. The route lay from Tana or Azov to Sarai, then a great city on the Wolga above Astracan, and thence by Astracan, Saraichik on the River Yaic or Ural, Organj near Khiva, Otrar near the Jaxartes, and Almalyg near the River Ili, to Kancheu, in Northwestern China, and so forward to the Great Canal which led to the great marts of Peking and Hungcheu. Particulars are given as to the investments and exchanges proper to the journey, and especially as to the paper money, which forms the only currency of China; how the traveller was to dress and otherwise provide himself for the journey; what carriage he would require, and what his expenses ought to be. The road travelled from Tana to Cathay, the author says, was perfectly safe, whether by day or night, according to the report of the merchants who had used it. And the ventures were evidently no inconsiderable matters; for the example taken by the author to illustrate the question of exchanges is that of a merchant with dragoman and two men-servants, and goods to the value of 25,000 gold florins, or about £12,000 in intrinsic value.

This intercourse, both religious and commercial, probably continued till the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China (1368). The latest detailed notice of it which we possess is the account of the journey of John Marignolli, a Florentine friar, and afterwards Bishop of Bisignano, in Calabria, who was sent with some others in 1338 by Pope Benedict XII. on an embassy to the Court of Peking, in return for one which had come from the Emperor Togatimur, called by the Chinese Shunti, to the Papal Court at Avignon. The notices of this journey have been preserved for us in a manner sufficiently whimsical. Marignolli, after his return in 1353, seems

to have acquired the favor of the Emperor Charles IV., who was king of Bohemia. He made the traveller one of his chaplains, and carried him to Prague. During this visit the new chaplain was desired by his imperial patron to undertake the task of recasting the Annals of Bohemia. Charles would have shown a great deal more sense if he had directed the Churchman to put on paper the detailed narrative of his eastern experiences. However, let us be thankful for what we have. The essential part of the task was utterly repugnant to the Tuscan ecclesiastic. He drew back, as he says, from the thorny thickets and tangled brakes of the Bohemian chronicles, "from the labyrinthine jungle of strange names, the very utterance of which was an impossibility to his Florentine tongue." And so he consoled himself under the disagreeable task by interpolating his chronicle, *à propos de bottes*, with the recollections of his Asiatic travels, or with the notions they had given him of Asiatic geography. It might perhaps have been hard to drag these into a mere chronicle of Bohemia; but in those days every legitimate chronicle began from Adam at the very latest, and it would have been strange if this did not afford latitude for the introduction of any of Adam's posterity. And thus it is that we find these curious reminiscences imbedded in a totally unreadable chronicle of Bohemia, like unexpected fossils in a bank of mud. As these notices are little known, we propose to come back upon them more fully, and also upon the visit to China of the Moorish traveller Ibn Batuta, which took place about the time that Marignolli quitted Peking.

Soon after this time missions and merchants alike disappear from the field, as the Mongul dynasty totters and comes down. We hear, indeed, once and again, of friars and bishops despatched from Avignon; but they go forth into the darkness, and are traced no more. For the now rulers of China revert to the old indigenous policy, and hold foreigners aloof, whilst Islam has recovered and extended its grasp over Central Asia; and the Nestorian Christianity, which once prevailed so widely there, is rapidly vanishing, leaving its traces only in some strange semblances of Church ritual which are found woven into the worship of the Tibetan Lamas, like the cabin-gildings and mirrors

of a wrecked vessel treasured among the fetishes of a Polynesian chief. A dark mist descends upon the further East, covering Mangi and Cathay, with those cities of theirs of which the old travellers told such wonders—Cambalec and Kansai and Zayton and Chinkalan. And when the veil rises before the Portuguese and Spanish explorers nearly two centuries later, those names are heard no more. In their stead we have China, with Peking and Hangcheu, Chincheu and Canton. Not only are the old names forgotten, but the fact that the places had been known before is utterly forgotten also. Gradually Jesuit missionaries go forth anew from Rome; new converts are made, and new vicariats constituted. But of the old converts no trace has survived; they and the Nestorians with whom they battled have alike been swallowed up again in the ocean of Paganism. The earlier impression of Ricci and his Jesuit comrades was that no Christianity had ever existed in China, though somewhat later the belief was modified; and even a few relics of Christian art were found, culminating in the discovery of the elaborate Christian monument of Singanfu, which, however, belongs to a much older date than we deal with in this paper. By and by, too, Marco Polo came to the surface, and one and another began to suspect that China and Cathay were one.

But we have been going too fast over the ground, and must return to that dark interval of which we have spoken, between the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China and the first appearance of the Portuguese in the Bocca Tigris. The *name* of Cathay was not forgotten; the poets and romancers kept it in mind, and it figured in maps of the world. Nor was this all. Some flickering gleams of light came once and again from behind the veil which hung over the East of Asia. Such are the cursory notices of Cathay which reached the Castilian Gonzalez de Clavijo, on his embassy to the Court of Timur in 1404, and Hans Schiltberger, of Munich, who served in the army of the same conqueror. A more substantial account is found in the narrative of the wanderings of Nicolo Conti, of Venice, taken down from his lips by Poggio Bracciolini in 1440 or 1442. It is not distinctly stated in this narrative that Conti had been in Cathay, but there is internal evidence of the fact. The informa-

tion that he brought home was eagerly caught at by the map-makers of the age, and much of it is embodied in that gorgeous work, the map of Fra Mauro, now in the ducal palace at Venice.

A century passed after the discovery of the Cape route before the identity of Cathay and China was fully established, and in that time we find several narratives that treat of the journey to Cathay without any recognition of that identity. Such is that which Ramusio gives us, as received from an intelligent Persian called Hajji Mahomed, who had come to Venice with rhubarb for sale, remarkable as containing the first distinct mention of *tea* (so far as we know) published in Europe; and another narrative of a similar character, which Busbeck, when ambassador from Charles V. to the Ottoman Court, picked up from a wandering dervish.

Late in the sixteenth century Jerome Xavier, nephew of the great Francis, and himself a Jesuit missionary at the Court of Akbar, met in the great king's durbar in Lahore a Mahometan merchant who had just arrived from Cathay. The picture which he drew of the country, and especially the account which he gave of the religion of the people, greatly excited Father Jerome, who saw in it an untouched and promising field for the labors of the Society. He strongly urged his superiors to send a party to reconnoitre this country, in which he fancied that the long-lost land of Prester John was at last to be revealed. The opinion of Ricci and his comrades, who had come to the conclusion that the Cathay of the old travellers was the very China in which they were laboring, was communicated to him; but Father Jerome was not to be convinced, and brought forward arguments on the other side sufficiently plausible to bend the authorities at Goa to his views. The expedition was resolved upon, and Benedict Goes, a lay coadjutor of the Society, and one of the noblest characters in the history of travels, was selected for the task. After a long and difficult journey in the character of an Armenian merchant, by way of Kabul, the high table-land of Pamir, Yarkand, Aksu, and Kamul, he reached Kancheu, on the Chinese frontier, in 1605. Here he was kept for eighteen months by the intolerable delays and obstacles to the admission of travellers into the empire. He had come to the conclusion that the



Cathay he was sent to seek was no other than China, but his endeavors to communicate with his brethren at Peking were long unsuccessful. At last they succeeded: a native convert was sent to help him forward, and arrived at Kancheu only to find Benedict on his death bed. "Seeking Cathay, he found heaven," as one of his order has pronounced his epitaph. With him the curtain may finally drop upon Cathay. China alone could be recognized thenceforward by reasonable people, though for nearly a century later geographical works of some pretension continued to indicate Cathay as a distinct region, with Cambalu for its capital.

After this sketch of one phase of the communication between China and the Western World, we return to speak more particularly of some of the travellers who have been named.

First, then, of Friar Odoric. Born, about 1280, of a Bohemian family settled in Friuli, he joined the Franciscans at an early age, and about 1316, impelled, it would seem, by a natural love of roaming, rather than by the missionary zeal afterwards ascribed to him, he obtained the permission of his superiors to set out for the East. We have not space to trace his overland journey to the Persian Gulf, but thence he embarked at Hormuz for Tana, on the Island of Salsette, a port which may be considered the mediæval representative of Bombay, and now a station on the Great Peninsular Railway, a few miles from the modern city. Here four brethren of his order had recently met with martyrdom at the hands of the Mussulman governor of the city, which seems to have been then dependent on Delhi. Several chapters are devoted to the marvellous and very curious history of this event; and Odoric made it his business to take up the bones of his murdered comrades, and to carry them with him on his further voyage. He went on by sea to Malabar, and thence to Ceylon and Mabar, as the southern part of the Coromandel coast was then called by the Mahometan navigators, and to Mailapur, a town close to the modern Madras, and the name of which still adheres to a suburb of that city, famous from an early date as the alleged burial-place of St. Thomas the Apostle, and visited as such by the envoys whom our own King Alfred sent to India.

Hence Odoric sailed to Sumatra, a name which he, perhaps, first brought to Europe, though it then applied to only a principality in the great island which now bears the title. He tells strange stories of the cannibalism for which certain tribes of that island have continued down to our own day to be infamous. As Hakluyt's quaint old version of the traveller's story runs: "Man's Flesh, if it be fat, is eaten as ordinarily there as Beefe in our country. Marchants comming vnto this Region for traffique do usually bring to them fat men, selling them vnto the Inhabitants as wee sel Hogs, who immediately kil and eate them!" Thence he went on to Java, apparently to Borneo, to Champa, or Southern Cochin China, and so to Canton. From Canton he travelled to two of the great ports of Fokien—viz., Zayton (or Chinchew) and Fuchew. At the former he found two houses of his order, and deposited with them the bones of his brethren, which he had carried thus far, and probably found somewhat inconvenient baggage for a land journey. From Fuchew he crossed the mountains to the great city of which we have already heard, Kinsai or Kansa (a corruption of the Chinese *king-sse*, or "capital"). Thence he visited Nanking, and crossed the mighty Kiang, which he describes, justly, as the greatest river in the (non-American) world, under the Mongol appellation of *Talai*, or "The Sea." At Yangcheufu, where he found three Nestorian churches, he embarked on the Great Canal, and proceeded by it to Cambalec (or Peking), where he abode for three years, attached, no doubt, to one of the churches founded there by Archbishop John, now in extreme old age. Turning homeward, at length, he went to Singanfu, in Shensi, for many years the capital of great Chinese dynasties—now the headquarters of one of the great insurrections (in this case Mahometan) which are tearing the Chinese Empire to pieces. Thence he found his way to Tibet, and its capital, Lhassa, the seat, as he says, of "the Pope of the Idolaters." Here we lose all precise indication of his further route, only we gather from slight hints and probabilities that his further journey led him through Badcokhsan and the passes of the Hindu Kush to Kabul, and thence by the south of the Caspian to the shores of the Mediter-

anean. He reached his native soil in 1329-30.

The companion of Odoric, on part, at least, of these long wanderings, was Friar James, an Irishman, as appears from the record of a donation to him in the public books of Udine. It was in May, 1330, whilst lying ill in the Convent of St. Anthony, at Padua, that Odoric dictated his story, which was taken down in homely Latin by a brother-monk, and in January of the following year he died at Udine, in his native province. We cannot here relate the curious circumstances that attended the funeral, which ended in the declaration of his miraculous sanctity. *Qui peregrinatur raro sanctificantur*, says an ecclesiastical adage, and there is certainly nothing in Odoric's story to suggest his possession of exceptional holiness. The movement seems to have been in the first place entirely a popular one, and to have taken his brother-friars quite by surprise. They, probably, during his short residence among them since his return, had regarded him only as an eccentric, much addicted to drawing the long-bow about the Grand Cham and the Cannibal Islands! Be that as it may, Odoric was beatified by popular acclamation, the miracles performed by his remains were authenticated by a solemn commission,\* and ever since he has been regarded at Udine as a sort of patron saint. He has never reached the higher honors of canonization, but in the middle of the last century the cult rendered to him for centuries received the solemn sanction of the Pope. We have seen the record of the process which then took place at Rome, a highly curious ecclesiastical blue-book of a hundred and fifty folio pages. The body of the beatified friar still lies at Udine, and is exhibited quadrennially to the eyes of the faithful, or so much of it as has not been frittered away in relics. These were in high esteem in the last century, and Father Ven-

ni, one of the biographers, assures us that in his day the *Polvere del Beato Odorico* was reckoned potent in fevers, like the James's powders of our youth. We have not seen the body of this eminently wandering Christian, but we have visited his tomb, and the cottage where he was born, near Pordenone.

Odoric has been scouted as a liar, and even the brethren who wrote his history as one of the saints of their order have been unable to hide their doubts. One says that much in the book will seem incredible unless the holy character of the narrator find belief or force it—*fidem extruat vel extorqueat*. Another is reduced to plead character—so saintly a man would never have told lies, much less have sworn to them as Odoric has done!

There is no doubt, however, that he was a genuine, though indiscriminating, traveller. We cannot enter into all the proofs of this, but we may select a few passages in illustration of the manner of the story, and to show the justification that it admits of. We must not forget the disadvantage under which the story labors in having been dictated, and that in illness, and to a friar of probably still less literature than himself.

This may help to explain some of his most staggering stories. For instance, the narrative alleges that Odoric saw in Champa a tortoise as big as the dome of St. Anthony's at Padua. Now, the smallest of St. Anthony's many domes is some forty feet in diameter. But consider that the traveller was lying ill in that convent when he dictated the story to Brother William of Solagna. He tells the latter, perhaps, that he saw an awfully big tortoise. "How big?" quoth Guglielmo, all agape. "Was it as big as the dome yonder?" "Well, yes," says the sick traveller, without turning his weary bones to look, "I dare say it might be!" And so down it goes in regular narration—"And I saw in that country a tortoise that was bigger in compass than the dome of St. Anthony's Church in Padua."

Now for a few specimens of his narrative. In describing a great idol on the Coromandel coast, he speaks of the various penances performed by the pilgrims who came from great distances to say their prayers before it, just, he remarks, as Christian folk go on pilgrimage to St. Peter's, and then he proceeds:—

\* Seventy such miracles are alleged to have been authenticated; and indeed so says the heading of the Notary's Report of the Commission; though (like the cotton reels of Manchester, which profess to contain two hundred yards of thread) as a matter of fact it enumerates only twenty-seven. The scribe at the end apologizes—"I have written them down as well as I could . . . but not the whole of them, because there was no end to them, and I found it too difficult"—in fact, "what no fellow could do!"

"And some have quite a different way of proceeding. For these as they start from their homes take three steps, and at every fourth step they make a prostration at full length upon the ground. And then they take a censer and incense the whole length of that prostration. And thus they do continually, until they reach the idol, so that sometimes, when they go through this operation, it taketh a very great while before they do reach the idol."

Now, this mode of penitential pilgrimage is by no means extinct in India. Not very long since, the Indian newspapers contained a striking account of the performance of such penances at some shrine in the Deccan. One man, it was stated, had come from his home, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, in this way—measuring his length along the ground, not at every *fourth* step, but continuously, at the rate of about one mile a day!

"Hard by the church of this idol," continues Odoric, "there is a lake made by hand, into which the pilgrims who come thither cast gold or silver and precious stones, in honor of the idol, and towards the maintenance of the church, so that much treasure has been accumulated therein. And thus, when it is desired to do any work upon the church, they make search in the lake, and find all that has been cast into it."

This, you may say, looks very like a "traveller's tale." But it happens that we learn from an Arabic work translated by Quatremère, that among the towns in the south of India conquered by Mahomet Tughlak of Delhi, a few years after the visit of Odoric to that region, there was one which possessed an idol-temple held in great repute all over that country, and which stood in the middle of a lake, into which the worshippers used to cast their offerings. After the capture of the city, the sultan caused the lake to be drained, and the treasure accumulated in its bed sufficed to load two hundred elephants and several thousand oxen!

When in China, on his way from Zayton to Kinsai (see above), Odoric gives the earliest known description of the well-known Chinese practice of fishing with tame cormorants. His account, which is substantially identical with that which you will find in Staunton, Fortune, and other modern travellers, runs as follows:—

"Passing hence . . . . I came to a certain great river, and I tarried at a certain city which hath a bridge across the river.

At the head of the bridge was a tavern, in which I was entertained. And mine host, wishing to do me a pleasure, said: 'If thou wouldst see good fishing, come with me!' So he led me upon the bridge, and I looked and saw certain water-fowl tied upon perches. And these he went and tied with a cord round the throat that they might not be able to swallow the fish which they caught. Next he proceeded to put three great baskets into a boat, one at each end and the third in the middle, and then he let the water-fowl loose. Straightway they began to dive into the water, catching great numbers of fish, and ever as they caught them putting them of their own accord into the baskets, so that before long all three baskets were full. And mine host then took the cord off their necks, and let them dive again to catch fish for their own food. And when they had thus fed, they returned to their perches, and were tied up as before. And some of those fish I had for dinner."

Ending another chapter on the magnificence of the Court of Pekin, he concludes: "But no one need wonder at his being able to maintain such an expenditure; for there is nothing spent as money in his whole empire, but certain pieces of paper which are there current as money; whilst an infinite amount of treasure comes into his hands." Here, as previously from Rubruquis, we have an allusion to that system of paper currency which prevailed nationally in China for many centuries, and which, though for four hundred years it has ceased to be national (though there have been recent efforts to re-establish it), is still maintained on a very large scale by local banks in great cities such as Pekin and Fuchou.

We shall extract only one other passage from Odoric, and that, perhaps, the most questionable and perplexing in the whole narrative. It is the chapter in which the friar, on his return from Tibet to the west, describes a certain valley in which he saw terrible things:—

"Another great and terrible thing I saw. For as I went through a certain valley, which lieth by the River of Delights, I saw therein many dead corpses lying. And I heard also therein sundry kinds of music, but chiefly nagarets (or kettledrums) which were marvellously sounded. And so great was the noise thereof that very great fear came upon me. Now this valley is seven or eight miles long, and if any unbeliever enter therein he quitteth it nevermore, but perishes incontinently. Yet I hesitated not to go in, that I might see, once for all, what

the matter was. . . . And at one side of the valley, in the very rock, I beheld, as it were, the face of a man, very great and terrible, so very terrible, indeed, that for my exceeding great fear my spirit seemed to die in me. Wherefore I made the sign of the cross, and began continually to repeat *verbum caro factum* ('The Word was made flesh,' etc.), but I dared not at all come nigh that face, but kept at seven or eight paces from it. And so I came at length to the other end of the valley, and there I ascended a hill of sand, and looked around me. But nothing could I descry, only I still heard those nagarets to play, which played so marvellously."

The locality of this adventure is left obscure; but we think it can be fixed to the vicinity of the passes of the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul.

The river, you will have observed, on the banks of which he received these alarming impressions, is called the River of Delights, or as it is in the Latin, *Flumen Deliciarum*, a name inappropriate enough to the tale. But if this was, as we can hardly doubt, in Odoric's mouth, *Fiume di Piaceri* (which is the actual reading in Ramusio's old Italian version), we see strong reason to believe that the word intended was not *pleasures* or *delights*, but the actual name of the River Panjsher, which flows from the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul. Wood tells us that the country thereabouts is rife with legends of the supernatural. And as regards the many corpses which our friar saw, the passes of the Panjsher were those, as Sultan Baber tells us in his memoirs, by which the robbers of Kafiristan constantly made their forays, *slaying great numbers of people*. Long before Baber's time, and before Odoric's, the Arab geographer, Edrisi, informs us that the people of Panjsher were notorious for their violence and wickedness: nor have they mended their manners; for Captain Wood observes, of the Panjsher valley, that "this fair scene is chiefly peopled by robbers, whose lawless lives and never-ending feuds render it an unfit abode for honest men."

The awful and gigantic face in the cliff was probably some great rock-sculpture resembling the colossal figures at Bamian, described by Alexander Burnes; and though these figures themselves are at a considerable distance from the Panjsher, it is possible that the traveller's excited

memory may have compressed into too narrow a compass all the circumstances of the passage of those mountains which had so strongly impressed his imagination. We may add that in the diary of a modern adventurer in those regions—a document, we must admit, vaguer and wilder than anything written by mediæval friar—we find the following passage strikingly analogous to the description of Odoric, of whose work, we will answer for it, the writer knew nothing:—

"27th July.—The basaltic cliffs assume fanciful shapes: supposed to be Kafirs petrified by Abraham. One very remarkable human face on the precipitous sides of a dark ravine of amygdaloid rock is called Baboo Boolan, about twenty-five feet in height, with monstrous red eyes and mouth and aquiline nose. They are objects of extreme dread to the natives." \*

The account of the Hill of Sand, on which our traveller heard the sound of invisible kettledrums, at once points to the phenomena of the *Rug Rowan*, or Flowing Sand, forty miles north of Kabul, and at the foot of the valley of Panjsher. Burnes describes the sounds heard there as loud and hollow, *very like those of a large drum*. Wood says the sound was that of *a distant drum mellowed by softer music* (how like our friar's "sundry kinds of music, but chiefly kettledrums!"); Sultan Baber speaks of the sound as that of drums and *nagarets*, again the very instruments specified by Odoric.†

Before quitting Odoric's Terrible Valley, we may remark that one would almost think John Bunyan had been reading the passage in old John Hackluyt, when he indited the account of Christian's transit through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, *e.g.*:—

"This frightful sight was seen, and those dreadful noises were heard, by him for several days together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of friends coming to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best do . . . . but

\* Journal kept by Mr. Gardner during his travels in Central Asia, in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. xxii. p. 290.

† The same phenomenon has been observed in various parts of the world, and always in connection with the movement of sand disturbed upon a slope. One celebrated instance is "the Hill of the Bell," in the peninsula of Sinai; and another was discovered by the lamented Hugh Miller in the island of Eig.



when they were come even almost at him, he cried out, with a most vehement voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!' so they gave back, and came no further."

We now pass to another of our travellers, and one still less generally known, viz., John Marignolli, the papal legate of 1338, of whom we have already spoken briefly. This dignitary of the Church is not a sage; his garrulous reminiscences show an incontinent vanity, and an incoherent lapse from one subject to another, matched by nothing in literature except the conversation of Mrs. Nickleby. But he is a man of considerable reading, and his recollections of what he saw often form very vivid and graphic pictures, whilst his veracity is unimpeachable.

As a first extract we shall give a sample of the incoherency of some of his recollections, though really it is impossible in translation not to modify and soften the effect of the original *Nicklebyism*. This is from a chapter headed, "Concerning the Clothing of our First Parents." (You must remember that the book is professedly a chronicle of Bohemia, to which such a subject of course legitimately belongs):—

"And the Lord made for Adam and his wife coats of skins and clothed them therewith. But if it be asked, Whence the skins?—the answer usually made is, either that these were expressly created (which savors not of wisdom!); or that an animal was slain for the purpose (and *this* is not satisfactory, seeing that 'tis believed animals were created first in pairs only, and there had been no time for the multiplication of the species). Now, then, I say (but pray don't think I mean to dogmatize), that for *pelliceas*, we should read *filiceas*, or for coats of *fur*, coats of *fibre*. For among the fronds of the coconut, of which I have spoken before, there grows a sort of fibrous web, forming an open network of coarse dry filaments, and to this day among the people of Ceylon and India it is customary to make of those fibres wet-weather blankets for those rustics whom they call *camalls*, whose business it is to carry burdens, and also to carry men and women upon their shoulders in palankins, such as are mentioned in Canticles, *Ferculum fecit sibi Salomon de lignis Libani*, whereby is meant a portable litter, such as I used to be carried in when I was at Zaiton and in India.\* A cloak, such as I mean, of this *camall*

\* The word intended by the good bishop is the Arabic *Hhamal*, a porter; still the usual word for a palanquin-bearer in Western India.

cloth (not *camel* cloth), I wore till I got to Florence, where I left it in the sacristy of the Minor Friars. No doubt the raiment of John Baptist was of this kind. For as regards *camel's hair*, that is, next to silk, the softest stuff in the world, and never *could* have been meant. By the way—speaking of camels—I once found myself in company with an innumerable multitude of camels and their foals in that immense desert by which you go down from Babylon of the Confusion towards Egypt, by way of Damascus; and of Arabs also there was no end! Not that I am meaning to say there were any camels in Ceylon. No; but there were innumerable *elephants*. And these, though they be most ferocious monsters, scarcely ever do any harm to a foreigner. I even *rode* on an elephant once! It belonged to the Queen of Saba. That beast did really seem to have the use of reason—if it were not contrary to the faith to say such a thing!"

In an earlier passage, the legate thus describes his reception by the emperor at Cambalec:—

"But the great Kaam, when he beheld the great horses, and the Pope's presents, with his letter, and King Robert's † likewise, with their golden seals, and when, he saw us also, rejoiced greatly, being delighted—yea, exceedingly delighted—with everything, and he treated us with the greatest honor. And when I entered the Kaam's presence, it was in full festival vestments, with a very fine cross carried before me, and candles and incense, whilst *Credo in Unum Deum* was chanted in that glorious palace in which he dwells. And when the chant was ended, I bestowed a plenary benediction, which he received with all humility. And so we were dismissed to one of the imperial apartments, which had been most elegantly fitted up for us; and two princes were appointed to attend to all our wants. And this they did in the most liberal manner, not merely as regards meat and drink, but even down to such things as paper for lanterns; whilst all necessary servants were also detached from the court to wait upon us."

You will observe that among the presents sent to the emperor in the legate's charge were certain *Destriers* or "great horses." Now it is pleasing to find that, though our legate himself has no place in the Chinese annals, these great horses *have*. Under our year, 1342, that of Marignolli's arrival at Peking, it is recorded that there were presented to the emperor certain horses of the kingdom of *Fulang* (*Farang*, or Europe), of a breed

† Of Naples.

till then unknown in China. One of these horses was *eleven feet and a half* in length and *six feet eight inches* high, and was black all over except the hind feet. This present was highly appreciated. And Père Gaubli mentions also that a portrait of this horse was in the last century still preserved in the imperial palace, with all the dimensions carefully noted. This vast animal was surely the prototype of the *Black Destrier* which Mr. Millais painted under Sir Ysenbras several years ago!

Of his residence in Malabar, and the Christians of St. Thomas there, Marignolli says:—

"These latter are the masters of the public steel-yard, from which I derived during my stay, as a perquisite of my office as Pope's legate, a hundred gold *fanams* every month, and a thousand when I came away. There is a church of St. George there, of the Latin communion, at which I dwelt. And I adorned it with fine paintings, and taught therein the Holy Law. And after I had been there some time, I went beyond the glory of Alexander the Great when he set up his column. For I also erected a stone as *my* landmark and memorial, and anointed it with oil! In sooth, it was a marble pillar, with a stone cross upon it, intended to last till the world's end. And it had the Pope's arms and my own engraven upon it, with inscriptions both in Indian and Latin characters. I consecrated and blessed it in the presence of an infinite multitude of people, and I was carried on the shoulders of the chiefs in a litter, or palankin, like Solomon's."

We all know of the altars that Alexander erected on the banks of Hyphasis; but the imagination of his legendary biographers in later days was not satisfied with his turning aside from India barely entered—(who indeed does not feel a fresh disappointment every time that the story is read?)—and in defiance of history they prolonged his expedition to the ends of the earth. The story how he reached the land of the Seres, at the extremity of Asia, and there erected a stone pillar, on which he inscribed, "Thus far came Alexander, king of the Macedonians," is nearly as old as classic times. We have some reason to believe that the pillar which our friend the legate thus erected in ambitious rivalry with Alexander survived to our own day. The Dutch chaplain, Baldaens, writing in the latter part of the seventeenth century, says:—"Upon the rocks near the sea-shore of Quilon stands a

stone pillar, erected there, as the inhabitants report, by St. Thomas. I saw this pillar in 1662." Three hundred years of tradition might easily swamp the dim memory of John the Legate in that of Thomas the Apostle. Mr. Day, in his "Lapd of the Permauls," tells us that this pillar still exists; but Mr. Broadley Howard, in a recent work on the Malabar Christians, says it was washed away some years ago. We wish this notice may lead some one on that coast to inquire about it still.

We now come to the last of the travellers of whom it has been proposed to speak particularly. This is Abn Abdallah Mahomed, surnamed Ibn Batuta, the traveller, *par excellence*, of the Arab nation, as he was hailed by a saint of his religion whom he visited in India. He was born at Tangier, in Morocco, in 1304.

We cannot go into great detail on the wanderings of this traveller on a great scale. Suffice it to say that between his starting on his first journey, at the age of twenty-one, and his final settlement in his native land, at the age of fifty-one, his travels extended over a distance which, as well as we can compute it by a rough compass measurement, without allowance for excesses and deviations, amounted to at least 75,000 English miles. During the thirty years of his wanderings, he four times made the pilgrimage to Mecca, on one occasion residing there for three years; he traversed all Egypt twice, and both coasts of the Red Sea; he visited the eastern shores of Africa as far down as Quiloa in 9° south latitude; he several times visited Babylonia and Ispahan; he three times traversed Syria, visited all the Turkish sultanates into which Asia Minor was then divided; stayed a short time at Constantinople, and twice with Uzbek Khan on the banks of the Wolga, penetrating north to Bulgar on that river, a city standing in nearly the latitude of Carlisle. He then travelled across the steppes to Bokhara, and through Khorasan and Kabul, crossing the Hindu Kush by that very Panjsher valley where Friar Odoric saw such wonders. He then proceeded to Sind and Multan, and there received an invitation to the court of Mahomet Tughlak of Delhi, a soldier, a scholar, a patron of learned men, and at the same time one of the most sanguinary and capricious tyrants in history. Ibn Batuta continued

about eight years in this sovereign's service, drawing a handsome salary, yet constantly getting into debt, and hanging like a perfect horse-leech on the royal bounty.

Towards the end of his residence at Delhi he fell into disfavor and suspicion, and in his fear betook himself to intense devotion and ascetic observances, giving all that he possessed to dervishes and the poor (he says nothing of his creditors!). The king, hearing of his reformed character, sent for him and named him chief of an embassy to China.

It was an ill-starred appointment. After a progress in state through Central India to Guzerat, where they embarked for Malabar, the party awaited at Calicut the departure of the China junks, which then annually visited the ports of Southern India. The Zamorin, or Prince of Calicut, had prepared accommodation for the mission on board one of the large junks; but Ibn Batuta, having ladies with him, went to the shipping agent to obtain a private cabin for them, having, it would seem, in his usual happy-go-lucky style, deferred this to the last moment. The agent told him that the cabins were all taken up by the Chinese merchants (who had apparently *return-tickets*); there was one, however, without fittings, belonging to his own son-in-law, which Ibn Batuta could have. So one Thursday afternoon, in the early summer of 1343, our traveller's baggage and slaves, male and female, were put on board, while he stayed on shore to attend the Friday service before embarking. His colleagues with the presents for China were already on board. Next morning early his head-servant came to complain that the cabin was a wretched hole, and would never do. Appeal was made to the captain, a person who was, as Ibn Batuta tells us, "a great Amir," or, as our vulgar term would aptly translate it, "a very great swell." The captain said he could do nothing (so captains *always* say; but if they liked to go in a smaller vessel, called a *kakam*, it was at their service. Our traveller consented, and had his baggage and his womankind transferred to the *kakam*. The sea then began to rise (for the southwest monsoon had set in), and he could not embark. When he got up on Saturday morning he found both the junk and the *kakam* had weighed and left the harbor, and a gale of wind blowing. The junk was wrecked; the

bodies of Ibn Batuta's colleagues in the embassy were cast up on the beach; and the *kakam's* people, seeing what had befallen their consort, made sail, carrying off with them our traveller's slaves, his girls, and gear, and leaving him there on the beach of Calicut gazing after them, with nought remaining to him but his prayer-carpet, ten pieces of gold, and an emancipated slave; which last absconded forthwith!

We cannot follow Ibn Batuta during the next few years' adventures, which carried him about the ports of Malabar, the Maldine Islands, Ceylon, and Madura; but eventually he found his way to Bengal, which he calls "an *inferno* full of good things," and thence to Sumatra and China. Here he professes still to have been received as the ambassador of Sultan Mahomet, and to have travelled over the whole length of the empire from Canton to Peking. That a part at least of his travels in China is genuine there can be no doubt, but it is highly questionable whether he ever was at Peking. His description of the palace arrangements there appears to be cooked from his recollections of the Court of Delhi, and circumstances which he asserts to have taken place during his stay are totally inconsistent with Chinese history.

From China he returned *via* Sumatra to Malabar and Arabia, and thence, by devious wanderings, at last reached Fez, the capital of his native country, in 1349, after an absence of twenty-four years.

Here he professes to have rejoiced in the presence of his own Sultan, whom he declares to surpass all the mighty monarchs of the East: in dignity, him of Irák; in person, him of India; in manner, him of Yemen; in courage, the king of the Turks; in long-suffering, the Cæsar of Constantinople; in devotion, him of Turkestan; and in knowledge, him of Sumatra!—a list of comparisons so oddly selected as almost to suggest irony. After all that he had seen, he comes to the conclusion that there is no country like his own west. "It is," says he, "the best of all countries. You have fruit in plenty; good meat and drink are easily come by; and, in fact, its blessings are so many that the poet has hit the mark when he sings:—

"Of all the four quarters of heaven the best  
(I'll prove it past question) is surely the west!

'Tis the west is the goal of the sun's daily race !  
'Tis the west that first shows you the moon's  
silver face !'

The *dirhems* of the west are but little ones, 'tis true ; but then you get more for them !" (Just as in the good old days of another dear Land of the West ; where, if the pound was but twentypence, the pint anyhow was two quarts !)

His travels, however, were not yet over ; he traversed Andalusia and Granada, and penetrated to the heart of Negroland, before he finally settled. He died in 1377-78, aged seventy-three.

Ibn Batuta has drawn his own character in an accumulation of slight touches through the long history of his wanderings ; but to do justice to the result in a few lines would require the hand of Chaucer, and something perhaps of his freedom of speech. Not wanting in acuteness nor in humane feeling ; full of vital energy and enjoyment of life ; infinite in curiosity ; daring, restless, impulsive, sensual, inconsiderate, and extravagant ; superstitious in his regard for the saints of his religion, and plying devout observances, especially when in difficulties ; doubtless an agreeable companion, for we always find him welcomed at first, but clinging like one of the Ceylon leeches which he describes, when he found a full-blooded subject, and hence too apt to disgust his patrons, and to turn to intrigues against them. Such are the impressions which one reader at least has gathered from the surface of his narrative.

We shall now quote one or two passages as examples of his narrative. The following extract shows how the Chinese so long ago, though without the aid of photography, had anticipated a modern expedient of the detective police :—

"As regards painting, no nation, whether of Christians or others, can come up to the Chinese ; their talent for this art is something quite extraordinary. I may mention, among astonishing illustrations of this talent of theirs which I have witnessed myself, viz., that whenever I have happened to visit one of their cities, and to return to it after awhile, I have always found my own likeness and those of my companions painted on the walls, or exhibited in the bazars. On one occasion that I visited the emperor's own city, in going to the imperial palace with my comrades, I passed through the bazar of the painters ; we were all dressed after the fashion Irák. In the evening, on leaving

the palace, I passed again through the same bazar, and there I saw my own portrait and the portraits of my companions, painted on sheets of paper and exposed on the walls. We all stopped to examine the likenesses, and everybody found that of his neighbor to be excellent ! . . . Indeed the thing is carried so far that, if by chance a foreigner commits any action that obliges him to fly from China, they send his portrait into the outlying provinces to assist the search for him, and whenever the original of the portrait is discovered, they apprehend the man."

The next extract illustrates strikingly the manner in which the freemasonry of common religion facilitated the wanderings of the Mahometans over the world. The traveller is staying at the city of Kanjanfu, apparently Kianchanfu, in Kiangsi, where, as usual, he is hospitably received by his co-religionists :—

"One day, when I was in the house of Zahiruddin al Kurlani (the sheikh of the Mahometans in this city), there arrived a greaf boat, which was stated to be that of one of the most highly-respected doctors of the law among the Mussulmans of those parts. They asked leave to introduce this personage to me, and accordingly he was announced as 'Our master, Kiwâmuiddin the Ceutan.\*' I was surprised at the appellation ; and when he had entered, and after exchanging the usual salutations we had begun to converse together, it struck me that I knew the man. So I began to look at him earnestly, and he said, 'You look as if you knew me.' 'From what country are you ?' I asked. 'From Ceuta.' 'And I am from Tangier !' So he recommenced his salutations, moved to tears at the meeting, till I caught the infection myself. I then asked him, 'Have you ever been in India ?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have been at Delhi, the capital.' When he said that, I recollected about him, and said, 'Surely you are Al-Bushri ?' 'Yes, I am.' He had come to Delhi with his maternal uncle, Abu'l Kasim of Murcia. . . . I had told the Sultan of India about him, and he had given him 3,000 dinârs, and desired to keep him at Delhi. He refused to stay, however, for he was bent on going to China, and in that country he had acquired much reputation and a great deal of wealth. He told me that he had some fifty male slaves and as many female ; and, indeed, he gave me two of each, with many other presents. Some years later, I met this man's brother in Negroland. What an enormous distance lay between those two !"

This meeting, in the heart of China, of the two Moors from the adjoining towns

\* i.e. of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar.



of Tangier and Ceuta, has a parallel in that famous, but we fear mythical, story of the capture of the Grand Vizier on the Black Sea by Marshal Keith, then in the Russian service. The venerable Turk's look of recognition drew from the marshal the same question that Al-Bushri addressed to Ibn Batuta, and the answer came forth in broad Fifeshire dialect—"Eh man! ay; I mind you weel, for my father was the bellman of Kirkaldy!"

Like all the travellers of that age, Ibn Batuta seems to lack words to describe the magnitude and glories of the city of Kinsai, or Hangcheufu. He represents himself as received with great honor there, both by the Mahometan colony and by the officials of the Mongol government. The following, last of our extracts, refers to this:—

"The Amir Kustai (the Viceroy of the Province) is the greatest lord in China. He offered us hospitality at his palace, and gave us an entertainment at which the dignitaries of the city were present. He had got Mahometan cooks to kill the cattle and cook the dishes for us, and this lord, great as he was, carved the meats and helped us with his own hands! We were his guests for three days, and one day he sent his son to escort us on a trip on the canal. We got into one barge, whilst the young lord got into another, taking singers and musicians along with him. The singers sang songs in Chinese, Arabic, and Persian. The lord's son was a great admirer of the Persian songs, and there was one of them sung by them which he caused to be repeated several times, so that I got it by heart from their singing. This song had a pretty cadence in it, and thus it went:—

"My heart given up to emotions  
Was o'erwhelmed in waves like the ocean's,  
But, betaking me to my devotions,  
My troubles were gone from me!"\*

Crowds of people in boats were on the canal. The sails were all of bright colors, the people carried parasols of silk, and the boats themselves were gorgeously painted. They skirmished with one another, and pelted each other with lemons and oranges. In the afternoon we went back to pass the evening at the Amir's palace, where the musicians came again and sang very fine songs.

"That same night a juggler, who was one of the Great Kaan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, 'Come and

show us some of your wonders!' Upon this he took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a short end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him. The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared in his turn! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and, last of all, the head! Lastly, he came down himself, puffing and blowing, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation. . . . They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi of Khansi, Af karuddin by name, was sitting next to me, and quoth he, '*Walah!*' 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus-pocus!'"†

With this marvellous story of prestidigitation, and the learned Kazi's comment on it, we must close these extracts.

The subject is large—China, indeed, in any point of view is a large subject—and it has been difficult to compress without running to dry bones. But we trust even this fragmentary view of one phase of the history of communication with the Chinese may have preserved some small flavor of that interest which has always attached to that remote and peculiar nation. The ancients felt this in the dim legends which crossed the length of Asia about the Seres dwelling in secluded peace and plenty on the shores of the Eastern Ocean; mediæval Christendom was strangely fascinated by the stories which these travellers, of whom we have been speaking, brought home—of the vast population, riches, and orderly civilization of this newly-revealed

\* We may note that the "pretty cadence" of the lines which Ibn Batuta gives in the Persian is precisely that of—

"We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear!"

† Omitting the marvellous disappearance in the air, this trick is still a favorite in China. See Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," London ed., 1868, p. 543.

land of Cathay; the re-discovery of the country as China by the Portuguese kindled a fresh curiosity which three centuries of partial knowledge scarcely abated. Familiarity of late years has in some degree wrought its proverbial result; but among all the clouds of change that are thickening on the world's horizon, some are surely big with great events for this hive of four hundred millions, for whom also Christ died. The empire, which has a history as old as the oldest of Chaldaea,

seems to be breaking up. It has often broken up before, and been again united; it has often been conquered, and has either thrown off the yoke or absorbed its conquerors. But *they* derived what civilization they had from the land which they invaded. The internal combustions that are *now* heaving the soil come in contact with a new and alien element of western origin. Who can guess what shall come of *that* chemistry?

HENRY YULE.

British Quarterly Review.

#### MODERN GEOLOGY AND THE MOSAIC ACCOUNT OF CREATION.\*

HUGH MILLER frankly avowed in his later works that the view which he originally held as to the scientific interpretation of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis had been modified. He had believed, with Chalmers and Buckland, that the six days were natural days of twenty-four hours each; that the operations performed in them had reference to the world as inhabited by man; that a "great chaotic gap" separated the "latest of the geologic ages" from the human period; and that Scripture contained no account whatever of those myriads of ages during which the several geological formations came into the state in which we now find them. As his geological knowledge extended, and in particular when he engaged in close personal inspection of the Tertiary and Post-tertiary formations, he perceived that the hypothesis of a chaotic period, dividing the present from the past, in the history of our planet, was untenable. "No blank chaotic gap of death and darkness," thus he announces the result of his investigations, "separated the creation to which man belongs from that of the old extinct elephant, hippopotamus, and hyæna; for familiar animals, such as the red deer, the roe, the fox, the wild cat, and the badger, lived throughout the period which connected their times with our own; and so I have been compelled to hold that the days of creation were not natural, but prophetic days, and stretched far back into the by-gone eternity."

It was legitimate for theologians, sixty

years ago, to put their trust in the theory of a chaotic state of the planet immediately before the commencement of the human period, and to allege that the Scripture had folded up all reference to preceding geological ages, in the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The authority of Cuvier was then supreme in the world of science, and Cuvier held that "not much earlier than 5,000 or 6,000 years ago" the surface of the globe underwent a sudden and subversive catastrophe. But no theologian who now maintains this hypothesis can place his theology on a level with the scientific acquirement of the day. Dr. Kurtz is the only theologian of any standing who is known to us as still holding the view of Chalmers; and if we were asked how a person accurately acquainted with geological science might best obtain a conception of the untenability of the theory of a recent chaos, we should advise him to read Dr. Kurtz's defence of the hypothesis. The German divine repeatedly specifies 6,000 years as the period during which man and the existing order of terrestrial beings have occupied our planet. "According to the Scriptures," he says, "the present order of things has existed for nearly 6,000 years." He has a theory of his own on the subject of fossils. "The types buried in the rocks were not destined to continue perpetually, or else have not attained their destination." They were mere transient phenomena. It would be difficult to put into language a proposition more inconsistent with geological fact. The species of the Silurian mollusca have changed, but mollusca of Silurian type abound at this hour. Evi-

\* (1) Life and Letters of Hugh Miller, by Peter Bayne, M.A.

(2) Works of Hugh Miller.

ence amounting almost to absolute demonstration identifies the *globigerina* of the Atlantic mud of to-day with the *globigerina* of the Cretaceous system; and Sir Charles Lyell calculates that the Cretaceous system came to an end 80,000,000 years ago. Pronouncing the types of the past evanescent, Dr. Kurtz pronounces the types of the present permanent. The creatures called into existence on the six days of Genesis, which last he holds to have been natural days, "were intended to continue, and not to perish, and their families were not to be petrified in strata, but each individual was to decay in the ordinary manner, so that their bones have mostly passed away without leaving any trace." This is a pure imagination. There is no reason to believe that the petrificative agencies are less active at present than they were in by-gone geological epochs. The essential and irreconcilable discrepancy, however, between the views of Dr. Kurtz and the conclusions of geology, consists in his assumption of a universal deluge, sweeping away all life, and leaving the surface of the world a *tabula rasa*, immediately before the appearance of man. He speaks of "a flood, which destroyed and prevented all life, and after the removal of which the present state of the earth, with its plants, animals, and man, was immediately restored." With marvellous simplicity he declares that "the only thing" he "demands," "and which no geological theory can or will deny," is that "the globe was covered with water" before the appearance of man "and the present plants and animals." There is no geologist deserving the name at present alive who would admit this proposition; and we suppose that a large majority of living geologists would maintain that the earth has certainly not been covered with water since the time of those forests whose remains are preserved for us in Devonian strata. To name one among many proofs, the state of the fauna of the Atlantic islands, Madeira and the Desertas, demonstrates that the earth has not been enveloped by the ocean for a period compared with which Dr. Kurtz's 6,000 years dwindle into insignificance. Geology pronounces as decisively against the occurrence of a universal chaos upon earth 6,000 years ago as against the accumulation of all the strata of the earth's crust in six natural days. There is no sense recognizable by geological science

in which the word "beginning" can be applied to the condition presented by the surface of the earth at any period nearly so recent as 6,000 years ago.

According to the theory of Mosaic geology ultimately adopted by Hugh Miller, the "beginning" spoken of in the first verse of the Bible corresponds to that period when the planet, wrapt in primeval fires, was about to enter upon the series of changes which is inscribed in the geologic record. The chaos, dark and formless, which preceded the dawn of organic existence upon earth, was no temporary inundation, no miraculous catastrophe, but an actual state of things of which the evidence still exists in the rocks. Strictly speaking, indeed, the term "chaos" has no scientific meaning. Science is acquainted with no period in time, no locality in space, where there has been a general suspension of law; and it may be worthy of remark that, although Scripture speaks of the original state of things as without form and void, there is no hint that it was beyond control of Divine and natural ordinance. Relatively to man, however, and to those changes in the structure and organisms of the planet which the geologist chronicles, the fiery vesture, in which advocates of the Age theory of reconciliation between Genesis and geology allege the earth to have been at one time enveloped, constitutes an interruption to all research, a commencement of all that can be called scientific discovery. If it could be shown that the first chapter of Genesis contains an intelligible and accurate account of the changes which have taken place in the crust of the earth from the time when form first rose out of formlessness, and light sprang from darkness, to the time when man began to build his cities and till his fields, no candid judge would refuse to admit that the problem presented by the chapter had been satisfactorily solved, and that the chapter itself formed a sublimely appropriate vestibule to the temple of Revelation.

Let us state Miller's conception of the meaning and scientific purport of the first chapter of Genesis in his own words:—

"What may be termed," we quote from the *Testimony of the Rocks*, "the three geologic days—the third, fifth, and sixth—may be held to have extended over those carboniferous periods during which the great plants

were created—over those Oolitic and Cretaceous periods during which the great sea-monsters and birds were created—and over those Tertiary periods during which the great terrestrial mammals were created. For the intervening, or fourth day, we have that wide space represented by the Permian and Triassic periods, which, less conspicuous in their floras than the periods that went immediately before, and less conspicuous in their faunas than the periods that came immediately after, were marked by the decline and ultimate extinction of the Palæozoic forms, and the first partially developed beginnings of the secondary ones. And for the first and second days there remains the great Azoic period, during which the immensely developed gneisses, mica-schists, and primary clay-slates were deposited, and the two extended periods represented by the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone systems. These, taken together, exhaust the geological scale, and may be named in their order as, first, the Azoic day or period; second, the Silurian, or Old Red Sandstone day, or period; third, the Carboniferous day, or period; fourth, the Permian or Triassic day, or period; and sixth, the Tertiary day, or period."

It is important to observe that Miller here expressly fits into his scheme the work of each of the six days. In another passage he remarks that it is specifically his task, as a geologist, to account for the operations of the third, fifth, and sixth days, and this circumstance has occasioned the mistake, which has crept into so respectable a work as Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," that he did not profess to explain the creative proceedings of the first, second, and fourth days. In the passage we have quoted he assigns to each successive day its distinctive character and work. The entire scheme, then, may be thrown into a single sentence. A beginning of formlessness and fire, indefinite in duration; a first and second day not discriminated by Miller from each other, during which light, though created, did not reach the surface of our planet, but gradually struggled through the thick enveloping canopy of steam rising from a boiling ocean; a third day, in which an enormous development of vegetable life took place, a development due in part to the warm and humid atmosphere, which no clear sunbeam could as yet penetrate; a fourth day, marked by the emergence of sun, moon, and stars in unclouded splendor, but by no striking phenomena of organic life; a fifth day, in which the most imposing features in the creative procession

were sea-monsters and birds; and a sixth day, in which huge mammals crowded the stage of existence, and man appeared. Each of these days is, of course, supposed to have occupied an indefinite number of years.

It is obviously the principle or method of this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology to look for points in the Mosaic narrative which correspond with the facts revealed by geology. The words in the Scriptural account are few; are they so express, vivid, and characteristic that they epitomize, as in a Divine telegram, the geological history of millions of years? A consummate artist looks upon a face and throws a few strokes, quick as lightning, upon his canvas. The countenance seems to live. Revelings of character, which we might have required years to trace, flash on us from the eye, and chronicles of passion are written in a speck of crimson on the lip. The portrait is only a sketch; weeks or months might be spent in elaborating its color, and perfecting its gradations of light and shade; but not the less, on this account, does it accurately correspond with the original, and show the man to those who knew him. The advocates of the Age theory of Mosaic geology maintain that, few as are the touches in the pictured history of the world in the first chapter of Genesis, the geologist can recognize them as unmistakably true to the facts of the past. The correspondence alleged to exist has been illustrated in yet another fashion. Look upon a mountainous horizon, in the far distance, on a clear day, and you perceive a delicate film of blue or pearly grey, relieved against the sky. The outline of that film, faint though it be, is, for every kind of mountain range, more or less characteristic. The horizon line of the primaries will be serrated, peaked, and jagged. The horizon line of the metamorphic hills, though fantastic, will have more of curve and undulation. The horizon of the tertiaries will be in long sweeps, and tenderly modulated, far-stretching lines. Those minute jags and points of the primaries are dizzy precipices and towering peaks. The glacier is creeping on under that filmy blue; the avalanche is thundering in that intense silence. Rivers that will channel continents and separate nation from nation bound along in foam-



ing cataracts, where you perceive only that the tender amethyst of the sky has taken a deeper tinge. That undulating line of the crystalline hills tells of broad, dreary moors, dark, sullen streams, sparse fields of stunted corn. That sweeping, melting, waving line of the tertiaries tells of stately forest and gardened plain, of lordly mansions and bustling villages. The Mosaic record, as interpreted by the advocates of the Age theory, gives the *horizon lines* of successive geological eras. Its descriptions, they maintain, are correct, viewed as horizon lines. They convey the largest amount of knowledge concerning the several periods which could possibly be conveyed under the given conditions. Such is the method or logic of the Age theory of Mosaic geology; and it is manifest that, whatever may be its scientific value, it is no more to be refuted by the mention of geological facts which the Mosaic record does not specify, than the accuracy of a map, constructed on the scale of half an inch to the hundred miles, would be impugned by proving that it omitted a particular wood, rock, hill, or village.

It is indispensable to the establishment of this theory, that the geological changes which the earth has undergone shall admit of being arranged in certain divisions. The lines of demarcation between these may be drawn within wide limits of variation; but should it become an unquestioned truth of geologic science that absolute uniformity of phenomena has reigned in our world so long as the geologist traces its history, the Age theory would be untenable. The theory does not require that the "solutions of continuity" should be abrupt or catastrophic. On the contrary, the "morning" and "evening" of the Mosaic record suggest gradation; and the pause of night, with its silence, its slumber, its gathering up of force for new outgoings of the creative energy, by no means suggests cataclysm or revolution. But the days or periods, though they may melt into each other with the tender modulation of broad billows on a calming sea, must possess a true differentiation, and cannot be accepted by those who believe in absolute geological uniformitarianism. We are not sure, however, that any geologists profess this creed, and the views propounded by very eminent geologists on the nature of the changes which have taken place on

the earth appear to us to satisfy the requirements of the Age theory, in respect of division and succession. In the sixth edition of his "Elements of Geology" Sir Charles Lyell writes thus:—"Geology, although it cannot prove that other planets are peopled with appropriate races of living beings, has demonstrated the truth of conclusions scarcely less wonderful—the existence on our planet of so many habitable surfaces, or worlds, as they have been called, each distinct in time, and peopled with its peculiar races of aquatic and terrestrial beings." He proceeds to state that living nature, with its "inexhaustible variety," displaying "infinite wisdom and power," is "but the last of a great series of pre-existing creations." Mr. Darwin, in the fourth edition of his "Origin of Species," makes the weighty remark that "scarcely any palæontological discovery is more striking than the fact that the forms of life change almost simultaneously throughout the world." Qualifying his words by the statement that they apply chiefly to marine forms of life, and that the simultaneity referred to does not necessarily fall within "the same thousandth or hundred-thousandth year," he writes as follows:—

"The fact of the forms of life changing simultaneously, in the above large sense, at distant parts of the world, has greatly struck those admirable observers, M.M. de Verneuil and d'Archiac. After referring to the parallelism of the palæozoic forms of life in various parts of Europe, they add, 'If, struck by this strange sequence, we turn our attention to North America, and there discover a series of analogous phenomena, it will appear certain that all these modifications of species, their extinction, and the introduction of new ones, cannot be owing to mere changes in marine currents, or other causes more or less local and temporary, but depend on general laws which govern the whole animal kingdom.' M. Barrande has made forcible remarks to precisely the same effect. It is indeed quite futile to look to changes of currents, climate, or other physical conditions, as the cause of these great mutations in the forms of life throughout the world, under the most different climates."

Mr. Darwin holds that "looking to a remotely future epoch," the later tertiaries, namely, "the upper pliocene, the pleistocene and strictly modern beds of Europe, North and South America, and Australia, from containing fossil remains, in some degree allied, and from not in-

cluding those forms which are only found in the older underlying deposits, would be correctly ranked as simultaneous, in a geological sense."

These statements afford, we think, a sufficient basis for the general scheme of Mosaic geology which we are considering; and it may be remarked that the latest of the geological epochs of simultaneity, as defined by Mr. Darwin, would agree indifferently well with the last of the Mosaic days or periods, as defined by Hugh Miller.

There is yet another proposition which must be established if the Age theory of Mosaic geology is to be maintained. The scheme depends essentially on the theory of central heat. We saw that Miller undertakes to account for each of the six Mosaic days or periods. As a geologist, indeed, he felt himself to be under a special obligation to explain the creative operations of the third, fifth, and the sixth days, that is to say, the day on which vegetable life was created, and the successive days on which different orders of vertebrate animals were introduced into the world; but he gives delineations of the prophetic vision of the first two days, and he assigns the occurrences of the fourth day, namely, the appearance of the sun and moon, to the Permian and Triassic periods. In one word, he accepted the responsibility of adapting his scheme of reconciliation to all the day-periods of Genesis, and he was perfectly aware that the hypothesis would require to be rejected if the theory of central heat were invalidated. His geological explanation of the first four days depends explicitly upon the opinion that, at the time when the earth entered upon those changes which are chronicled by geological science, it was under the influence of intense heat, and gradually cooling and solidifying. In the first day thick darkness lay upon the surface of the earth, owing to the canopy of steam, impermeable by light, under which it lay shrouded. During the second day the light began to penetrate the vapory veil, and dim curtains of cloud raised themselves from the sea. On the third day the forests, which were heaped up for us into treasuries of coal, came into existence, and Miller accounts for their luxuriance by supposing that the heated and humid state of the atmosphere of the planet, still depen-

dent upon the central fires, favored their growth. It was not until the fourth day that the blanket of the ancient night was rent asunder, that sun, moon, and stars beamed out, and that a state of the atmosphere and a succession of summer and winter, day and night, identical with those we now witness, began. Possibly enough, had Miller found himself ultimately forced to abandon the theory of central heat, he would have entrenched himself, as in a second line of defence, in the three specially geological day-periods. But he never contemplated an abandonment of the doctrine of central heat. He held that the earth was once a molten mass, and that the series of changes through which it has passed arose naturally out of this fact. The crust of granite he believed to have been enveloped, in the process of cooling, by a heated ocean whose waters held in solution the ingredients of gneiss, mica-schist, hornblende-schist, and clay-slate. The planet gradually matured "from ages in which its surface was a thin earthquake-shaken crust, subject to continual sinkings, and to fiery outbursts of the Plutonic matter, to ages in which it is the very nature of its noblest inhabitant to calculate on its stability as the surest and most certain of all things." In short, he maintained that "there existed long periods in the history of the earth, in which there obtained conditions of things entirely different from any which obtain now—periods during which life, either animal or vegetable, could not have existed on our planet; and further, that the sedimentary rocks of this early age may have derived, even in the forming, a constitution and texture which, in present circumstances, sedimentary rocks cannot receive."

Sir Charles Lyell rejects absolutely the theory of central heat as a mode of accounting for those changes on the terrestrial surface which are classified by geologists. He declares that no kind of rocks known to us can be proved to belong to "a nascent state of the planet." Disclaiming the opinion "that there never was a beginning to the present order of things," he nevertheless holds that geologists have found "no decided evidence of a commencement." Granite, gneiss, hornblende-schist, and the rest of the crystalline rocks, "belong not to an order of things which has passed away;

they are not the monuments of the primeval period, bearing inscribed upon them in obsolete characters the words and phrases of a dead language; but they teach us that part of the living language of nature which we cannot learn by our daily intercourse with what passes on the habitable surface."

From the phenomena of precession and nutation, Mr. Hopkins, reasoning mathematically, inferred that the minimum present thickness of the crust of the earth is from 800 to 1,000 miles. This conclusion is the basis of Sir Charles Lyell's opinion respecting the Plutonic agencies which take part, or have taken part, in the formation of rocks. He shows by diagram that, if even 200 miles are allowed for the thickness of the crust, seas or oceans of lava five miles deep and 5,000 miles long might be represented by lines which, in relation to the mass of the earth, would be extremely unimportant. "The expansion, melting, solidification, and shrinking of such subterranean seas of lava at various depths, might," he contends, "suffice to cause great movements or earthquakes at the surface, and even great rents in the earth's crust several thousand miles long, such as may be implied by the linearly-arranged cones of the Andes, or mountain-chains like the Alps." To invoke the igneous fusion of the whole planet to account for phenomena like these is, therefore, he concludes, to have recourse to a machinery "utterly disproportionate to the effects which it is required to explain."

Sir Charles Lyell derives an argument against the theory of central heat from the consideration that it would, in his opinion, involve the existence of tides in the internal fire-ocean, which tides would register themselves in the swellings and subsidences of volcanoes. "May we not ask," he says, "whether, in every volcano during an eruption, the lava which is supposed to communicate with a great central ocean, would not rise and fall sensibly; or whether, in a crater like Stromboli, where there is always melted matter in a state of ebullition, the ebbing and flowing of the liquid would not be constant?" We venture to remark that this argument does not seem unanswerable. No one denies that the crust is at present consolidated to the depth of at least from thirty to eighty miles. The capacity of known chemical forces to produce intense heat

in this region is not disputed. The eruptions of now active volcanoes might arise, therefore, from processes going on in a part of the crust separated by solidified strata from the internal reservoir of liquid fire, and not accessible to its tides. We might ask also, in turn, whether observations have been made upon volcanoes in a state of eruption exact enough to determine whether they are or are not influenced by internal tides?

It is affirmed by Mr. David Forbes, in a recent number of *Nature*, that Professor Palmieri stated, as the result of observations made by him during the last eruption of Vesuvius, "that the moon's attraction occasioned tides in the central zone of molten lava, in quite a similar manner as it causes them in the ocean." Mr. Forbes adds that "a further corroboration of this view is seen in the results of an examination of the records of some 7,000 earthquake shocks which occurred during the first half of this century, compiled by Perry, and which, according to him, demonstrate that earthquakes are much more frequent in the conjunction and opposition of the moon than at other times, more so when the moon is near the earth than when it is distant, and also more frequent in the hour of its passage through the meridian." If these statements are correct—and we have no reason to call them in question—the supposed fact, which Sir Charles presumed to tell in his favor, has been converted into an ascertained fact which tells most forcibly against him.

In the latest edition of his "Principles of Geology," Sir Charles Lyell seems, in at least one passage, to assume that this controversy is at an end.

"It must not be forgotten" (these are his words) "that the geological speculations still in vogue respecting the original fluidity of the planet, and the gradual consolidation of its external shell, belong to a period when theoretical ideas were entertained as to the relative age of the crystalline foundations of that shell wholly at variance with the present state of our knowledge. It was formerly imagined that all granite was of very high antiquity, and that rocks, such as gneiss, mica-schist, and clay-slate, were also anterior in date to the existence of organic beings on a habitable surface. It was, moreover, supposed that these primitive formations, as they are called, implied a continual thickening of the crust at the expense of the

original fluid nucleus. These notions have been universally abandoned. It is now ascertained that the granites of different regions are by no means all of the same antiquity, and it is hardly possible to prove any one of them to be as old as the oldest known fossil organic remains. It is likewise now admitted, that gneiss and other crystalline strata are sedimentary deposits which have undergone metamorphic action, and they can almost all be demonstrated to be newer than the lately discovered fossil called *Eozoon Canadense*."

With all deference to one whom we acknowledge to be among the very ablest living geologists, we must say that this language strikes us as more emphatic than the state of the discussion warrants. We do not undertake absolutely to maintain the theory of central heat as explaining the formation of the granitic and metamorphic rocks, but we cannot admit, what Sir Charles seems to imply, that the time has arrived when investigation and experiment on the subject may be relinquished, and the tone of dogmatic confidence assumed. The reasonableness of permitting a certain degree of suspense of judgment regarding it becomes the more evident when we observe that Sir Charles is not prepared to maintain against astronomers that the planet was not originally fluid. "The astronomer," he says,

"may find good reasons for ascribing the earth's form to the original fluidity of the mass in times long antecedent to the first introduction of living beings into the planet; but the geologist must be content to regard the earliest monuments which it is his task to interpret as belonging to a period when the crust had already acquired great solidity and thickness, probably as great as it now possesses, and when volcanic rocks, not essentially differing from those now produced, were formed from time to time, the intensity of volcanic heat being neither greater nor less than it is now."

There can be no doubt that astronomers have been startled into something like general protest against the rigid uniformitarianism of Sir Charles Lyell. Differing as they do very widely in their conceptions of the probable manner in which planets are formed, they seem to agree that those bodies have their beginning in heat and in fusion. The phenomena of variable stars, taken in connection with the revelations of spectrum analysis, demonstrate that the combustion and the cooling of starry masses are occurrences

not unknown in the economy of the universe. If Sir Charles declines to contest the astronomical position of the original fluidity of the planet, considerable plausibility will continue to attach to that geological doctrine which connects the crystalline rocks with the fluidity in question. Those rocks, from the most ancient granites to the most recent clay-slates, occupy a large proportion of the earth's surface. Their great general antiquity is indisputable. The theory that they furnish the link between the past and the present of the earth's crust—that they furnish the point where the lights of geological and of astronomical science meet—strongly commends itself to the mind.

These observations derive additional force from the circumstance that Sir Charles Lyell's doctrine of the modern and chemical origin of all crystalline rocks is dependent upon considerations which must be allowed to possess not a little of a hypothetical and precarious character. The phenomena of metamorphism, as arising from heat, from thermal springs, and so on, are well-known and important; but there is nothing like adequate evidence that they are capable of giving the crystalline rocks that structure and aspect under which we behold them. The chemical substances in the crust which Sir Charles presumes to be capable of forming seas of molten matter, five miles deep and 5,000 miles long, have never placed before human eyes a lake of fire three miles across; is there not a trace of arbitrary hypothesis in supposing that, during hundreds of millions of years, those chemical agencies have been providing, beneath the surface of the world, cauldrons of fire to melt the granites of all known ages, from the Laurentian to the Tertiary, to produce the twistings, undulations, contortions of the metamorphic strata throughout hundreds of thousands of cubic miles of rock, and to feed every volcano that ever flamed on the planet? Not even to that proposition which is avowedly at the basis of Sir Charles's theory, namely, that the solidified shell of the earth is at least from 800 to 1,000 miles thick, can absolute certainty be said to belong. We are willing to admit the distinguished ability of Mr. Hopkins; but it is a fatal mistake to impute to solutions of problems in mixed mathematics that character of certainty



which belongs to the results of purely mathematical reasoning. Into every problem of mixed mathematics one element at least enters which depends for its correctness upon observation. In many cases this correctness depends on the perfect accuracy of instruments, and upon consummate skill in using them. A minute error in the original observation may produce comprehensive error in the conclusion. It is still fresh in the public memory that new and more accurate observation corrected by millions of miles a calculation comparatively so simple as the distance between the earth and the sun. The problem by the solution of which Mr. Hopkins determined that the minimum thickness of the crust is from 800 to 1,000 miles depends for its reliability on certain obscure phenomena connected with precession and nutation. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the problem is a "delicate" one. Mr. Charles MacLaren remarked, and Miller quotes the remark with approval, that Mr. Hopkins's inference "is somewhat like an estimate of the distance of the stars deduced from a difference of one or two seconds in their apparent position, a difference scarcely distinguishable from errors of observation." Add to this that opinions might be quoted from mathematicians of name as decidedly in favor of the theory that the geological changes which have taken place in the earth's crust are due to central heat, as the deduction of Mr. Hopkins is opposed to it. In the ninth edition of his "Principles," *i.e.*, in the edition immediately preceding that now current, Sir Charles informs us that

"Baron Fourier, after making a curious series of experiments on the cooling of incandescent bodies, considers it to be proved mathematically, that the actual distribution of heat in the earth's envelope is precisely that which would have taken place if the globe had been formed in a medium of a very high temperature, and had afterwards been constantly cooled,"

Sir Charles replied to this in the same edition that, if the earth were a fluid mass, a circulation would exist between centre and circumference, and solidification of the latter could not commence until the whole had been reduced to about the temperature of incipient fusion. We fail to see that this is an answer to Baron Fourier. What necessity is there for supposing that

the solidification of the crust commenced before the matter of the globe had been reduced throughout to about the temperature of incipient fusion? The water in a pond must be reduced to about the temperature of incipient freezing before ice can form on the surface, but this does not prevent the formation of a sheet of ice on the top.

In the article in *Nature*, from which we have already quoted, Mr. David Forbes mentions that M. De Launay, Director of the Observatory at Paris, "an authority equally eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer," having carefully considered Mr. Hopkins's problem, decided that its data were incorrect, and that it could shed no light whatever on the question whether the globe is liquid or solid. There is some doubt, however, as to the import of M. De Launay's statement.

We may be the more disposed to wonder at the decision with which Sir Charles Lyell pronounces upon this subject in his latest edition, by the fact that, since the publication of the previous edition, he has modified, to a very serious extent, his conception of the evidence on which the theory which he adopts is based. In the ninth edition of the "Principles" he laid so much stress on Sir Humphry Davy's hypothesis of an unoxidized metallic nucleus of the globe, liable to be oxidized at any point of its periphery by the percolation of water, and thus to evolve heat sufficient to melt the adjacent rocks, that Hugh Miller, in contending against Sir Charles, selected this as an essential part of the argument. In his tenth edition, Sir Charles does not even mention Sir Humphrey Davy's theory. The star under the influence of which the tenth edition was prepared was that of Mr. Darwin. No brighter star may be above the geological horizon, and Sir Charles may have done well to own its influence, but we submit that opinions which undergo important modification within a few years ought hardly to be promulgated as marking the limit between the era of darkness and the era of light in geological discovery.

After all, however, the crucial question is, whether the theory of central heat has any positive evidence to support it. Here we meet, in the first place, with the undisputed fact that heat increases as we descend from the surface of the earth.

Sir Charles Lyell admits that the fact of augmentation is proved. Experiment and observation, no doubt, have not yet enabled us to determine the ratio in which the heat increases as we penetrate into the crust; but this does not neutralize the force of the fact itself. Sir Charles endeavors to parry its effect by remarking that if we take a certain ratio of increase, a ratio which seems to be countenanced by experiment, we shall, "long before approaching the central nucleus," arrive at a degree of heat so great "that we cannot conceive the external crust to resist fusion." It is surely a sufficient reply to this to say that our conceptions as to the consequences arising from an admitted fact can neither invalidate its evidence nor annul the obvious inferences from it. The reader of the "Principles of Geology," besides, who has been told by Sir Charles Lyell that the interposition of a few feet of scoræ and pumice enables him to stand without inconvenience on molten lava, may be permitted to form a high estimate of the power of many miles of stratified and unstratified rock to resist fusion by the internal fires. Sooth to say, however, it will be time to consider an objection grounded on the ratio of increase in heat from the surface of the earth downwards, when the ratio in question has been ascertained. The fact of increase is admitted; the ratio of increase is an unknown quantity: it is curious logic to impugn the direct bearing of the former, on the strength of consequences conceived to arise from the latter.

Hugh Miller believed that the existence of the equatorial ring, in virtue of which the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial, furnished explicit evidence that the planet once was molten.

"If our earth," he wrote, "was always the stiff, rigid, unyielding mass that it is now, a huge metallic ball, bearing, like the rusty ball of a cannon, its crust of oxide, how comes it that its form so entirely belies its history? Its form tells that it also, like the cannon-ball, was once in a viscid state, and that its diurnal motion on its axis, when in this state of viscosity, elongated it, through the operation of a well-known law, at the equator, and flattened it at the poles, and made it altogether the oblate spheroid which experience demonstrates it to be."

In other planets, he urged, the same form is due manifestly to the action of the same law. Venus, Mars, Saturn, oblate

spheroids all, have been similarly "spun out by their rotatory motion in exactly the line in which, as in the earth, that motion is greatest." In these, however, we can only approximately determine the lengths of the equatorial and polar diameters; "in one great planet, Jupiter, we can ascertain them scarce less exactly than our own earth;" and Jupiter's equatorial diameter bears exactly that proportion to his polar diameter which "the integrity of the law," as exemplified in the relation between the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth, demands. "Here, then," proceeds Miller, "is demonstration that the oblate sphericity of the earth is a consequence of the earth's diurnal motion on its axis; nor is it possible that it could have received this form when in a solid state."

Sir Charles Lyell holds that the excess of the equatorial diameter over the polar may be accounted for on uniformitarian principles. "The statal figure," he says, "of the terrestrial spheroid (of which the longest diameter exceeds the shortest by about twenty-five miles) may have been the result of gradual and even of existing causes, and not of a primitive, universal, and simultaneous fluidity." Miller denies this possibility; and we confess that the passage in which he assails the position of Sir Charles Lyell appears to us to have great force. Let us hear him:—

"The laws of deposition are few, simple, and well known. The denuding and transporting agencies are floods, tides, waves, icebergs. The sea has its currents, the land its rivers; but while some of these flow from the poles towards the equator, others flow from the equator towards the poles uninfluenced by the rotatory motion; and the vast depth and extent of the equatorial seas show that the ratio of deposition is not greater in them than in the seas of the temperate regions. We have, indeed, in the Arctic and Antarctic currents, and the icebergs which they bear, agents of denudation and transport permanent in the present state of things, which bring detrital matter from the higher towards the lower latitudes; but they stop far short of the tropics; they have no connection with the rotatory motion; and their influence on the form of the earth must be infinitely slight; nay, even were the case otherwise, instead of tending to the formation of an equatorial ring, they would lead to the production of two rings widely distant from the equator. And, judging from what ap-

pears, we must hold that the laws of Plutonic intrusion or upheaval, though more obscure than those of deposition, operate quite as independently of the earth's rotatory motion. Were the case otherwise, the mountain systems of the world, and all the great continents, would be clustered at the equator; and the great lands and great oceans of our planet, instead of running, as they do, in so remarkable a manner, from south to north, would range, like the belts of Jupiter, from west to east. There is no escape for us from the inevitable conclusion that our globe received its form, as an oblate spheroid, at a time when it existed throughout as a viscid mass."

Accordingly, though admitting that "there is a wide segment of truth embodied in the views of the metamorphists," Miller declared his belief on the subject of central heat in these terms:—"I must continue to hold, with Humboldt and with Hutton, with Playfair and with Hall, that this solid earth was at one time, from the centre to the circumference, a mass of molten matter." Hugh Miller saw the ninth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles," and seems to have had its reasonings in view in writing these and other passages; we cannot persuade ourselves that he would have recalled them if he had lived to see the tenth edition.

We wish to state in the clearest terms that, though we have stated some of the evidence which supports the ordinary geological doctrine of central heat, we do not adduce that evidence as absolutely conclusive. All we argue for is, that the question be not looked upon as decided in favor of the uniformitarians. It may be that more minute and comprehensive observation on the age of the crystalline rocks and on the phenomena of metamorphism will demonstrate that the condition of no system of rocks known to us can be traced to the influence of an originally molten state of the planet. It may be that what seems at present the unanimous opinion of astronomers, that "the whole quantity of Plutonic energy must have been greater in past times than the present," is a mistake; it may be, in the last place, that the primeval fusion of the planet ceased to act upon those parts of the crust which are accessible to geological observation before those causes came into operation to which their present state is due. But we deny that these positions are established. A writer in the *Edinburgh*

*Review* declared, so recently as last year, that M. Durocher, in his "Essay on Comparative Petrology," has produced "absolute proof that the earth was an incandescent, molten sphere, before atmospheric and aqueous agencies had clothed it with the strata so familiar to our eyes." Sir Roderick Murchison, who, as a student not only of books and museums, but of the rock-systems of the world in their own vast solitudes, is an authority as high as any living man, holds that "the crust and outline of the earth are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overflows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not even in millions of years have been produced by agencies like those of our own time." These statements may be correct or the reverse; but they prove, we submit, that the controversy respecting central heat is not at an end.

Those who hold that Hugh Miller's views as to the connection between an originally molten state of the planet and the most ancient rocks known to us, have been finally disposed of by Sir Charles Lyell, must, we think, admit that his interpretation of the six days' work can no longer be maintained. On the other hand, if his conception of the mode in which the crystalline rocks were formed can be shown to be substantially correct, we see not how any one can refuse to grant that those correspondences between the day-periods of Genesis and successive stages in the geological history of the globe, which he pointed out, are highly remarkable. Ten thousand omissions of detail go for nothing, if it can be proved that, although light existed in space, the condition of the atmosphere of this world prevented the sun's rays for myriads of ages from reaching the surface; that the same atmospheric conditions which excluded light from the planet favored the development of vegetation in the Carboniferous epoch; that the day-period during which the sun and moon are stated in Genesis to have been set to rule the day and the night coincides with that geological era when light was first poured in clear radiance on our world; that the times of the Oolite and the Lias exhibited an enormous development of reptilian and ornithic existence inevitably suggestive of the creeping things, and fowls, and great sea-monsters of the fifth day-period; and that the predominance of mammalian life, of "the beast of the earth after his kind,

and cattle after their kind," distinguished alike the latest of the great geological periods and the sixth day of the Mosaic record. Assuming the correctness of his fundamental conception of geological progression, Miller might challenge the geologist—*confining himself to the number of words used by the Scriptural writers*—to name phenomena, belonging to the successive geological epochs, more distinctive, impressive, and spectacular than those mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis. Admitting that life existed in the planet millions of years before the time which he assigns to the third day, Miller might ask whether the darkness, and the slow separation of cloud from wave, were not the unique and universal phenomena of those primeval ages. Granting that there was an important flora, as well as a large development of ichthyic life, in the Devonian epoch, he might ask whether, at an earlier period, the earth possessed forests comparable with those of the Carboniferous epoch; and if it were urged that the Carboniferous flora, consisting as it did in an immense proportion of ferns, cannot be regarded as corresponding to the "grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself," of the Mosaic record, he might still reply that the *fact* of vegetation, apart from botanical distinctions, was then the most conspicuous among the phenomena of the planet. In like manner, while granting that life—animal and vegetable, of many forms—existed in the Oolitic and Liassic ages, he might ask whether the presence in the planet of at least four unique orders of reptilia, to wit, Ichthyosauria, Plesiosauria, Pterosauria, Dinosauria, and perhaps, as Professor Huxley says, "another or two," was not the circumstance which a geologist would select as distinctive, and if so, whether the coincidence between these and the creeping things and great sea-monsters of the fifth Mosaic day is not striking. As we formerly remarked, Miller's geological interpretation of the fifth and succeeding day is independent of any theory as to the originally molten state of the planet. On the sixth day-period, both in Genesis and in the geological history of the world, we have a great development of mammalian life, and, finally, the appearance of man. There was a Tertiary flora, but it was not strongly marked off from other floras;

there were Tertiary reptiles, but their place was subordinate; in respect of their beasts of the field, and in respect of the presence of man, the Tertiary ages stand alone. The mammoths and mastodons, the rhinoceri and hippopotami, "the enormous dinotherium and colossal megatherium," elephants whose bones, preserved in Siberian ice, have furnished "ivory quarries," unexhausted by the working of upwards of a hundred years, tigers as large again as the largest Asiatic species, distinguish the Tertiary times from all others known to the geologist. In stating his views, Miller availed himself of the hypothesis, put forward by Kurtz and others, that the phenomena of the geological ages passed before the eyes of Moses by way of panoramic vision. This, we need hardly say, is a pure hypothesis, favorable to pictorial description, but not essentially connected with the logic of the question. Perhaps, the weakest point in Miller's theory—always presuming him to be right as to the originally molten state of the planet—is the apportionment of the present time to the seventh Mosaic day and to the Sabbatic rest of the Creator. Geologists would now, with one voice, refuse to admit that any essential alteration can be traced in the processes by which the face of the earth, and the character of its living creatures, are modified in the present geological epoch, as compared with those of, at least, the two or three preceding epochs. Man, doubtless, effects changes in the aspect of the world on a far greater scale than any other animal. He can reclaim wide regions from the sea, he can arrest the rains far up in the mountains; and lead them to water his terraces, he can temper climates, he can people continents with new animals and plants. It is allowable in Goethe, talking poetically, to style him "the little god of earth." But his entire activity, and its results, depend not upon a suspension of the laws and processes of nature—not upon a withdrawal of creative energy—but upon his capacity, as an observing, reasoning being, to ascertain the processes of nature, and use them for his own advantage.

The strongest objection in some minds to this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology will be that it does not harmonize with the general method of Scripture. Miller was abreast of his time



as a geologist, but from his complete unacquaintance with the original languages of Scripture and with the history of the canon, he could form a judgment only at second-hand on fundamental questions in theology. That the Bible is inspired—that it is pervaded by a Divine breathing—we have upon apostolic authority. In no part of Scripture, however, is the nature of this Divine breathing explained to us, or information given as to what it implies and what it does not imply. Without question, the inspired writers were neither turned into machines nor wholly disconnected from the circumstances, the prevailing scientific ideas, the modes of expression, of their time. It would seem, therefore, to be in contradiction to the analogy of Scripture that one of the most ancient books of the Bible should contain an elaborately correct presentation, by means of its cardinal facts, of the history of the world for hundreds of millions of years.

Many, therefore, while cherishing the firmest assurance that the Bible is the religious code of man, the inspired Word which authoritatively supplements man's natural light of reason and conscience, will believe that the first chapter of Genesis is a sublime hymn of creation, ascribing all the glory of it to God, wedding the highest knowledge of the primitive age in which it was written to awe-struck reverence for the Almighty Creator, but not containing any scientific account of the processes or periods of creation. To many it will convey the impression that its simplicity, childlike though sublime, and its grouping of natural phenomena, exceedingly noble and comprehensive but naïve and unsophisticated, are not inspired science but inspired religion. It will appear to them that, looking out and up into the universe, feeling that it infinitely transcended the little might of man, thrilling with the inspired conviction that

God had made it all, the poet-sage of that ancient time named in succession each phenomenon, or group of phenomena, which most vividly impressed him, and said or sang that God had called it into being. The beginning he threw into the darkness of the unfathomable past. What first arrested and filled his imagination in the present order of things, was that marvel of beauty and splendor which bathes the world at noontide, and lies in delicate silver upon the crags and the green hills at dawn, that mystery of radiance which is greater than the sun, or moon, or stars, greater than them and before them; and he uttered the words, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Then he thought of the dividing of the land from the sea, and of the separation between those waters which float and flow and roll in ocean waves and those waters which glide in filmy veils along the blue expanse, and in which God gently folds up the treasure of the rain. The sun and the moon he knew to be those natural ministers which mark off for man day and night, summer and winter, and he told how God had assigned to them this office. The creatures that inhabit the world were grouped for him, as for the young imagination in all ages, into the living things of the earth, cattle and creeping things, and wild beasts; the living things of the sea, fish and mysterious monsters; the living things of the air, birds; and that vegetable covering which clothes the earth with flower and forest. All these, he said, owed their being to God. Man he discerned to be above nature. Shaped by God like other animals, he alone had the breath of the Almighty breathed into his nostrils, and the image of his Maker stamped upon his soul. So be it. Such recognitions leave the religious character and authority of the Divine record untouched.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE STREET-SWEEPER OF ST. ROQUE.

I.

I REALLY had not decided where to go. London was growing insufferably hot, although its emptiness was in some ways pleasant—you will understand by this that

I don't care for parties, and am nervous about street-crossings, and London crossings in May and June are seriously trying to the nerves.

The streets were no longer crowded; but still London in August is like an

emptied beehive—a bald, uncomfortable desert.

Indecision is apt to call dissatisfaction to keep it company,—I observe that long words have a way of running in couples. It was a decided relief to get a letter from my cousin, Jemima Brown. I am very fond of Jemima; she is sixty, short, stout, and sentimental, but her sentiment does not content itself with weeping over modern novels, and the sorrows of heroines who are no better than they should be, and who, if such impalpable beings could ever have stood upright in the flesh, would certainly have been much worse than their authors represent them to be. Jemima can cry just as heartily over the griefs of an old charwoman—whose idle, drunken husband robs her weekly of her hardly-earned wages—and my cousin will pinch herself, too, to help the poor old victim.

Jemima, to my surprise, wrote to me from Bayeux. I can't tell to this day how the stout, soft-hearted, irresolute dame ever got so far from home by herself; but there she was, and being there, she wanted me to keep her company.

In some ways I am like a mariner's compass; I may hesitate in a vibrating, quivering sort of way till I have determined what to do; but when once my mind is made up, like Talus, the squire of Sir Arthegal in the "Faerie Queen," I go straight to my point, and stick to it as the needle does to the pole.

The next day found me at Southampton, and the next at Havre; and then, with all the recollections of my journey to Normandy two years ago freshly roused, I asked myself why I should not spend one day at St. Roque, and see the Hotel de Lyons once more, and have a talk with Louison about "our Jean."

Since my return to England, I have more than once felt ashamed of my ignorance and want of observation, and when learned ladies are discussing the world-famous Church of William the Conqueror, I think of the dear old story of "Eyes and no Eyes," and hold my peace.

I had been into the church of St. Etienne certainly; I had been there, and what remembrances had I brought away? A broad riband of light stretching from the clerestory windows to the pavement, and a very ragged devout Norman woman, whom I had noticed previously among a

band of street-sweepers. "It is never too late to mend," said I, and as the *Orne* steamer had not started the morning I reached Havre, I went on direct to St. Roque.

When I drove up to the Hotel de Lyons, it seemed difficult to believe I had been so long away from it, all looked so homelike. There was the Chef in his snowy costume, white all but his boots, pumping into the shining brass-pan.

There in the foreground was Monsieur Clopin, rubbing his hands and smiling, and in the distance, I could make out against the darkness of the sheds beneath the gallery the bright orange of the feathered carrots, and the scarole dripping still on the stones below. I felt inclined to rub my eyes. "Have they all been asleep ever since I went away," I thought, "and have they only wakened up at the sound of my cab?"

Ah, but there was one want! I greeted Monsieur Clopin as he helped me to get out, and then by a sudden instinct I looked towards the staircase. Yes, there stood Louison, nodding and grinning like a broad substantial sunbeam. But I felt a want. There was no sweet little voice trilling out "*La Boulangère*." Involuntarily my eyes went travelling round the courtyard, and then up to the gallery which ran along its walls, and I sighed.

"Ah, ma'mselle has not then forgotten him—*notre Jean*?"

I did not know that Louison had come up close to me.

"You must show me my room," I said, and then I turned to Monsieur Clopin, and inquired for his wife and children. He thanked me with the effusion that no man can reach who is not French.

"Madame is quite well," he added. "She and all the little family are at *Ca-bourg* for a week or so."

Somehow, it was a relief not to see Madame and Idalie, though I was sorry to miss the rest. However, I could not stay at St. Roque till they came back; so I left my little gifts for them with Louison, and presented her with that most valued treasure to French servants, a pair of English scissors.

The house seemed very sad. Everything reminded me so painfully of the bright little spirit gone on before. I looked at my watch. Only two o'clock, and

I knew the table d'hôte was not till five o'clock.

"I shall get a brioche at Madame Chuquet's," I said to myself, "and then I'll go on to St. Etienne, and make a few notes."

Looking back on what I have written, I see that I have likened myself to the iron squire of Britomart's knight, and my readers will naturally infer that, having come to St. Roque with the idea of expiation, I shall stride on vigorously through the Rue Notre Dame, looking neither to the right nor to the left till I reach the cathedral. But, alas! if "it is never too late to mend," there is another truth equally certain—"We none of us know what we can do till we try."

A little way on I came to the tempting window above which shone in large golden capitals the words, "VICTORINE CHUQUET, V<sup>ve</sup> PATISSIER." Nature stirred within me at the sight. I had only got a mouthful of roll and one cup of coffee at Havre before the boat started. I went in and asked for a brioche.

Madame Chuquet was alone, as bland and gracious as ever. Her fair, handsome, Norman face was rounder and fuller, but she was little changed. In the midst of an eloquent description of the beauty of the children of her daughter, Madame Leroux, she stopped and gave a sudden—

"Ciel! there is that good-for-nothing again! Ah, ça! go along with thee! We don't keep bread here for such as thou."

At the half-open door stood a woman with large hungry eyes bent on the tempting counter within. On this some twenty different kind of cakes, each more enticing-looking than the other, were ranged in tempting array—not piled in the tasteless confusion of an English pastrycook's.

The poor creature's eyes roved over these delicacies, but seemed to be searching for something else. Her face was very thin and sunburnt; the stocking-cap she wore, without any strings, showed deep hollows behind the cheek-bones, and a wasted, attenuated throat; a miserable washed-out cotton-neckchief covered her shoulders; and below this came what had once been a black stuff gown—many-colored itself from constant exposure, and with many-hued patches besides; her feet were bare, but she wore heavy black

sabots. And yet I noticed, in the midst of this abject misery, that the woman's face was clean, and that the kerchief was arranged neatly and modestly.

Suddenly the roving eyes met mine, and I recognized the face; in a minute more I remembered all about it. This was my street-sweeper—my poor dévote of St. Etienne of two years ago.

I paid hastily for my brioche, and went out of the shop; it would have been a mockery to offer those cream-tarts and nougats to the starving creature on the steps.

She crept humbly away when she saw me coming out. I beckoned her to follow me. There was a baker's shop a little further on, and I went in and bought one of those wonderful loaves, in the shape of a great ring, which seem made to carry on your arm. I gave it to my street-sweeper, and then I said, "Suivez moi," in my best French manner, and walked on in front.

"Now," I said to myself, "by the time I reach St. Etienne she will have told me her story. These French people dearly love to chatter about themselves, and I shall have quite a little romance for Jemima when I get to Bayeux."

After a little I looked behind me. I expected to see the loaf half gone at least, but she had only eaten a very moderate portion, and she was crying.

"Poor creature! how very distressing! and she hasn't got a pocket-handkerchief of course. Jemima would give her hers directly, but then Jemima is so eccentric."

I found myself getting uncomfortably hot in the face. I am neither conventional nor priggish, but a single woman is expected to be decorous in her behavior, because she has no one constantly at hand to keep her in order: which I take to be the chief use of a husband. How very ridiculous it must look—to be marching down the Rue Notre Dame in this majestic fashion, a beggar woman blubbering behind me with a loaf in her arms!

St. Etienne and all my sage determination about it went out of my memory. I turned into the first by-street I came to. It was a narrow silent turning, and it led into a street as silent, though broader, parallel with the Rue Notre Dame.

"If I mean to ask any questions, here is the place," thought I; but my false

shame had found me out even across the water, and I scarcely knew how to begin. I glanced back. The woman had left off crying, but she had left off eating, too; and it seemed to me she looked sadder than ever.

A sudden thought came to aid me. I turned round, and waited for her to come up.

"Where do you keep your broom—the broom you sweep with?"

"I will show madame."

The voice and the accent startled me, both were so refined for the abject creature who spoke. She led the way now, and I followed. Spite of her rags and her sabots, she moved well, and with a certain amount of grace.

We came at last to an old Norman church. I fancied I had seen all the churches of St. Roque, but this was new to me. It looked weather-stained and dilapidated, and the huge doors were worm-eaten and falling to decay. One of these stood half open. To my surprise my guide entered through the gap, and looked over her shoulder for me to follow. I went in. Above me was the groined roof, with its bold stone ribs; the capitals of the piers that supported the four arches of the tower were massively sculptured; and beyond, melting dimly into darkness, was the church. A church no longer. Hay and straw, fodder of all kinds, were piled high, reaching above the pillars of the nave; and in and about the tower where I stood were carts and trucks, firearms and faggots, in a sort of grotesque confusion. I felt stupefied with surprise, for, spite of the worm-eaten doors, the exterior had given no tokens of this desecration. But my companion roused me.

"Voici, madame!" she said, and pointed behind the door.

It might have been the ante-chamber to a witches' Sabbath gathering. There stood stiffly in the angle formed by the half-open door at least fifty besoms.

"When do you use them?" I said, by way of answer.

"Every evening, madame, unless it rains—it rains now," she said.

I was not surprised to see heavy drops falling, the heat had been so intense. I felt sure a storm was coming; but it was a relief to hear those heavy drops, instead of the thunder I had dreaded. I don't like English thunder but I am used to

that. I know nothing about French thunder, and I would rather not encounter it, until I am safe with *Jemima Brown*.

"Will not madame be seated?"

There was my sweeper, with true French courtesy, dusting a chair with her poor, many-colored gown; and then I saw that several of these chairs were stacked together near the brooms, possibly for the convenience of the sweepers.

"You had better sit down, too."

She thanked me, but she shook her head, and kept standing at a respectful distance. I felt, spite of her rags and misery, quite ashamed of having given her that loaf—she was so gentle and well-mannered.

Well, here I was alone with the object of my curiosity, and judging by the sound of the rain, I must remain a prisoner till it subsided; and yet I did not know how to frame a question to lead her on to telling her story. I looked up at her; her eyes were fixed on me with a searching, inquiring gaze.

"I wonder if she wants to know *my* story," said I; and I felt, I suppose, as the knife-grinder did when he made that memorable answer. "Dear me," said I, peevishly, "I hope this isn't a female grinder." It was a foolish thought, but then I am not a sensible person.

Whatever her story might be, so much revealed itself in the woman's face—she was humbly ashamed of her estate; in this I read, as I thought, that she had brought herself to it, and had repented. There was no trace of proud humility; and also, spite of the outward degradation, the inner light of the spirit shone yet in the large, earnest eyes and thoughtful mouth.

"What is your name?"

I really did not mean to ask; but I fancy my tongue had got tired of the long silence, and just put me on one side. The woman was evidently startled out of a reverie—her lips quivered.

"I am called *Thérésine*, madame."

"But what other name have you?"

Poor creature! Looking at that tanned, weather-stained skin, I had got to fancy her quite hardened out of sentiment; but a deep flush rose up to her brown forehead.

She shook her head.

"I have no name, madame. I have lost mine. It is dead now."



The tone was so sad, so uncomplaining, that I found my eyes full of tears before I knew it.

I could not sit there with this poor creature standing in front of me as if I were a judge and she a criminal. Let her have done what she would, she was better than I was. She had found me a shelter, shown courtesy, and then confessed herself a sinner to a fellow-mortal. I got up and went close to her.

"Thérésine, I am sure you are unhappy; what is your grief? Perhaps I can help you, if you will let me." My tongue really was quite beyond my control. I was growing just as eccentric as *Jemima Brown*, and I expected to see the French-woman fling herself at my knees, and embrace them in an effusion of feeling.

"Good gracious! what shall I do? I hate scenes, and I can't get away because of the rain."

Not a bit of a scene followed. My street-sweeper turned away from me, and looked steadfastly into the dimness behind her.

It seemed to me that she looked taller than I fancied. I am apt to be afraid of women taller than myself, let the cause be what it may. I heartily wished I had left Thérésine and her story alone.

I went to the door and looked out. One might have thought there was a leak in the great heavy clouds, in hue like a leaden cistern; for the rain came down in streams rather than in drops.

"Madame"—Thérésine had followed me—"you are an English lady. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

I must tell this story as it happened, though some of it puts me to shame; but I really thought she was going to ask for money after this preface.

"Well, madame, in six years of shame and sorrow one other voice spoke kind words to me, and that was the voice of an Englishman. I was proud then, I would not answer, and he went away. When you spoke just now, I thought, 'I have not long to live, why not bear yet a little longer, and then hide all that is left of me away forever?' But, madame, that thought was pride, too. And what have I to do with pride?—unless, indeed, it is—and I think it is—the lowest of sins."

As the woman spoke I recognized the secret influence that had mastered me, and

drawn me to her. Whatever she was, she had no ordinary mind, and that mind had been cultivated.

I did not quite know what to say, so I just took her hand and went back to the chairs. "Sit down," I said, "you look very tired."

Poor Thérésine obeyed; but it seemed as if all her dignity and self-control left her as soon as I touched her hand. She sank down on the chair I gave her, and buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

She sat thus a long while; at last she looked up, her face wet with tears.

"Pardon, madame, but you can never know what it is to be treated like a woman, when you have only been treated like a dog. Once, madame, I was happy and good, at least I might have been if I had been content and obedient; but I was not either. I do not know how it is in your country, but with us the law for marriage is strict. You may not marry without consent of parents. If you do, you are a shame and a disgrace. Well, madame, even before I left the convent where I was learning, I loved. My mother was angry; she forbade me to continue my love. Madame, I was only sixteen, and I was obstinate. I could not bear to wait till the law would give me freedom. My lover urged me ardently. He had got an appointment in Paris, and I went away with him—without consent from any one."

She stopped here so decidedly that I was afraid she was not going on.

"But did not your mother consent when she knew you were married?" I asked.

A sad smile came over Thérésine's face, and she drew her chair further from me.

"Pardon, madame, I thought you had understood what I am. I have never had a husband. If I had, do you think the good God would have let me sink so low as this? He does not punish the pure and the impure alike. He punishes us according to our needs; and, madame, my need was to be humbled."

I sat still; but Thérésine was roused now, and eager to speak.

"Madame, I am not going to talk of the most shameful part of my life. It is not for you to hear. That was soon over. I had fallen because I loved; but when love forsook me, and I was left alone, I knew what I had done, and I fled away from worse evils I saw all round me. I

begged my way back to St. Roque, but when I got here I dared not show my face. I used to hide near my mother's door. I have watched her in and out day after day. I was always wishing she would see me, but I could not get courage to speak to her. One Sunday, it was winter, and it was dark when she came in from Benediction; I was watching on the opposite side of the street, I saw her foot slip as she went up the steps to her door, and she fell. Then I could not help it, I ran and helped her up. She knew me before I spoke; she pushed me from her roughly, and turned her head away. "Go, I don't want you. You are disgraced," she said. I cried, "I am your own child Zizine," but she would not look at me. The door opened and she ran in, and shut it in my face. Madame, I never saw my mother any more. Before next Sunday came she was dead."

Thérèsine stopped here.

"But how did you live?" I asked presently. "Did you get employment?"

"But no, madame," she shook her head, "the people of St. Roque say that their town is the cleanest and the purest in France. Perhaps it is, but it is also a town where they judge hardly. I had no character to offer. I had scarcely any clothes. I had got a situation, and then the worst happened—a man came into the shop where I stood, and he knew my face and told all about me." Thérèsine shrank into herself, as if she had been struck. "Madame, that was worst of all. My pride conquered—I could not bear it; I fled away and hid myself. Never again did I try to hold my head up among my fellows. I got field-work for a little, but I was too weak for it; and then a poor girl like myself told me the sweepers had a few sous each day for keeping clean the streets. I applied, and they took me on. One work is as good as another, and I shall sweep till I can no longer hold my broom."

The glow that had come into her face faded. She looked as haggard and wretched as she had looked at Madame Chiquet's window.

"But won't the clergy do something for you? Is there no refuge where you could be taken in?"

Thérèsine looked frightened. She held out her clasped hands towards me.

"Ah, madame, par pitié!" Then she

recovered herself. "Yes, there is an Asyle near La Maladrerie; but though I am a sinner, I have not led the life of the women at the Asyle. If I could get work more fit for a woman than this is, I would lay down my life to do it."

"But, surely, if you were to speak to a priest, to one of the clergy of St. Etienne now, they wouldn't turn away, they would help you to employment. I have seen you in church."

"Yes, madame, I go to confession and to La Messe; but the priests do not know me from a hundred such as I. If I could once get courage, I would speak to some of them; but it is too late——"

"No, it is not too late."

I felt quite in a rage with the good town of St. Roque. It seemed to me as if I would restore my poor sweeper to respectability in spite of it and all its pharisees.

I did not like to give Thérèsine money, but I made up my mind to go home and talk to Louison and Monsieur Clopin, and see what could be done.

The rain had ceased some time ago as suddenly as it came on. I asked Thérèsine if she could be at the old church next morning, and then I said good-bye.

## II.

I TRIED to get speech of Louison and Monsieur Clopin, but I did not succeed. Louison had gone for a walk in the Cours Caffarelli, and Monsieur Clopin was never visible after he had carved for his guests. I fancy he went to his Cercle, for he affected politics and literature.

Next morning I came down to breakfast determined to do something for my poor sweeper. I met Louison in the gallery and told my story. Louison put her massive black head on one side and looked at me.

"Hein—yes, it is sad—it is horribly sad! but what will you? Madame, there are at least fifty of these sweepers—all good-for-nothings—and madame will find that each one has a story to match this of Thérèsine. I know nothing about it."

She shrugged her shoulders, and went bustling to the end of the gallery, from which her help, Francoise, was holding a conversation with Desiré, the waiter, who stood in the court below.

"Chut!" very sharply from Louison, and Francoise disappeared.

I felt sorry and surprised. I could not have believed it. To think of Louison, so tender-hearted and pitiful to little Jean, so hard to this poor soul, Thérésine.

And Monsieur Clopin, whom I met in the entrance, was nearly as bad, although he veiled his indifference politely; but when I feebly and timidly suggested that he might get some employment from his numerous customers in the way of washing or needlework for my protégée, the man spoke out—he held up both hands.

"Madame, it is impossible, I assure you; it would injure my establishment if such a person were seen about it."

I went into the *salle* like a dog with its tail between its legs. I felt as if I had committed some heinous breach of propriety; and whatever was to become of my poor Thérésine! My coffee and my tarts had lost their savor; I was thoroughly upset. What should I say to my sweeper when I met her at the ruined church? I felt punished for my Quixotic behavior.

An arrival! Out hustled Monsieur Clopin, and on his heels went Desiré and Louison. I felt cross with the whole pack, and with myself, too, for being so helpless.

Surely I know that voice and that cheery fat laugh; and a short, stout woman, in brown holland and a broad-leaved brown hat, stands in the entrance of the *salle*.

"Jemima!" and, instead of going forward, I stand stupefied with my mouth open.

How Jemima laughed, and then wiped her eyes and her face generally, and then laughed again; and as soon as I recovered myself sufficiently to join in the mirth, Louison and Desiré joined in the broadest of grins. Monsieur Clopin's mustache curved with delight.

"Oter café—oter pang et bur," said Jemima, pointing to my breakfast; and, considering her accent, I am inclined to think the gesture was needful. "Well, my dear, when I got your note, I remembered I wanted to see St. Roque myself; and so I thought it would be a great joke to take you by surprise. And really I am so tired of holding my tongue—they don't understand one word of English at Bayeux, and they are saucy enough

to pretend they can't make out my French."

I coughed, and said this was a pity; but I was heartily glad to see Jemima, although, of course, I knew I should have to take care of her.

"You look worried," she said, when we had had some more talk; so I told her my troubles about Thérésine.

Jemima listened with deep interest; but when I came to my appeal to Louison, she opened her round eyes in wonder at my ignorance.

"Don't you know," she said, "that a respectable well-to-do servant is more hard than any one in a case of this sort. Why don't you go to the *Hôtel Dieu*!"—she added briskly.

"*Hôtel Dieu*!—what is that?" I said in a sort of maze; to think of Jemima, who had never been in France before, talking to me of a place I knew nothing about.

"Oh, I've been reading up St. Roque," she said with a shame-faced laugh; "I've got some curious old books on Normandy. Come along. Send for a *voiture*, and we'll go there at once."

We went there, and I really felt thoroughly ashamed of myself that I should have stayed twice in St. Roque, and should have contented myself with just a casual glance at the *Abbaye-aux-Dames*, wholly ignorant of the community of good and holy women who live under its shelter.

We saw the superior, and I told my story. She promised at once to give Thérésine needlework, and to take an interest in her welfare.

"If she is what you believe her to be, madame—a true penitent," the good lady said, "we will soon make a home for her here."

I went on alone to the old church. I thought Thérésine would shrink from a fresh face, so I would not ask Jemima to go too. My street-sweeper was waiting for me. I think Thérésine had so given up hope and trust in this world that she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw me. I told her my news. Her lips quivered—she could not speak; but when I went on to tell her of some little plans Jemima and I had made, so that she might present herself respectably at the convent, great tears came rolling over the poor sunken face.

"The good God will bless you, madame. If He hears the prayers of such as I, He must bless you."

I got away,—I hate to be seen crying,—and then I went back to the shop where I had left *Jemima* getting an outfit for *Thérésine*. I had learned a lesson of

humility that day—I who have laid down the law to dear, short, stout, true-hearted *Jemima* all my life.

If we live till next year, we mean to go back to *St. Roque*, and see how *Thérésine* fares at the *Hôtel Dieu*.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

MADRIGAL.

I.

O DOVE, that dost bewail thy love  
As I do mine,  
Would that my woe could find the facile flow  
Thou hast for thine!

II.

In every wood I hear thy voice  
In loud lament,  
While I am fain to send the sounds of pain  
To banishment.

III.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine  
Know the same grief,  
But thine has utterance, while silent tears  
Are my relief.

IV.

Let us divide our burdens, then,—  
Mourn thou for me,  
And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,  
Will weep for thee!

ALICE HORTON.

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Blackwood's Magazine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

No character could possibly be more unlike that of the gentle, timid, sorrowful, and lonely *Cowper*, than is the austere and dignified form—lonely, too, but after a different kind—which comes next after him, by natural descent and development, in the splendid roll of English poets. And it is not in our power to point out any moment of contact or apparent influence of one upon the other. *Wordsworth*, so far as we are aware, never even speaks of his predecessor—never acknowledges either admiration of or help from him. Yet it is safe to say, that without *Cowper* *Wordsworth* could scarcely have been. The leap from *Twickenham* to

*Grasmere* direct is too great for human faculties. *Cowper* had not created a new school or style, but he had acted upon the very air of England as some subtle natural influence of which we know nothing—as the warm ripple of some Gulf-Stream, the chill breath of some wandering iceberg, acts upon the atmosphere we breathe. Probably the young poets whose fame began with the new-born century were not even aware that the brightened and more bracing mental air, the higher firmament, the clearer sky, meant *Cowper*, or meant anything but the ever-mysterious, ever-simple course of nature. Yet it is our conviction that "The Task"



had so far affected all the possibilities of composition in England, that already "The Excursion" had become likely, if not inevitable. The laws of natural progress and inheritance had come into operation, independent of any consciousness on the part of the inheritor. Wordsworth was affected as a child is affected by the character of his father whom he has never seen, nor even had any mental intercourse with, as between soul and soul. He received his gift darkling, warm from the hands which had held it, without knowing, or apparently much caring, whose hands these were.

But these were the hands which had taken up again the old heritage of English poetry—the mantle of Milton, if not his power. Cowper had lifted those singing garments, which his generation pronounced to be out of fashion, from the grave of the old poets almost unawares, and with the old fashion had returned to old nature—nature ever young and ever fresh—as the source of his inspiration. He had done it without knowing what he did, timidly, apologetically, never sure that the fresh landscape and sweet natural scenes he loved might not be quite inferior to the moral subjects which he ought to have been treating while his truant soul went off, in spite of himself, to the grateful woods and dewy fields. He was doubtful; but his successor was more than certain—he was dogmatically confident, that nature was not only a lawful teacher, but the supreme and only guide. Cowper made the needful beginning, the thousand deprecating apologies to outraged art and an unprepared public. Wordsworth placed himself on a serene and patient throne, above both art and public, and waited without doubt till they should come to his feet who would never bow to them. Thus, as in almost all intellectual revolutions, the first step was made in uncertainty and doubt; the second, with confidence and daring. Cowper laid the foundations of the structure, another came and built on it, scarce knowing, not caring, what was beneath. The work of the one rose naturally out of the other, greater than the other, of higher range and infinitely superior power; but yet, as Scripture has it, not to be made perfect without the other, any more than the writers of the full revelation could be perfected without the prophets who had prophesied

in darkness, not knowing, but by snatches, what the real importance and significance of their burden was.

It may be said, however, here, that the absence of all consciousness on Wordsworth's part of the work of his immediate predecessor may be much explained by the fact that Wordsworth himself was little moved or influenced at any time by books. He is perhaps a unique example of mental character in this respect. Himself possessed of the highest literary genius, he was indifferent to literature. This, of course, is not to say that he was unmoved by existing poetry; on the contrary, he confesses to being "by strong entrancement overcome,"

"When I have held a volume in my hand,  
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,  
Shakspeare or Milton, laborers divine!"

But such entrancement does not seem to have been much more than the inevitable homage which is forced from every man who permits himself to come into contact with the great singers of the world. Wordsworth did not seek such contact, nor require it. He was indifferent to books; they were not even his constant companions, much less his masters. His mind was formed and moulded by other influences. He developed alone, like a tree fed by the dews of heaven, and strengthened by its sunshine, unaware of either pedigree or husbandry. He was without father or mother in his own consciousness, like that mysterious priest in the darkness of the patriarchal ages to whom the father of the faithful himself did homage. But no man can stand thus apart, except in his own consciousness. The laws of descent and inheritance are nowhere more stamped than in the line of genius, where every man receives something from the past to be handed on to the future; becoming in himself at once the heir of all the glorious ages and the father of our kings to be.

The early career of Wordsworth is one of curious independence and apparent separation from the ordinary influences that affect mental growth. He seems, like Cowper, to have lost both his parents at a very early age; his mother when he was but eight, and his father when he was in his fourteenth year. He was born in 1770 at Cockermouth, of an old and respectable family, with all the advantages

and disadvantages of "good connections,"—abundance of friends to advise and find fault, but none apparently with absolute authority over him, or sufficiently interested in him to afford him a permanent home. In the partial autobiography contained in "The Prelude," his school, and the "gray-haired dame" with whom he lived there, bulk much more largely than any kindred household. Hawkshead, a kind of humble Eton, would indeed seem to have afforded a most fit training to this son of the mountains. It is—for we presume it still exists, and that no marauding commissioners or school board have yet laid irreverent hands upon the poet's cradle—a foundation of the sixteenth century, planted in a village in the vale of Esthwaite, in the heart of the lake district, surrounded by mountain-peaks, and possessing a little lake of its own. The boys boarded in the cottages about in Spartan simplicity, and such freedom as only the English school-boy knows. They learned little so far as lessons go, but trained themselves under nature's stern but kindly rule to bear cold and heat and fatigue, and to do and dare under pressure of all the inducements held out to them by the crags and lakes and wild fells around them. Of this primitive existence Wordsworth gives us a fine and animated picture. He shows himself to us, a boy full of the courage and restlessness of his age, taking his share in all that came. He was one of those who "hung above the raven's nest by knots of grass and half-inch fissures in the slippery rock"—he rode "in uncouth race" with his companions, and held his place among them when summer came, and

"Our fortune was on bright half-holidays  
To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
With rival oars."

The reader will recollect the beautiful description of skating which occurs in the same poem, and in which one seems to feel the sharp cutting of the frosty air—the orange sunset dying away, the blue darkness full of stars, and the lively glimmer of the cottage-windows, "visible for many a mile," which invited, but in vain, the joyous boys to the fireside and supper which awaited them. In all these sports the poet seems to have taken his full share. "We were a noisy crew," he says, with the half-smile, half-sigh, of a man re-

calling the brightest period of his life. But beside this bright, natural picture runs one more delicate and as true. It is, perhaps, too much to take the descriptions in "The Prelude"—a mature man's reflective view of his own childhood, and all the influences which formed it—as an actual picture of the far less conscious processes which were going on in the mind of the boy. Yet there is a certain ethereal perfume of poetic childhood in the narrative which proves its authenticity. The boy lifts the cottage-latch,

"Ere one smoke-wreath had risen  
From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush  
Was audible;"

and betakes himself to "some jutting eminence" overlooking the half-visible lake, to watch the dawn stealing over the vale. He wanders through the woods at night, and feels himself "a trouble to the peace that dwelt among them." He turns back with trembling oars "when the great shadow of a distant peak" obtrudes itself between him and the stars, feeling "a dim and undetermined sense of unknown modes of being." Thus he moves a two-fold creature, attended even in the noisiest of sports by that visionary self, which ponders and dreams. The world breathes mysterious about him—the veil of its marvels keeps ever trembling as if about to rise. The strange confusion of wonder and joy which possesses the brain of a gifted child, the elation which has no cause, the incomprehensible inspiration which tingles through him, the sense of novelty and mystery, of sadness and delight, which broods over everything, sweet, penetrating, and indefinite, has never been so delicately nor so fully painted as in "The Prelude." Such a child goes about the world wrapped in a delicious mist of tender wonderment and gladness, something that is sweeter and more subtle than music murmuring in his ears—the very silence round him rustling as with wings of the unseen—the tiniest flowers claiming kindred, blooming as it were for him alone. Everything is a surprise to him; and yet everything is familiar. He has no words to express the exquisite consciousness of existence, the mysterious and awful, and sometimes oppressive, sense of his own individuality—his union with, yet absolute separation from, the dumb, dim, incomprehensible, beautiful

universe which surrounds him. Thus Wordsworth felt, unknowing what it meant, the world a wonder round him, and himself the greatest wonder of all. This mixture of infinite, vague, visionary sensibility, and the riotous, unthinking existence of a school-boy, is the great charm of "The Prelude"—a poem which probably never will be popular, but which, in many ways, stands alone in literature. The poet's biographer gives, with perhaps a wise judgment, nothing but the facts of his early life—its real history he is allowed to tell himself.

Cambridge does not seem to have had the same genial effect upon him. Here he came under a new kind of influence, and one to which he was much less susceptible. The world of books and of men, of historic traditions and conventional ways, awaited him at the university, and the peculiar constitution of his mind made him impatient of their sway. He was indifferent to books; and he was not very susceptible to personal influence, except when the mind which wielded it was in perfect sympathy with his own. When we add to this, that all his impulses were democratic and republican, that he was little inclined to yield to authority, and all his life long despised and detested everything that he considered conventional, it is not difficult to perceive how it was that his college career was neither delightful to himself nor very satisfactory to his friends. His first vacation carried him back to Hawkshead, a forlorn refuge for the lad who had no natural home to receive him, but yet a kindly and tender one. With exuberant youthful pleasure he returned to the familiar place, to the care of "my old dame, so kind and motherly," and to the boyish friends and occupations he had left; and there is no finer passage in the poem than his description of this return, his mingled pride and shame in his own changed appearance, and the thoughtfulness with which he lay down in the accustomed bed,—

"That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind  
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so oft  
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
The moon in splendor crouched among the  
leaves

Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood,—  
Had watched her with fixed eyes, while to and  
fro

In the dark summit of the waving tree,  
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze."

Here it probably was, though he does not give any positive information on the subject, that Wordsworth learned as a young man to know the "Matthew" who has been made to live forever in three of his most perfect poems. They were not written till years after, but the mere hint of Matthew's existence in this vale, which is not referred to anywhere except in the poems bearing his name, adds to the interest with which we think of Esthwaite. He, it is clear, must have impressed his character on Wordsworth as no one else ever did; for there is no such sympathetic and tender personal portrait in all the poet's works. The more elaborate pictures of "The Excursion" are as gloomy sketches in sepia, in comparison with the bright yet touching color and freshness of this wonderful miniature. The man, all human and wayward, stands before us visibly, with the smile on his face and the deep sadness in his heart;—his mirthfulness, his social humor, his unspoken depths of sorrow and wistful loneliness—the profound imaginative poetry of mind that lies below his quips and jests—are all lighted up in one or two suggestive glimpses, which make him to us as a friend we have known. To our own mind, there are none of Wordsworth's short poems which surpass, and few that equal, those entitled "The Fountain" and "The Two April Mornings." Curiously enough—a fact which adds to the touching character of the poems—they were written in the chill depths of a German winter, in the lonely little Saxon university town where the poet passed some months of the years 1798 and 1799. His heart must have been sick for home, and dwelling—oh, how tenderly!—upon the dear old vale, with its lake and its white cottages, when Matthew's fun and sadness, his heart at once light and heavy, came so vividly to the young wanderer's poetic mind.

Wordsworth was not, he allows, even a creditable student, and he does not seem to have made a pretence of any anxiety to please his friends, so far as his studies went. He was penniless; and his best hope was to do, what many a virtuous youth has done—to work his way to a fellowship, and from that to adiving—delivering thus his relations and himself from the burden of his poverty. But Wordsworth did not do this. Had he not been

a great poet in embryo; he would have been indeed a very reprehensible young man, when he set out with twenty pounds in his pocket, escaping from all cares and discussions, to France, in his last college vacation; but as the result has so long justified his undutifulness, the severest critic can find nothing to say. It was in July, 1790, on the eve of the day when the unfortunate Louis XVI., with his winding-sheet already high on his breast, took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution, that Wordsworth and his travelling companion set foot first in France. The country was half-mad with joy and self-congratulation. Old things—such old things as oppression and tyranny and injustice, the Bastille, and those terrible seigniorial rights which had eaten like a canker into the very heart of the nation—were passing away, and everything was about to become new. Wordsworth threw himself into the joy of the awakened nation with all his heart; it affected him to the very depths of his being, if not in the way of absolute sympathy, at least of interest, as the grandest exhibition of human enlightenment and progress towards the perfect then known. So greatly indeed was he moved by it, that after returning to Cambridge to take his degree, and wandering about for seven months in an objectless way, the excitement of the struggle going on across the Channel once more attracted him so, that he rushed back again to France, leaving the prospects and necessities of his life to settle themselves. He alleges that this second journey was in order to learn French; but it is very apparent that it was the whirl and rush of the revolutionary stream which had sucked him in.

This forms the one chapter in his life which is like nothing before it nor after—the one strange youthful fever, of intensest importance to himself at the moment, but entirely episodal, and without effect upon his life. It is curious indeed that, drawn into the immediate circle of this great convulsion as he was—made to feel, as it were, the tremor that ran through all the mighty limbs of the nation—he should have been able to drop back again into his homely English groove, so little altered by the contrast. At the same time there are few historical studies more affecting and instructive than the account given in "The Prelude" of this extraordinary chap-

ter in the world's history and in this young man's life. It brings the old well-known picture of the French Revolution, so often painted and in such different colors, before us in yet one new and original way. Wordsworth had thrown himself, with something as near passion as was possible to him, into that new Gospel of brotherhood and freedom which turned so many young heads and filled so many hearts with hope. Not for himself only, but as the type of his generation, he sets before us the new revolution, which roused it into passionate excitement, hope, and delight. The Golden Age was coming back, to elevate and change this commonplace world. Genius, goodness, merit, the higher qualities of mind and heart, were to be henceforward the titles of rank, the keys of power, the only real distinctions; and, as a natural consequence, oppression, misery, poverty, crime, and every evil thing, were to disappear from the face of a renovated earth.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven! Oh times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress, to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name.

What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
Their ministers.

They, too, who of gentle mood  
Had watched all-gentle motions, and to these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more  
mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia—subterranean fields,—  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us—the place where, in the end,  
We find our happiness, or not at all!"

Our space does not allow us to follow in detail the remarkable sketch he gives of his own position and thoughts in the midst of revolutionary France. His musing attitude, even in the fervor of his sympathy, is very characteristic. He picks up a stone from the dust of the Bastille as a relic, yet confesses that



"I looked for something that I could not find,  
Affecting more emotion than I felt."

He is bewildered by his own tranquillity,  
which he compares to that of a plant  
"glassed in a greenhouse,"

"That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace,  
While every bush and tree the country through  
Is shaking to its roots."

And strangely amid the blaze and carnage  
of the time comes his record of his long  
walks and talks with his friend Beaupuis,  
the patriot soldier who afterwards

"Perished fighting in supreme command,  
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire."

When the march of events quickens,  
we find him again in Paris, not so tran-  
quil, but yet musing and pondering as he  
wanders about looking for traces of the  
September massacre which had happened  
just a month before, and gazing upon the  
scene of that terrible tragedy

"As doth a man  
Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
Are memorable, but from him locked up,  
Being written in a tongue he cannot read."

His heart is troubled; he cannot under-  
stand the meaning of this bloody interpo-  
lation in the tale of freedom. His imagi-  
nation yields to the terror that broods in  
the air. When he reaches the high and  
lonely chamber under the roof where his  
lodging is, he watches all night trying to  
read by intervals, unable to sleep, think-  
ing he hears a voice cry to the whole city,  
"Sleep no more!" and feeling that the  
place, "all hushed and silent as it was,"  
had become

"Unfit for the repose of night,  
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam."

Yet notwithstanding this impression of  
pain and doubt, his conviction of the jus-  
tice and inevitable success of the cause  
was unwavering. "From all doubt," he  
says,

"Or trepidation of the end of things,  
Far was I as the angels are from guilt."

So profound was this faith, that when he  
returned home and found England excited  
by discussions about the slave-trade, he  
dismissed the subject with a certain con-  
tempt, feeling that if France and the  
cause of freedom in her prospered, all  
other questions were settled in this one,  
and every wrong must be redressed.  
There is nothing in the poet's life so  
strange as this plunge of his disciplined

and law-loving nature into the wild dream  
of the Revolution. The anguish it caused  
him, as the dream gradually dissipated and  
hope died away, is but lightly touched;  
but he tells with sorrowful vehemence of  
his dismay and despair when he found his  
own country joining in the alliance  
against patriot France and the cause of  
freedom, which had survived the Terror  
and all its excesses—

"No shock  
Given to my inmost nature had I known  
Down to that very moment."

He cries with sharp pain. He can say  
no prayer for success to the arms of Eng-  
land, nor thanksgiving for her victories.  
This is the strange light under which his  
contemporary eyes regarded the action of  
England, at a moment upon which we now  
look back with so much pride. Words-  
worth looks on and sees the expedition  
fitted out, the fleets ready to sail, with tears  
of indignant passion in his eyes. "Oh  
pity and shame?" he cries. To him this  
intervention so potential as it turned out  
to be—so splendidly different, as many  
people think it, from anything England  
could or would do now—was an act which  
tore away

"By violence at one decisive rent  
From the best youth in England their dear pride  
Their joy in England."

Thus strongly does Time change the as-  
pect of affairs, and blind one generation to  
the hopes and passions of another.

It may be said that this stormy and ter-  
rible chapter in Wordsworth's life was but  
the natural outbreak of revolutionary feel-  
ing so common in human experience, an  
episode which, while full of youth's wild-  
est vagaries, is quite consistent with the  
equally natural conservatism of maturer  
years. We think, however, that the effect  
it produced on the poet's mind and genius  
gives it a more important character.  
There is something in the peculiar tone  
of his philosophy throughout all his after-  
life which tells of a great shock undergone,  
and an immense mental effort made, to  
justify those ways of God to man which  
are at once the stumbling-block and the  
strong-hold of all thinking souls. Personal  
loss would not have driven his disciplined  
and self-controlled nature into bitter and  
painful encounter with this great problem  
as it does some minds; but the vast ques-  
tion of a nation's well-being, and the still

more poignant misery of beholding what seemed to him the holiest and highest of causes lost in excess and crime, was such an argument as might well have moved the calmest. He could not accept it without an effort to account for it, and harmonize this extraordinary undercurrent of discord which seemed to have broken into the majestic chorus of the universe by will of the devil, not by will of God. And accordingly he tells us with lofty sadness how, in the downfall of his hopes, he was not without that consolation and "creed of reconciliation" which the old prophets had when they were called by their duty to denounce punishment and vengeance, or to see their threats fulfilled. This is the conclusion he comes to while yet his heart is wrung and all his nerves tingling:—

"Then was the truth received into my heart  
That under transient sorrow earth can bring,  
If from the afflictions somehow do not grow,  
Honor which could not else have been; a faith  
For Christians, and a sanctity,—  
If new strength be not given, nor old restored,  
The fault is ours, not nature's."

Thus from this great shock and mental tempest came the melancholy yet lofty philosophy which runs through all Wordsworth's works—his constant endeavor to prove, if we may use such words, the reasonableness of sorrow in the theory of human existence—the necessity for it, and the grandeur of its use, which justified its employment. "Honor, *which could not else have been*." This is putting the argument in a much stronger way than that sickening suggestion that "everything is for the best," with which the commonplace comforters of this world do their little possible to aggravate grief. The reader will find how persistently Wordsworth holds by this thread of belief through all his works. He makes it a principle even that sorrow past becomes lovely, "not sorrow, but delight;" and that there is misery

"That is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to humankind, and what we are."

This is his constant theme. He will allow no grief to be dwelt upon for itself—no pang to be suffered without some compensation. "The purposes of wisdom ask no more," is his verdict after the first tears have been shed, and the first sharp pang of pity has gone through the heart.

His "Wanderer" turns away "and walks along the road in happiness," when he sees how calmly nature has composed the ruin and disarray of Margaret's deserted cottage. Anguish and despair, however bitter, must pass away, and good remains, or ought to remain, in their place. This is the imperative doctrine which he preaches, perhaps all the more earnestly because it is difficult for the mind to hold by it through all the miseries of the world. It was the doctrine with which, in the face of the gigantic calamities of France, he had endeavored to comfort his own sore and bitterly disappointed heart.

After he returned to England—"unwillingly," he says—he lived what he himself calls an "undomestic wanderer's life" for some two years. His friends wished him to enter the Church, which he was now of fit age to do; and he himself, anxious by any means to escape that necessity, made some attempts to gain admittance into the feverish field of journalism. But it is clear that his desultory and self-governed youth had not qualified him for the regular work and restraint which any profession would have demanded; and both these dangers were speedily staved off by the death of Raisley Calvert, a young friend with whom he had been travelling, whom he attended through his last illness, and who left to him the sum of £900. This was no great fortune, it is true, but to Wordsworth, who had nothing, it meant independence, and almost salvation. "This bequest," he wrote some years later to Sir George Beaumont, "was from a young man with whom, though I call him friend, I had had but little connection; and the act was done entirely from a confidence on his part that I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind." This opened at once a new life to the poet; the troublesome and uncertain existence of his early years came to an end, and with grateful gladness Wordsworth settled down, as so few people are able to do, to carry out his own theory of life, and shape his career as he pleased. Even at this early period, a pervading consciousness that he was not as other men are, and that it was fit and becoming that extraordinary means should be taken by Providence and his friends to fit him for his mission, is evident in all he says. Thus he celebrates the memory of his young benefactor with a

sense that poor Calvert's life has been well expended in this final effort, and that he has acquired by it a title to immortality. "This care was thine," he says,

"That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
Where'er I liked, and finally array  
My temples with the muses' diadem.  
Hence if in freedom I have loved the truth—  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
In my past verse, or shall be in the lays  
Of highest mood which now I meditate—  
It gladdens me, oh worthy, short-lived youth,  
To think how much of this will be thy praise."

It was at this point, all its early disturbances and convulsions being over, that the poet's life, as we have learned to know it—the serene sober existence, "plain living and high thinking," which he afterwards made into an ideal life among the Westmoreland hills—began. The choice was a strange one to be made by a young man, just twenty-four, who up to this time had shown a love for wandering and adventure, and who had just come through a crisis of intense political excitement. To such a one, the observer would naturally conclude, active life, society, the applause of his fellows, and intercourse with them, would have been the first things sought; but such was not the decision of Wordsworth. His head was full of the highest theories of life and poetry, and he was already his own judge and standard, holding lightly the opinions of others. There is a certain mist of ardor and friendliness in youth which conceals the harsher features of character; but already it is apparent that Wordsworth considered most things primarily as educating influences for himself, and means of perfecting his individual being. For this, in a great degree, the French Revolution had been; and for this—with all tenderness, with all grateful affection acknowledged, but still for this—poor Calvert died. What could men do for the man whom already God had so marked out for special care and training? The world was profoundly interested in everything that could be done to increase his powers and develop them, but the world was incapable of helping much in that great work. Nature, his nurse and instructress of old, and the silence and quiet in which alone great seeds of thought can germinate, and great projects ripen—these were the aids which he needed most.

And here, too, another personage comes into the tale. The brothers of Words-

worth were all by this time afloat on the world; one in business as a solicitor in London, one at sea in that noble East India Company's service, which then opened a career to sailors; and one entering upon that highly successful career of fellowships and prosperities which ended in the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge. The only other member of the family, Dorothy, the sole sister, had been brought up in the home of an uncle. Her character was a peculiar one. She was impetuous, impulsive, and irregular—the kind of creature who flourishes best in the indulgent atmosphere of a natural home. She had been separated from her brother since their childhood, and now at the first moment when their reunion was possible, seems to have rushed to him with all the impetuosity of her nature. Without taking his sister into consideration, no just estimate can be formed of Wordsworth. He was, as it were, henceforward the spokesman to the world of two souls. It was not that she visibly or consciously aided and stimulated him, but that she *was* him—a second pair of eyes to see, a second and more delicate intuition to discern, a second heart to enter into all that came before their mutual observation. This union was so close, that in many instances it becomes difficult to discern which is the brother and which the sister. She was part not only of his life, but of his imagination. He saw by her, felt through her; at her touch the strings of the instrument began to thrill, the great melodies awoke. Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse. The one soul kindled at the other. The brother and sister met with all the enthusiasm of youthful affection, strengthened and concentrated by their long separation, and the delightful sense that here at last was the possibility of making for themselves a home. He had the income arising from his £900; she had £100, a legacy which some kind soul had left her;—and with this, in their innocent frugality and courage, they faced the world like a new pair of babes in the wood. Their aspirations in one way were infinite, but in another, modest as any cottager's. Daily bread sufficed them, and the pleasure to be derived from nature, who is cheap, and gives herself lavishly without thought or hope of reward. The house in which they settled would seem to have

been the first rural cottage which struck their fancy. It was not even in their native district, which had so many attractions to them both, but in the tamer scenery of Dorsetshire, if anything can be called tame which is near the sea. "The place was very retired, with little or no society, and a post only once a week." It was called Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne. "I think Racedown is the place dearest to my recollections upon the whole surface of the island," Miss Wordsworth wrote at a later period, with fond enthusiasm. "It was the first home I had." Here the two young poets—for such they were, though one was voiceless—lived and mused, and observed everything that passed around them. They took long walks on the breezy downs, and gazed with brilliant young eyes which noted every ripple and change of color over the sea. They gardened, no doubt, full of novel delight in the space of ground which, for the moment, they called their own, and read with industry—"if reading can ever deserve the name of industry," Wordsworth says, with his perennial indifference to books. Their own youthful vigor and freshness of feeling, and unbounded hope, no doubt, kept them from any oppressive sense of the monotony of their existence; and so completely sympathetic and congenial were the pair, that their own society seems to have sufficed them for two long years, during which there is no record of their career. In this period Wordsworth wrote his one drama, "The Borderers," a performance scarcely worthy of him, which did not see the light for fifty years, and which even now, we believe, is known to the great majority of his readers only by name. And up to this time we are not aware that he had done anything which could, by any but the most extraordinary insight, be considered as affording promise of the splendid future before him. He had published a volume of "Descriptive Sketches of Lake and Alpine Scenery," not much above the average of university composition, a few years before; but it would have required the eye of a true seer—one possessed with the gift of divination—to discern the author of "The Excursion" in those smooth and softly-flowing lines.

Such a seer, however, there was, enlightened by the kindred gift of genius, as well as by that ardent youthful enthu-

siasm which so often makes a right guess, though on perfectly fallacious grounds. The name of this first critic who knew how to appreciate Wordsworth, and foresaw his future glory, was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Seldom, if ever," he had said some time before, after reading the "Descriptive Sketches," "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." We are not told how the two poets were brought to personal knowledge of each other; but in the summer of 1797, Coleridge appeared at Racedown, and their friendship seems to have at once become most warm and close. They plunged into sudden acquaintance, sudden love. There is something very whimsical in Miss Wordsworth's record of the first evening they spent together. "The first thing," she says, "that was read after he came, was William's new poem, the 'Ruined Cottage'" (afterwards embodied in the first book of "The Excursion"), "with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy 'Osorio.' The next evening William read his tragedy, 'The Borderers.'" This was an appalling commencement; but notwithstanding the temptation to smile over such a portentous way of occupying the placid nothingness of an evening "after tea," there is something in the sublime mutual confidence of the two poets, their intense youthful gravity, and superiority to all that is ridiculous in the situation, and their absorption in the grand pursuit which was opening before them, which turns the reader's smile into sympathy. Great as their fame is now, and much as they have accomplished, no doubt there glimmered before them, in the golden mist of these early days, many an impossible feat and triumph greater than any reality. They exhausted themselves in eager theories, exchanging plans and fancies as they walked with their young heads reaching the skies over the combs and uplands. Half spectator, half inspirer, the deep-eyed rapid girl between them heard and saw, and felt and enhanced every passing thought and scheme; and, with an enthusiasm which borders on extravagance, they all worshipped and applauded each other. "He is a wonderful man," writes Miss Wordsworth of Coleridge. "His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit." Cole-



ridge, on his part, describes "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister" with equal fervor. "I speak with heartfelt sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel a little man by his side," he writes; and adds of Dorothy, "In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say guilt was a thing impossible with her. Her information is various, her eye watchful in observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer."

This rapid, mutual conquest of each other made by the three friends advanced so quickly, that in a month after the beginning of the acquaintance, the Wordsworths removed from Racedown to Somersetsshire, to a house called Alfoxden, near Nether-Stowey, in which village Coleridge lived. This house was much larger than their previous one, and the country delighted them by its beauty; but "one principal inducement was Coleridge's society," says Miss Wordsworth. They remained here for nearly a year, which Wordsworth himself describes as "a very pleasant and productive time of my life." De Quincey gives a curious sketch of the feelings of poor little Mrs. Coleridge (for the poet was already married), who could neither walk nor talk, when the bright apparition of Dorothy Wordsworth, not pretty, like the wedded Sara, but brilliant, hasty, sensitive, and sympathetic, burst upon her—the sharer of all the long rambles, and all the desultory wonderful conversations which were Greek and Hebrew to herself. With these little vexations, however, we have nothing to do; but wonderful were the wanderings by hill and dale, and sweet that summer, "under whose indulgent shade,"—

"Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs."

The three made all manner of expeditions about the beautiful country, and all day long strayed, as we have said, with their heads in the clouds, weaving these visionary gossamer-webs of poetry, all jewelled and glorious with the dews of their youth, about every bush and brae:

"Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chant the vision of that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.  
And I, associate with such labors, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,

Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,  
After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate  
In misery near the miserable Thorn."

The communion of spirits even went farther than this. The "Ancient Mariner," for instance, was intended to have been a composition by the hands of both poets, and was destined to pay the expense of one of their little excursions. Wordsworth suggested (he himself tells us) the incident of the albatross, and of the navigation of the ship by the dead sailors, and furnished even an actual line or two to the poem; but "our respective manners," he says, "proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog." This idea, however, of mutual publication, was the origin of the "Lyrical Ballads," which received so strange a reception from the world. The "Ancient Mariner" grew out of its first slight design into the great and wonderful poem it is; and the little excursion among the Quantock Hills gave rise to the boldest new essay in literature that had been heard of for a hundred years.

The "Lyrical Ballads" were published in September, 1798. The volume consisted of Coleridge's great poem, and of many of Wordsworth's, which are as fine as anything he ever wrote. Among them are the exquisite "Anecdote for Fathers"—most clumsy of titles, and most lovely of verses; the "Lines written in Early Spring;" "We are Seven;" and the beautiful "Tintern Abbey." The volume containing all these and many more was published by Mr. Cottle, the friend of Coleridge, in Bristol, who gave Wordsworth thirty pounds for his share in it. The book, however, sold so poorly, having been assailed by almost every critic who noticed it, that when Cottle, a short time after, sold his copyrights to Longman in London, he found this was considered absolutely of no value, and restored it to its authors. This was, as we have already said, the volume which contained Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," a poem which was certainly not open to the charges of puerility and commonplace which were made against his brother poet. It was by Wordsworth, however, that the book was to stand or fall. Unfortunately there was in its very plan a certain polemical ten-

dency and challenge which roused all the existing world of critics against it. The young poet set himself to instruct mankind, not only in the legitimate way, by the real message which he had to deliver, but by revolutionizing the very form and fashion under which poetry had hitherto taught the world. This was a very different matter from Cowper's loyal return to that stately medium of blank verse, which has been so dear to all the greatest of English poets. It was a fanciful theory, brought into being in the numberless discussions which arose between the two young enthusiasts, who combined with the fervor of their personal convictions a certain contempt for the judgment of the world, heightened by confidence in its inevitable docility, and submission one time or another to themselves, its natural leaders. They knew, and were rather pleased to think, that critics would be puzzled and startled; but they did not understand nor believe it possible that they themselves might strain their theory into extravagance, and go further than good taste or good sense sanctioned. According to Coleridge's explanation of this theory, he himself was to take up the supernatural and romantic, as in the "Ancient Mariner," while Wordsworth, whose mind took a different bent, was "to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to the things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes and see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

This attempt to teach and elevate it by ostentatiously simple means, roused the public into something more than mere disapproval; and we cannot think that in this its decision was so far wrong as, in view of Wordsworth's eventual fame, the reader of to-day would be warranted in supposing. To begin a serious and affecting poem thus—

"A little child, dear brother Jim,"

which, as originally written, was, we are told, the first line (now incomplete) of "We are Seven"; to concentrate the in-

terest in a first volume of poetry upon so long and so extraordinary a production as the "Idiot Boy"; to introduce into serious verse

"A household tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes;"—

were sins sufficient to weigh down a great many beauties. And when we add that all this was done not accidentally, but with serious intention, and from a height of superiority, as if something sacred and sublime was in the narrative of Johnny's ride and Harry Gill's shivering—something which the common reader was not sufficiently refined or elevated to appreciate—the indignation of the public appears, to a certain extent, justifiable. This foolish and quite unnecessary idea was insisted upon as the very essence and soul of the poet's mission by Wordsworth himself, until maturing years improved his perceptions and taste. Nothing could be more distinctly characteristic of the self-absorption of his nature. He was a law to himself. The example of all older poetry and the opinion of the world were nothing to him, until time had gradually revealed the fact, which is so often imperceptible to youth, that all things are not equally important—that in poetry, as in life, there are different magnitudes, and that the fullest truth to nature does not demand a slavish adherence to fact. What he intended to demonstrate was, that the feelings of Betty Foy while her boy was lost were as deep and tragical, and as worthy of revelation to the world, as would have been those of a queen; and there is no doubt that this is perfectly true. The notion that any one denied its truth existed only in Wordsworth's fancy. But the choice of such colloquial familiarity of treatment as suggests a jocular rather than a serious meaning, the absolute insignificance of the incident, and the absence of any attempt to give dignity or grace to the story, balked its effect completely as an exposition of nature; while the humor in it is too feeble, too diffuse, to give it a lively comic interest. Cowper had ventured to be quite as colloquial and realistic in "John Gilpin," with electrical effect; but then the spirit and pure fun of that performance was inimitable, whereas Wordsworth's fun never rose beyond a tame reflective banter. Thus, in his longest poem, he failed, and failed utterly, in

the very purpose which he declared to be his chief inspiration ; he did not "give the charm of novelty to the things of every day," nor "excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us." This was what he had professed and undertaken to do ; and we do not wonder that the world, always more eager to seize upon a visible failure than to hail a modest success, should have received his high pretensions with incredulity, and even with scoffing. Certainly no one could derive much information about, or attain a deeper insight into, human nature, by means of Betty Foy and old Susan Gale.

Alongside of this failure, however, appeared certain brief and delicate studies of humanity, which are to Betty Foy as sunshine is to a twinkling taper. The little girl who "lightly draws her breath, and feels her life in every limb"—the fanciful innocent little philosopher, grave in his small fiction, as if it were the solemnest truth, who justifies his preference of one place over another by the first external circumstance which catches his eye,—*"At Kilve there was no weathercock !"* These, without any ostentation of deeper meaning, with all the grace and sweetness of spontaneous verse, are real and most true expositions of nature—that simple yet complex nature—separated from us by a distinction more subtle and strange than any which exists between rich and poor—the mind of a child. In these lovely little poems, however, the humbleness of the subject is no way dwelt upon. Instinctively the poet feels that a child is of all ranks and classes alike, and with a most tender hand and careful eye he works his minute and perfect picture. We scarcely need to add, what is nevertheless most true, that in this early volume Wordsworth has painted some states of the mind to us in a few words with a nicety and truth which are exclusively his own, and in lines which, even in expression, are as perfect as anything produced in his maturest days. Who but Wordsworth could have revealed

"That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind" ?

Who but he would have ventured to defend the sweet indolence of youth—the woodland musings, which he preferred to his books,

"By Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why"—

not by any boyish excuse or claim for indulgence, but by the true philosophical suggestion, that

"We can feed these minds of ours  
In a wise passiveness" ?

These sweet snatches of profound yet simple thought were perhaps too brief and too unobtrusive to catch at the first glimpse the public eye, and all were slumped up together in the indiscriminate opprobrium called forth by the inane simplicities of Goody Blake and Betty Foy. What is still more memorable, however, is the fact that the poet himself seems to have been unaware of the difference between them. In the confusion of his youth, amid all the tumult of rising and developing powers, he knew no more than his audience which was the true and which the fictitious ; nay, it would almost seem that the inferior work appeared to him more important and better than the best. He tells us with a simple elation of the *"Idiot Boy,"*—"This long poem was composed in the groves of Alfoxden almost extempore—not a word, I believe, being corrected, though one stanza was omitted. I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments, for, in truth, I never wrote anything with so much glee." This curious boyish simplicity, delighted with the thought that its production was "almost extempore," and that "not a word was corrected," blunts the edge of the critic's comment, and melts him into indulgence. It is doubly strange and doubly subduing to find so simple a delusion in the mind of one who was so deep a student of his own nature, and had already so high a theory of his mission and work. But there are other traces besides this of Wordsworth's youth. The "dear brother Jim" of *"We are Seven,"*—an altogether unnecessary and fantastical adjunct—was added, in the spirit of sheer nonsense, at Coleridge's urgent prayer. "We all enjoyed the joke of putting in our friend James Tobin's name," says Wordsworth, with a boyish inability to resist the mischief, though he objects to the rhyme as ridiculous. Thus the two gravest figures in modern literature pause perforce in the dear foolishness of youth, to have their laugh out in spite of art and fitness ; and the reader forgives them for the sake of

this pleasant bit of revelation, though it was not intended for his eye.

The mixture of success and failure to which we have just referred reappears in almost identically the same manner in the greater work written at this time, and intended to be published in this volume, but which did not see the light for many years—the poem of “Peter Bell.” Here once more the poet breaks down in what he means to be the most important part of his work, and makes a brilliant success at a point where it has never occurred to him to seek it. We know no description of the kind which can bear comparison with the first part of “Peter Bell.” The sketch of the Potter is one of those extraordinary pictures which, once produced, nothing can obliterate. It is simple fact, true to the individual man’s outward appearance, temper, manners, and character, as if it had been a photograph; and at the same time it is absolute truth, embracing a whole race of men, transcending the little limits of the generations, true to-day and to the end of the world. Nor is it the portrait of the Potter alone which is set before us. With a subtle skill the poet brings in himself, with all his fine perceptions, the vision and faculty divine of his own eyes and soul, as painters sometimes bring in a tender and visionary background of blue sky, to throw up and bring into fuller relief the rude figure that occupies the front of the picture. A certain cunning, unexpressed wonder, and comparison of this strange being with himself, is, we can see all through, in Wordsworth’s thoughts—a comparison which, all unseen as he feels himself to be, makes him at once smile and sigh. Thus, with a half-humorous, half-wistful minuteness, he shows us in glimpses the world so lovely to himself, which surrounds that unawakened soul; the hamlets which lie “deep and low,” each “beneath its little patch of sky and little lot of stars;” the “tender grass” “leading its earliest green along the lane;” the unconscious sweetness of the April morn, through which “the soul of happy sound is spread;” the soft blue sky melting through the high branches on the forest’s edge. All this rises softly before us, while Peter, unconcerned and rude, leading his lawless life in the midst, roving among the vales and streams, sleeping beside his asses on the hills, couched on the warm heath, below the sun-

shine or under the trees, and neither noting nor caring, trudges through the whole with the surly half-contempt of his kind.

“Though Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms, and silent weather,  
And tender sounds, yet you might see  
At once, that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung  
As of a dweller out of doors;  
In his whole figure and his mien  
A savage character was seen  
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts  
Which solitary Nature feeds  
’Mid summer storms or winter’s ice,  
Had Peter joined whatever vice  
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind  
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;  
Of courage you saw little there,  
But, in its stead, a medley air  
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
And long and slouching was his gait;  
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
You might perceive, his spirit cold  
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;  
A work, one half of which was done  
By thinking of his “whens” and “hows;”  
And half, by knitting of his brows  
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye,  
As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky!”

The manner in which this wonderful portrait is made to expound and set forth, not only its own feelingless and rude character, but at the same time the poetic nature behind and around it, is marvellous. It is the most forcible and terse analysis, and yet it is no analysis, but a reproduction of two types of humanity the most distinct and apart from each other. The power and truth of the picture is brought out, not by sympathy, but by the reverse of sympathy—the writer and his subject standing, as it were, at the two opposite poles of existence. Strange is the effect, however, when the reader turns from this amazing beginning to the “tale” so called which follows, and learns how Peter found an ass upon the banks of “the murmuring river Swale”; how the ass,

“With motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turned round his long left ear;”



how he lengthened out

"More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,  
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray ;"

how Peter found the corpse of the poor animal's master in the water, and was guided by the ass home to the poor man's cottage, carrying the news of his death to his widow and children ; and how the stillness and solemnity of the night, and this strange adventure, made such an impression upon the Potter, that he

"Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,  
And after ten months' melancholy  
Became a good and honest man."

Here the fall in power and interest from the picture of the man to the record of his doings is very notable. The one is instinct with life and meaning ; the other maundering, diffuse, and obscure : the one a model of continuous thought and happy expressions ; the other strained into ludicrous simplicity and fact-faithfulness, provoking laughter at its most solemn moment, yet not bold enough to rise into true humor. This distinction is very remarkable, and shows at once how true was the poet's instinct and how imperfect his theory. "The tale," he himself informs us, "was founded upon an anecdote I read in a newspaper of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched position. Upon examination a dead body was found in the water, and proved to be the body of his master. In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, traits, and physiognomy of asses ; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem of 'Peter Bell' out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused." Thus it would appear that it was for the story that the poem was written. Wordsworth's intention, no doubt, was to prove that his simple *banal* tale about an ass and a drowned pedlar would instruct the world as much as a greater subject, and reveal to it, as no one had yet revealed, the virtues of asses and their masters. This was his meaning—but Genius balked him, and, by the way, without any set purpose or didactic meaning, made this picture of the wild tramp and wanderer a picture which can never die.

To return, however, to the history. The volume of "Lyrical Ballads" had been just published, when, with a philosophy or indifference which probably was

partly affected, the three young originators of it—for it is impossible to deny Dorothy Wordsworth her share in the book, though she never wrote a line—set off for the Continent. The Wordsworths parted from Coleridge at Hamburg, and went on to the little university town of Goslar, not far from Brunswick. We are not told what moved them to choose a place so much out of the way and so little known. Their intention was, to learn German, and to make themselves acquainted with German society ; but this purpose failed, as neither of them were capable of easy acquaintanceship, and the seclusion in which they had spent the last three years had not, doubtless, improved their social capabilities. A severe, cold, pitiless winter came on, and, strangely enough, Wordsworth's mind rushed back to England and its beloved scenes. Few times of his life were more fruitful than the six months of dreary weather during which he froze in a fur-lined pelisse, and cursed the rampant horse of Brunswick which galloped on the dismal black metal of his stove. Perhaps the very sights and sounds of the strange land, whither he had come to forget England, brought it back to him more warmly ; or perhaps it is possible, though no one seems able to say, there was in truth as well as in poetry a dead Lucy left behind in one of these peaceful solitudes, whose ending had driven him away to this strange place. There is no information whatever to be found on this subject, either from himself or his friends. The five exquisite little poems which bear that name, snatches as they seem of some sad and tender story, have no explanation whatever attached to them. They were all written at Goslar ; they are full of tender and real feeling, and of the deep reflective pensiveness which comes after sharp sorrow has spent itself ; and they all hang together with a unity and reality which makes it very difficult to believe that they meant nothing. Why they should be separated and kept out of their natural arrangement, as they are in all the editions of Wordsworth we have seen, it is very hard to tell. Three of them we find included in the "Poems Founded on the Affections," and two in the "Poems of the Imagination,"—a curiously arbitrary distinction, made, we suppose, by Wordsworth himself, either to veil the personal meaning contained in

m or in obedience to some solemn crotchet, such as entered his mind from time to time; but a future editor would do well to piece together these broken threads, and put the five little lays which embody all we know of Lucy together under her name. They belong as truly to each other as do the poems out of which Mr. Tennyson's "Maud" is formed. We should be disposed to place the verses in the following order:—1st, "Strange fits of passion have I known;" 2d, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;" 3d, "Three years she grew in sun and shower;" 4th, "I travelled among unknown men;" 5th, "A slumber did my spirit seal." Any one who reads them in this succession will see at a glance what a consistent story they convey, and with what an exquisite tenderness and natural feeling it is told. It differs from "Maud," not only in being much shorter and less definite, but also in the strange, sad calm given by the fact that the whole is written after Lucy's death—a fact which makes it still less likely that Lucy herself was a mere creature of the poet's imagination; and in every other respect their unity and distinctness is not less than that of Mr. Tennyson's exquisitely-constructed tale.

In Goslar, too, were composed the poems, also belonging to each other by the clearest connection, concerning Matthew, upon which we have already remarked, along with many more of less importance. One of these may be mentioned, solely as showing the curious polemical way in which Wordsworth chooses now and then to treat his own work, laboring to prove how it is done better than other people's, and with more advantage to the world. In respect to the little poem called "Lucy Gray," one of the sweetest and best known of his ballads, he says: "The way in which this incident was treated, and the spiritualizing of the character, might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavored to throw over common life, with Crabbe's matter-of-fact style of handling subjects of the same kind." Strange that the hand which had just framed such an idyll as that of Lucy—such a wonderful sketch of human life and wayward pathetic fancy as that portrayed in "The Fountain" and "The Two April Mornings"—should take the trouble to flourish these pretty verses in the face of the

world like the banner of a new sect! But so it was. Wordsworth would seem to have wanted even so much of the critical faculty as would have shown to him how much of his work was forever, and how much only for a day.

In the spring of 1799, Wordsworth left Goslar. He was now nearly thirty, his published works had met no reception from the public, neither had he as yet done anything which could have justified to sceptical friends his desultory and undecided life. "He had been composing minor poems," says his biographer, "but he now projected something of a higher aim and more comprehensive scope. . . . After much consideration, he chose his own intellectual being as his subject—the growth of his own mind." The poem thus undertaken was that which was published only after Wordsworth's death under the title of "The Prelude." It was intended, as its name signified, to be the commencement of a series of works, of which "The Excursion" was the only one completed. It was to be the ante-chapel to the Gothic cathedral full and fair, with apse and chapels, with high altar and echoing aisles, which Wordsworth intended to make of his works. Great seemed the possibilities that opened before him, and long and full the life which he still had to labor in, and therefore his projects were equally illimitable. In the autumn of 1799, after some months of residence with friends, he and his sister finally returned to their own mountain country, and established themselves at Grasmere. We quote from the unpublished remnant of "The Recluse," his incomplete work, the following description, printed in Dr Wordsworth's biography of the poet, of his settlement here among his native hills:—

"On Nature's invitation do I come,  
By reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,  
That made the calmest, fairest spot on earth,  
With all its unappropriated good,  
My own?—and not mine only,—for with me  
Enshrined—say rather peacefully embowered—  
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
A younger orphan of a home extinct,  
The only daughter of my parents, dwells;—  
Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir;—  
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame  
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.  
Oh! if such silence be not thanks to God  
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where  
then  
Shall gratitude find root? Mine eyes did ne'er  
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind  
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,

But either she whom now I have, who now  
 Divides with me that loved abode, was there  
 Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,  
 Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang:  
 The thought of her was like a flash of light  
 Or an unseen companionship—a breath  
 Or fragrance independent of the mind,  
 In all my goings, in the new and old  
 Of all my meditations, and in this  
 Favorite of all, in this the most of all.  
 Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in!  
 Now in the clear and open day I feel  
 Your guardianship; I take it to my heart:  
 'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night;  
 But I would call these beautiful: for mild,  
 And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,  
 Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
 Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art  
 pleased—  
 Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps, thy  
 lake,  
 Its one green island and its winding shores,  
 The multitude of little rocky hills,  
 Thy church and cottages of mountain-stone,  
 Clustered like stars, some few, but single most,  
 And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
 Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,  
 Like separated stars with clouds behind."

In this quiet abode he lived for eight years. Here he was married, and his maturer life began; and here he published another volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," which included the poems written in Germany, and two of those grave pastorals, full of the atmosphere and spirit of the mountains, which are so peculiarly his own. These tales—"The Brothers" and "Michael"—partake of the lofty reflectiveness and saddened yet never gloomy gravity of "The Excursion." It is curious and even ludicrous to hear him—deeply determined always to hold by his theory—explaining to Fox, on sending him the volume, that these poems "were written with a view to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply." Nothing could be more unnecessary or uncalled for than this fictitious explanation, which is very likely, however, Wordsworth himself believed, there being, amid all the truthfulness of his nature, a certain solemn possibility of self-deception, such as belongs more or less to all men possessed of a high sense of personal importance and devoid of humor. Probably he was himself quite unaware that in these poems he was following the bent of his own mind, and choosing the kind of subjects most natural to him.

Just before his marriage Wordsworth's little income had been increased by the payment of a long outstanding debt, due

by a former Lord Lonsdale to this father, and which, when divided, secured a little livelihood to each of the family. The receipt of this modest fortune seems to have made his marriage practicable, and it was followed by a long and steady career of prosperity, one good thing after another falling into his hands in a way which calls forth from De Quincey some half-spiteful, half-humorous remarks as to the danger of holding anything which Wordsworth could by any possibility want. He was, it is clear, so far an exception to the supposed ordinary fate of poets, that he was exceptionally lucky—winning, by mere dint of sitting still and doing nothing, such comfortable prizes in life's lottery as many men toil and fret for in vain. To be sure, few men have the recommendations he had to the favor of those who had such gifts to bestow; but circumstances, as it happened, completely favored his own view of the poetical character, and of his special and individual importance as the high priest and expositor of nature. The secluded and contemplative life he loved was made possible to him from an early age; and throughout all his days the disturbing cares with which most men have to struggle were kept from him. As his family increased, his income increased with it. If his real work brought him in, for a long time, little profit, the public work which he was able to accomplish by means of a clerk without soiling his singing-garments with any of the baser necessities of labor, secured for him a plentiful income. His house was of his own choosing, in the spot he loved best in the world; and two women, kind, and sweet and beloved, were his companions and worshippers. No happier lot could have been. The sorrows which came upon him in the later part of his life were such afflictions as no man can hope altogether to escape; but except the loss of his daughter Dora, no sorrow even of the first magnitude ever came his way. He was a happy, prosperous, and successful man, as well as a great and famous poet. If he did not win the popular ear at once, he had the never-failing support of applause from his immediate friends, the opinion of one of whom, at least—Coleridge—he was well warranted in accepting as worth that of half a hundred ordinary critics. And thus his life rolled on, full of peace and high contemplation, full of love and comfort and

beauty, and the praise which was most sweet to his ears.

We may say here, and Maga may be forgiven if it is said with a certain complacency, that these were the pages in which anything like true criticism and appreciation of the poetry of Wordsworth first appeared. The Essays of Professor Wilson upon the rising light which lesser critics had so pertinaciously endeavored to extinguish, were the first worthy and public tributes to its glory. We will not attempt to calculate how much the generous warmth of the young critic, himself so full of poetic fire and insight, had to do with the gradual opening of the general mind to a perception of the poet's real greatness; but the splendid critical powers of Christopher North, and his high instinctive sympathy with everything beautiful and noble, were never exercised more lovingly, nor more warmly expressed.

Wordsworth was thus placed in the very best circumstances for perfecting himself and his work. Everything served and bowed to the necessity of providing for his tranquillity in a way which must have increased his natural high sense of his own worth. And that high sense of merit was in itself a support to him which it is difficult to overestimate. It is not a graceful or love-attracting element in his character. It deprives him of that sweeter grace of humility which endears the poet to us, and gives to poetry that air of natural spontaneous birth after which the grand and sweet unconsciousness of Shakspeare makes the English mind hanker. But Wordsworth was not of the Shakspearian mould, and was in no sense, at no moment of his poetical life, free of self-consciousness. On the contrary, he had nursed himself, trained himself, for the rôle of great poet. He believed in himself profoundly, believing at the same time that it was easier for the whole world to be in the wrong than for Wordsworth to be in the wrong. Such a splendid conviction does not come all at once, and neither does it come for nought. Armed in it, as in triple armor, he maintained the steady tenor of his way, accepting honor from no man, calmly working out the great work of his life—himself. He did this as Goethe did it, but more innocently, more kindly than Goethe,—with a sense of law and duty in which his great contemporary was altogether deficient.

Goethe secured his training at the cost of a few women's hearts, more or less, which did not matter. Wordsworth bought his more cheaply at nobody's cost, winning it slowly from the slow and noiseless progress of his own thoughts. But still, to Wordsworth as to Goethe, the things that surrounded him were all instruments working out his advancement, whether it were a nation in revolution, or the clouds upon a northern sky and the ripples on a lake. The most wonderful evidence of this self-regard—which is not conceit, nor vanity, nor any frivolous motive, but a deep and solemn sense that his self was the most momentous thing within his ken, the most sovereign and majestic, with a natural claim upon the aid, not to say allegiance, of all things—is to be found in "The Prelude." To Wordsworth it seemed only right and seemly to devote a long, serious, and, as we have already said, almost solemn poem, to the history of the growth of his mind. If it is well for the student to trace the growth of states and their development, how much more interesting must it be, how much more important for the world, to trace how the poet's mind "orbed into the perfect star," and developed in all its gifts and powers? This he said to himself, gravely, unconscious of any lack of graceful humbleness and that instinctive modesty of nature which is as natural to some great minds as self-consciousness is to others. Wordsworth knew, confessed, and was fully prepared to acknowledge anywhere, that he himself was great—he had known it in his earliest years, from the time when he first began to understand whither his youthful musings tended. He knew it fully during all his life. Shakspeare, we may suppose, may have smiled over his fame—may have lightly laid it aside, and attributed his success to some knack he had; but Wordsworth knew it was no knack, but genius. Wordsworth was always aware of his full claim upon the admiration of men.

This self-consciousness has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It deprives its possessor of a certain simple sweetness which is the last glory of the great; it takes away from him the dew and the fragrance of that most gracious humility which is as a perennial youth; but at the same time it supports him through his difficulties, and makes his



troubles lighter. And it has, besides, this wonderful practical effect, that no man can believe in himself persistently and consistently without in the end making other people believe in him. Wordsworth seated himself as on a throne, in the seclusion of his mountains. He said to the world, as Constance said in the royalty of her grief: "Here I and poetry sit; this is my throne—let kings come bow to it." And when the hour arrived the kings did come and bowed; and all the world acknowledged that the man who had been first to divine his own greatness, had justified his own decision, and proved the value of his judgment.

"The Prelude" is full of noble and beautiful passages, and will always be invaluable to the student both of history and of man. We have already quoted from it the powerful historical sketch of the French Revolution—a sketch which we think deserves a high place among the many records of that wonderful event, and gives to the reader of the present generation a new and individual view from an original standing-ground. There is also much of the charm of autobiography in the poem, and it affords an insight which nothing else can do into the poet's life. There is nothing finer in all his works than that picture of the vale of Esthwaite, his school, his "Dame," and all the influences that formed his boyhood and delighted his youth. This is brighter and fresher than anything in "The Excursion," and not less lofty in its truth to nature. But notwithstanding these great recommendations, the poem is founded upon a mistake—a mistake which Wordsworth probably was aware of, since he never in his lifetime gave this record of individual progress to the inspection of the world. The self-belief of the poet here overshot its mark; his sense of his own greatness overtopped the slow conviction of his fellow-men. He had not sufficient sympathy with his race, notwithstanding his old and persistent theory that it was his mission to reveal the secrets of humble life to the world—to perceive that the commonest village tale of love and sorrow would have interested that world more deeply than the history of the mental growth of Apollo himself. He had yet to learn, it would appear, the reverse truth of that common maxim, that a man's life, truly told, is the most interesting of

all topics to his fellow-creatures—a partial truth, which has been productive of much mischief in the world of letters. The other side of the shield bears the other legend: that every individual sooner or later becomes wearisome to his fellows who has not some actual part to play among men, and is not the centre of other lives; and that the more he wraps himself up in his own individuality, the more he palls upon the general taste, and loses the interest which humanity has in all human things. We have no right to apply this criticism to Wordsworth, we repeat, since he himself never proffered this record of himself to the admiration of the world; but it would be well that it should be more fully recognized by all men of genius who are tempted to make themselves their sole subject. For this reason chiefly "The Prelude" is never likely to take that place in the general estimation which in many parts it deserves; but the student who turns to it for help in understanding either the mind of Wordsworth or the state of feeling current among many generous and fine spirits in the end of the last and beginning of the present century, will find that it is a noble and pleasant path by which he has to travel, and will be rewarded in his search for knowledge, by finding many a lovely flower of fairest poesy on the way.

"The Excursion" occupies a different position. Wordsworth has himself informed us, that it was after the composition of "The Prelude" that the idea of this still greater work occurred to him. "The result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem containing views of men, nature, and society, to be called the Recluse." This Recluse was, we presume, the personage introduced in "The Excursion" as the solitary—a man driven into the despair of bereavement by the death of his wife and children, roused again into feverish excitement by the beginning of the French Revolution, led to wild excesses during its progress, and finally hunted back by the renewed and deeper despair caused by its bloody and terrible failure into a lonely nook among the mountains, where, a misanthrope and sceptic, disbelieving God and doubting man, he consumed the weary days in absolute loneliness. The subject of "The Excursion" is the contrast between this

lonely, imbibed, and miserable man, and the impersonation of Christian philosophy, cheerfulness, and wisdom, called the Wanderer, his countryman and contemporary. The famous fact which has called forth so many amusing and witty comments, that this Wanderer is represented to us as occupying no more dignified position in life than that of a pedlar, is in reality quite insignificant, and not worth considering in the poem. It is the last assertion of the old doctrine which Wordsworth proudly gave himself credit for having discovered, and which he clung to with semi-fictitious heat, whenever his genuine inspiration slackened—that a poor man may feel as deeply, and with as much reverence, as a rich man,—a doctrine never really questioned by any mind capable of judging. As one last spasmodic and fantastic assertion of this quite unquestioned principle, it pleases the poet, in that mingling of weakness which accompanies all strength, to make his sage a packman. But it is as puerile on the part of the critic to dwell upon this, as it was on the part of the poet to make it so. The Wanderer wanted no profession, nor rank, nor visible means of subsistence. The laws of natural existence have nothing to do with a being so abstract and typical. He is an impersonation, just as the solitary is an impersonation. The one is a refined and matured soul, full of gentle wisdom and philosophy, calm as a spectator amid the troubles of the world—a man detached from all personal burdens, and passionless as was the poet who created him. The other is intended to be an embodiment of humanity outraged and disappointed, and unable to learn the lesson of submission—a fiery, impatient, proud, and passionate spirit; such a one as cannot bend his neck under any spiritual yoke,—who demands happiness and delight from earth and heaven, and whose soul chafes and struggles against all the bonds and all the burdens of the flesh. The Wanderer muses tenderly, cheerfully—almost joyfully—about the world, in which he continually sees good combating with evil: while the Solitary shuts himself up in the recesses of the mountains, and broods with bitter grief and indignation over all the miseries he has known. The story, if story it can be called, tells us how the Wanderer, accompanied by the visionary figure of the poet himself—"I,"

the looker-on and chorus of the long dialogue—goes to visit the lakes; how he persuades the other out into the world, as represented by the valley with its cottages and its churchyard below; and how, by dint of much eloquent talk, and the comments of a fourth interlocutor, the pastor, upon the different tombs in the graveyard, a certain impression is made upon the mind of the Solitary. No doubt, the poet's purpose was to carry out this beginning in the Recluse, and finally to reconcile his hero to the universe, and bring him back at once to God and man. This, however, he never completed; and the poem which remains to us is the record of but two summer days among the mountains, filled with snatches of human story, and with what we have ventured to call much eloquent talk—talk at once eloquent and lofty. To quote from a poem so well-known and so full of noble passages seems useless. Here, however, is the scene in which the forlorn and weary hermit, fugitive from the disappointments and vanities of the earth, has sought a refuge, and

"Wastes the sad remainder of his hours,  
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen that wants not  
Its own voluptuousness. . . .

We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,  
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,  
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops  
Before us; savage region! which I paced  
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!  
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;  
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south  
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge  
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close:  
A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,  
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!  
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
Though not of want: the little fields, made green  
By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.  
—There crows the cock, single in his domain:  
The small birds find in spring no thicker there  
To shroud them; only from the neighboring vales  
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

Perhaps the most wonderful thing in "The Excursion," however, is the atmosphere which breathes through every page: the solemn, serious, yet cheerful air of the mountains, at once invigorating and subduing. No passion, no excitement is

there. Everything is calm as heaven : an eternity of brooding quiet in which those giant peaks stand up before God. A great stillness is over all—a stillness as of distance and space, in which it seems natural that the generations should come and go calmly, as the leaves come and go on the trees ; migrating from the grey cottage to the green grave with a peaceable serenity, calm as death is, calm as life was. In such scenes the still surroundings of life cease to be secondary, and softly, solemnly glide into the first place. It is man who is foremost in great towns and cities ; it is man even who takes the leading place in the wide, rich, patient plains which toil for him like their own cattle, but never usurp his sovereignty. But among the mountains, man in his pettiness is put aside—they live and last, while he but comes and goes. Their presence helps the thinker, as nothing else can do, to hold the balance between peace and strife, and demonstrate how continuous and universal is the one, how episodic and momentary the other. It was Wordsworth more than any other who revealed to the world this quality of the mountains. We, so much lower down in descent, receive it calmly as an established axiom ; but it was he who made those dwellers in the land known to man. Among real hills, by real crags, with great nature breathing softly through all the wonderful stillness, the wandering figures move—the men muse and reason. If it is true that the poet has filled the scene with reflections of his own thoughtful mind and lofty ponderings, till mountain and glen seem but shadows of himself, it is also true that they have become part of his nature, and have given him as much as they have received from him. The patient quiet, and long endurance which is the very sentiment of their being, have entered into his heart. A certain solemn yet sweet conjunction is between the man who expounds them, and the silent grandeur which he reveals. How much it is the mountains, how much it is Wordsworth, we cannot tell, in the dimness of our perceptions ; but Wordsworth and his hills united breathe the calm over us as we listen, and they are as one in our hearts.

Notwithstanding, we are obliged to confess our conviction that "The Excursion" is very unlikely ever to be widely known, or loved as it deserves out of a very lim-

ited circle. It is long and very serious, and broken by few episodes which can relieve the reader's mind from the intense strain of high and continuous thought which fills it. The first book—that which Wordsworth read to Coleridge when they first met, under the title of "The Ruined Cottage"—is, we believe, the one which will longest retain its hold upon the general reader. The humanity in it is stronger and fuller, the picture more definite and clear, than in the brief sketches of the "Churchyard among the Mountains ;" and sympathy is more readily awakened for Margaret's long endurance and misery, than for the more artificial wretchedness of the Solitary in his seclusion. Margaret herself, however, though the picture is full of power, is defective in the most characteristic way. She is an impassioned, though deeply serious and dutiful woman, drawn by a painter who knows passion only scientifically as a strange power in the world, but who has no personal conception of its wild force and fervor. With a curious ignorance of the element in which he is working, he spreads the broad canvas—which is too broad, too expansive, for the rapid and vehement and consuming power which he means to portray. Here his very truthfulness of mind, and inability to represent that which he does not know, balks the poetic instinct which makes him divine the existence of a kind of emotion which he has never felt. He knows that passion is wild and hasty and impetuous, but all the powers in his own mind are so slow and gradual that he cannot permit himself to be carried away even by the torrent he has wished to paint. He takes away all the composure and calm of the steadier temperament from his heroine, yet he drags on and prolongs her life and sufferings as if it were a slowly-growing and tranquil sorrow, not a consuming passion of grief and suspense, that absorbed her being. The restlessness of her misery, and her utter abandonment to it, are not those of a spirit that will linger out "nine tedious years" ; but he is not aware of this, nor does he see that no such woman, unless she had been carried away by some swift destruction which she could not resist, would have fallen into the wild recklessness of lonely wanderings, leaving behind her "a solitary infant." In short, here is a picture of a soul which has lost the helm of

her nature, and abandon'd herself to the sway of a misery which she cannot control, drawn by one from whose hand no storm could ever have rested his helm, and who was unaware what passion meant. The inconsistency is curious, but it is inevitable; and notwithstanding this characteristic defect, the picture goes to the reader's heart.

It is, however a very serious matter when a poet's fame depends upon a long and serious philosophical poem. Had Wordsworth written "The Excursion" and "The Prelude" alone, we could have looked for nothing but his final relegation to that honored and renowned but dusty shelf where "Paradise Lost" holds its place. It is another of the many resemblances which we have not had space to point out between him and Milton, that though the great poems of both are spoken of with bated breath and profound respect, it is to their lesser works—the *débris* of their greatness—the baskets of fragments which posterity has gathered up, and cherishes among its dearest possessions—that they owe their warm and living place in the heart of England. At the same time it proves the greatness both of the elder and the younger poet, that their minor works include in one case the splendor of "Comus," and in the other, such a wonderful outburst of highest poetry as the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." We have left ourselves no room to comment upon that great and most touching poem; nor on that other which to our own mind embodies, with singular beauty and force, at once Wordsworth's highest strain of melodious composition and his characteristic philosophy—the verses which the poet (always given to uncouth and heavy titles) has called "Resolution and Independence." This sketch of "the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor," with its wonderful representation of the landscape, and equally wonderful sketch of the wayward poetic nature turning in a moment from hope to despondency, is one of the very finest of his briefer works. The description of the bright morning after a night of rain and storm, the stock-dove brooding "over his own sweet voice," the birds singing in the woods, the air full of "the pleasant sound of waters," is as perfect as anything in poetry.

"All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the  
moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth—  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way wherever she doth  
run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;  
The pleasant season did my heart employ;  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-  
choly.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight,  
In our dejection do we sink as low;  
To me that morning did it happen so,  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came,  
Dim sadness and blind thoughts I knew not, nor  
could name.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Behind his plough along the mountain-side.  
By our own spirits are we deified;  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But thereof comes in the end despondency and  
madness."

Never was a picture more perfect or more suggestive.

But time presses, and we can only now ask the reader to recall to his mind—a lighter task—the wonderful brief lines occurring here and there, some of them claiming to be no more than what our grandfathers called "Copies of Verses," which breathe a thousand suggestions into the spirit, and whisper about us like a soft spring breeze, bringing with them all manner of gentle fancies. Let us take as an example the first upon which the book opens—the "Lines written in Early Spring"—already mentioned as one of Wordsworth's earliest compositions. It is the merest trifle—but the man who has scattered such trifles about the world can never lose the human reward of admiring love and praise:—

"I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sat reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.



Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure."

Or let us take this other:—

"He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noonday grove,  
And you must love him, e'er to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed,  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie,  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

These are quite insignificant drops in the great stream of poetry with which Wordsworth has refreshed his country, but how they enter into the reader's heart!—what springs of gentle reflection they wake in us, unknowing! We do not attempt to recall the higher and loftier strains which have helped to mould our own being, but even in these "copies of verses" the chords tremble and thrill under the master's hands, and wake a thousand echoes in the hearers' hearts.

Yet, with all his power and greatness, Wordsworth rarely strikes those deepest notes that move human nature most profoundly. He is a poet of feeling, never of passion. Reflection and contemplation are his natural atmosphere. With a deep, sweet, sober, almost pleasurable sense of his own emotion, he looks at events which sting a more susceptible nature with sharp pangs of anguish. He is never moved out of himself, never feels that the bonds of self-restraint are unbearable, is never dashed against any rock in his solemn and even voyage. His genius is essentially reflective, not dramatic; and this absence of passion and energy exclude him from the ranks of those who have created new existences into the world to enrich it. Wordsworth has added no new inhabitants to the world. His Wanderer and his Solitary are, as we have said, impersonations only—embodiments of abstract character. Peter Bell, though amazingly clear and vivid, is a portrait rather than a creation; and his sketch of

Matthew, which is, to our thinking, the most sympathetic and human of all Wordsworth's attempts to portray man, is too brief and slight to be built upon. He did not create. In this, as well as in many other ways, he proves himself to belong to the Miltonic, not the Shakspearian family. But below the level of Shakspeare, the one unapproachable eminence in poetry, we know no English writer by whose side we should hesitate to place the austere and lofty poet of the mountains. In spite of this one great defect, or rather by means of it, he proves his greatness doubly; for without a living soul to help him into that high place—without human progeny to prove that in him, too, dwelt the divine life-giving principle of genius—without even the gloomy grandeur of a Lucifer to open the gates of fame for him—Wordsworth has stepped upon a pedestal scarce lower than that of Milton, and so long as the English language lasts, is little likely to lose his crown of fullest fame.

Wordsworth's life was too uneventful, too prosperous and full of comfort, to call for much remark. We might quote from the graphic narrative of De Quincey many pleasant descriptions of his simple home and habits and characteristic surroundings, but there is always a certain strain of personal gossip even in that elegant narrative, and a freedom of contemporary remark which has worn out of use in our more reticent days. He lived with his wife and sister, priestesses, if not of poetry, yet of the poet, for many long and peaceful and happy years. Another younger priestess and gentlest ministrant grew at his side in the shape of his daughter Dora, affording him the purest happiness and deepest content of his life. Like every man thus supported by more than one worshipping woman, his belief in himself and his own greatness grew and strengthened. No religious dogma could have been held with a more austere and grave devotion; and as he grew older, the world, impressed equally by the grand spectacle of this man's faith in himself, and by the real splendor of the poetry which began to penetrate into its heart, added its belief to his, and acknowledged the rank which he had always claimed. Pilgrims came from far and near to worship at his shrine, and very courteous, very kind, was the throned and reigning poet. He lived, as we have

said, a prosperous life, suffering not at all from the pinching cares which vex so many of his race, able to bring up his children as he wished, and to enjoy all the freedom and many of the solacements which were congenial to his nature. His daughter Dora died in the summer of 1847, leaving a cloud upon his life which never dispersed again. "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life," he wrote six months after. It was the first blow which ever had been

struck at its roots; and fortunately that shadowed life, sick with immeasurable loss, was not far from its end.

He died in April, 1850, aged four-score, having enjoyed almost everything that life could give, and a good conscience with all. Seldom has poet been so happy; never has man borne happiness and glory with a more steadfast, serious, unexcited sobriety of soul.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### ON THE CHARACTER OF CLEOPATRA.

I HAVE been thinking lately, that if I were asked to name the two feminine impersonations, which, in the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, betoken the most intimate and refined knowledge of human nature in the inventors, I should indicate Goethe's Mignon and Shakespeare's Cleopatra. I write this not without some feeling that I may be doing an injustice to Sophocles and his Antigone. On the whole, however, I incline to the selection I have made; and I like the idea of it all the better, because these two are, as it were, the Alpha and Omega of womanhood. In them we see the beginning and the end of womanly instincts and appetences, from the first "maiden longing to be blest," to the last artifices of the accomplished coquette. I have heard much said, and seen much written, about Dickens's "Little Nell." It is outwardly a very pretty picture—a child-angel traversing the earth. But beyond her long hair and her feminine apparel, there is nothing to mark her sex; she might have been a boy-angel for anything that there is in her character to show us to the contrary. But Mignon is human and feminine. Though attired as a boy, with her hair cut close, she is all in all a woman-child. It is in thus marking, *from within*, the sex of the child that Goethe has evinced such consummate genius. Mignon is not an angel, but a thing of flesh and blood—of nervous, sensitive flesh, and of hot blood, too rebellious for the weak frame through which it courses. With wonderful power and delicacy, the artist has portrayed the first unintelligible development of the sexual passion in a young and innocent creature of extraordinary sensibility—of peculiar physical or-

ganization. He has attempted what, as far as my reading extends, no one else has attempted, and though the experiment was a hazardous one, he has succeeded, by the force of his genius, in divesting of all repulsiveness this exposition of the first unacknowledged growth of the sexual yearnings in a young and beautiful Italian maid. With exquisite truth and subtlety, the consuming passion is traced from its first dawning revelations to the season of its full expansion—the progress from deep gratitude to servile reverence, to filial affection, to love, to passion, to destruction, as thus traced in *Wilhelm Meister*, is beyond all expression beautiful and true. This sexual development operates with alarming force on one so delicately organized. It works in her, at last, even to the death, and yet we are filled with pity and love and admiration, as we mark these suicidal workings. Like all other original creations with the stamp of genius upon them, this character has found many imitators—but the imitators in this instance are among the greatest masters of fiction. The Fenella of Walter Scott, the Lydia of Bulwer, the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, are reproductions of Mignon, the same with a difference, and if they had been original would have been among the best of their respective writers' creations.

Now, let this character be studied, and then let the student turn to the consideration of Cleopatra. We have seen numerous pictures of them both, which may or may not, viewed separately, realize our conceptions as to the personal individuality of either; but, seen together, they very clearly mark the contrast—the enormous difference between them—or, as I have

said above, the beginning and the end. And yet, it would not be difficult to imagine a child-Cleopatra very closely resembling Mignon. In respect of years, Cleopatra, in the zenith of her fascinations, might have been Mignon's mother—and I rather think, in respect of temperament too—though the Italian maid would never have developed into such a woman as the Egyptian Queen. The difference of which I speak is the difference between the tender bud and the full-blown flower. Cleopatra stands before us fully developed and revealed. There is nothing mysterious about her. She is open as day. She wears her heart upon her sleeve. She has no disguises or reservations; no doubts or questionings. She knows herself and she knows others; and she does not care who knows what she thinks or does. If she were avowedly a mistress of the art of coquetry—if she were professedly and professionally instructing a female class in the great lessons of “the way to keep him,” she could not speak out more plainly than she does. This is Shakespeare's Cleopatra; but very little is substantially added to the Cleopatra of history—the Cleopatra of Plutarch. That she really was just such a person as is portrayed in the Shakspearian drama we have good warrant of belief. Plutarch writes of her playfulness—her love of fun and frolic—and the cheerfulness with which she took part in the “fond and childish pastimes” in which Antonius delighted, supplementing them with sportive devices of her own invention, as when by the aid of her divers she helped Antony to catch a red herring with his rod and line, or as Plutarch (*apud* North) writes, “an old salt fish, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont.” All this was “excellent fooling.” Miss Prude will, doubtless, exclaim that they were “old enough to have known better.” And so they were. But the fact still remains, and it is the fact of history, not of the stage. Antony himself explains it marvellously well,—

My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl,  
though gray  
Do something mingle with our younger brown,  
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves  
And can get goal for goal of youth.

If I were to assert that *Antony and Cleopatra* is among the very foremost of Shak-

speare's dramas, I should not stand alone in this critical opinion—for Coleridge (supereminently the first of all Shakspearian commentators) has already pronounced it in very emphatic language. Compare, or rather contrast, it with *Romeo and Juliet*, and see how greatly and grandly the genius of the poet had developed in the interval between the production of these two love-dramas. The first, written in his “salad” days,” is crudely romantic and absurd. The last is instinct everywhere with nature and with truth. There is a far stronger sympathy excited by the destinies of these “middle-aged lovers” (a class systematically rendered ridiculous by the dramatists of a later period) than in the boy-and-girl amours of the Montagu and Capulet. On the question thus raised I shall presently say something. It is my purpose not to comment upon the drama, but on the character of Cleopatra—and I would first observe that, in the whole range of the personal creations of the dramatist, there is not one more marvellous than this. In a former paper, published in this magazine, I remarked that Shakespeare differed from all his contemporaries in nothing more than in his very obvious desire to exalt, rather than to degrade, the female character. The generality of Shakespeare's women are modest, amiable, virtuous—altogether attractive. The very exceptions that prove the rule are not mean or nasty. If they are bad, there is a sort of dignity in their badness. Lady Macbeth, Hamlet's Queen-mother, Cleopatra, are sinners on the heroic scale. They do not excite our contempt, as do the feminine profligates of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. Of Cleopatra, it cannot be said that she was a good woman, but though not morally attractive, she is not repulsive. Indeed, there is, in spite of her badness, a wonderful fascination about her character, which overcomes alike our reason and our morality, and will not suffer us to be angry with her. I remember reading an essay (I think it was by Hazlitt) “On men I should like to have known.” If I were to write an essay “On women I should like to have known,” I should assuredly class Cleopatra among them; perhaps, indeed, I should place her at the head of them.

The serpent of old Nile  
With her sweet betraying smile,

was eminently a person worth knowing, and never to be forgotten, when once known.

There is nothing in the world that so captivates humanity, old or young, as a woman with all the physical beauty and grace and freshness of youth combined with the intelligence and sagacity of age. It is a mistake (not so often committed by the present as by the past generation) to suppose that young men or young women are the most dangerous of all. It is not by such as these, but by people of both sexes long past their *premiere jeunesse*, that the greatest mischief is done. The novel-writers of the day seem to recognize this more and more in their fictions, and heroes and heroines appear who, in the language of very young people, are "quite old." And neither men nor women in their pages are as good as they used to be. And surely all this is more true to human nature—or, at least, to the human nature of the nineteenth century—than the old story of the wonderful fascinations of golden-haired girl-angels and curly young Adonises of two-and twenty.

Of course, it will be said, "It is an old fellow who writes this." So it is, my young friend. If I were not an old fellow how could I instruct you in these matters? When you have the experience of an old fellow yourself, and I am in my grave, if you should chance to read this again, you will say that I was quite right. But even now, in your salad age, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, and full of the Greek dramatists and Latin poets, you will acknowledge that in those ancient days the mischief was done, not by young men and maidens, but by mature gamblers—such as Queen Dido and even the "Pious Æneas." I think, by the way, that Dido, as described by Virgil, was not much behind Cleopatra in her practice of the arts of coquetry—though, perhaps, not altogether so successful, as she had different materials to work upon. Her "Green-goodeying" \* of Ascanius was a masterpiece—*Ascanium gremioque fovet*, etc. *Adolescens* well knows the passage. Fondling the son to excite the passions of his father. I have no space to dwell on this; I only wish to remind my young friends of what they have read in their

class-books—Latin and Greek. They will, doubtless, be able to number up the "quite old" heroines of the Greek dramatists—of Sophocles, of Æschylus, of the woman-hating Euripides: such mature sirens as Clytemnestra and Phædra and Jocasta. And there is a favorite modern author of theirs † who has put the case very strongly in one of his fictions, reminding us of the couplet—

Young man's love blazeth and is done;  
Old man's love it burneth to the bone—

and finishing the pregnant passage with the words, "Wild tales might assuredly have been told of Antony's youth; but I doubt if, whilst his brow was brent, he would have followed so fast in the wake of the Egyptian galley while the sea-fight was swaying to and fro off Actium, or have set his breast so straight against his sword's point at the lying rumor of Cleopatra's suicide." And, indeed, we need not go to fiction, ancient or modern, for instances in support of my argument, for, as I am writing, our public papers are made terrible by the details of a ghastly tragedy—a story of passion, of crime, of jealousy, of violence, wherein the actors were "quite old" people. And yet it was a case of "burning to the bone," though the heroine was as old as Cleopatra when she applied the asp to her breast.

Gervinus speaks of Cleopatra as "an old and artful courtesan." But the Heidelberg professor in these words is a little too severe on the Egyptian queen, or, at all events, on the Egyptian queen of Shakespeare. For age is not to be measured by years. Some people are old at five-and-twenty; some are young at five-and-thirty. Of Cleopatra it is written—

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

And it would be impossible better to express in so few words the secret of her inexhaustible attractiveness. She died at the age of thirty-nine, when Antony was fifty-six, and yet, up to the very last she seems to have retained all her fascinations. We have most of us seen a phenomenon of this kind once or twice in our lives. I have heard men, and women too, account—or, rather, endeavor to account—for this youth-in-age after different fashions, but I have not been satisfied with any

\* See, for an explanation of this term, the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 14, 1870.

† The author of *Guy Livingstone*.



explanations I have heard. A common theory is that unemotional people retain the appearance of youth much longer than others. The youngest woman, for her years, whom I know, or ever knew, is perhaps the least unemotional. And when I say the "youngest," I do not mean merely the youngest-looking, but the youngest in heart, the freshest, the most playful, the most vivacious. My notion is that very placid people are apt to get a flabby look. They rot, as it were, on Lethe's wharf more quickly than others wear themselves out at the grindstone of much feeling. I am not forgetful of the fact that we may sometimes be very much mistaken about those (women especially) whom we believe to be placid—that what we take for placidity is suppressed emotion. And nothing shatters one more than that. But I do not think that we are often mistaken in this way. Again, I have heard it said that this long continued juvenescence is constitutional—that it comes from sound health, from good digestion; but my experience equally refutes this proposition. I have known both men and women who have retained their youth in a marvellous manner, notwithstanding a most rickety state of health; who have suffered all the agonies of indigestion, and yet have laughed and played (women more than men), and kept up all their freshness of aspect, without artistic aids, and all the cheerfulness and sportiveness natural to those who might be their children. I am, as I have already confessed, an old man myself, and have been watching this phenomenon for many years, but I am as far off as ever from any solution of the difficulty. If I had lived centuries ago, I might have attributed it to occult causes—to some secret and terrible compact with the arch-fiend. But, as it is, I cannot get much beyond Antony's subtle explanation that "it is a brain that nourishes our nerves"—words which may be considered somewhat obscure, but beneath which lies a vast substratum of meaning. An intellect that never lies fallow, a heart that is never cold, a nervous system that, though never quiet, is never unstrung. This seems to be the meaning of the poet. At all events, I can get no nearer to it.

Next to Cleopatra, I should have liked of all women to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos. If all that is said by French writers of this marvellous woman be true,

Cleopatra, in respect of the preservation of her personal charms, was nothing to her—for the "Serpent of Old Nile" died comparatively young. What aids and adjuncts an Egyptian princess, before the Christian era, might have had for the preservation of her personal beauty, we do not altogether know in these days, after the lapse of just nineteen centuries. If they could preserve the living as well as they preserved the dead, their skill was by no means contemptible. But the costume of the period before Christ could not have been favorable to falsehoods of figure, though it might not have denied fictions of face. There could not have been much room for "getting up" in the latest fashions of the age of the Ptolemies. But the women in France in these latter days have had no impediments of this kind; nay, everything has favored falsehood and fabrication. I remember reading somewhere a ghastly story (the scene of it, of course, was Paris) of a young man who was madly enamored of a beautiful Frenchwoman. He haunted her everywhere; he dogged her footsteps. After a time, becoming acquainted with her residence, and knowing the chamber in which she slept, he was seized with an insane desire to see her at her toilet—I forget whether he took an apartment opposite to her chamber windows, armed with a powerful race-glass, or whether he concealed himself in her room—but he saw her most distinctly take off her false hair, take out her false teeth, throw aside her pads, etc., etc., and reveal herself as something nauseous and revolting. When he had seen the last of this disgusting display, he went home and blew out his brains.

This may have been a fact, or it may have been merely a satirical invention. But the modern art of "getting up" is wonderful, and the costume of the day favors the deceit. I repeat, however, that Cleopatra could not have accomplished this, though we learn from Plutarch that, like the women of our own times, she "frizzled her hair;" and doubtless, after a long-established fashion in the East, she touched up her eyes. When it is stated in the translation of the Old Testament now in use amongst us, that Jezebel "painted her face," there is an imperfect rendering of the passage—the result of ignorance on the part of the translators. Unskilled in Eastern usages, they missed

the meaning of the Hebrew writer, who said that she "painted her eyes,"\* or "adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore (*Kohol*)."† Most readers will remember the descriptive passage in the *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*—

And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
To give that long dark languish to the eye,  
Which makes the maid, whom kings are proud to  
cull

From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

But long before this, the custom was well known in Egypt, as the wall-paintings very clearly exhibit; and, indeed, the implements of this kind of decoration have been discovered, with some remains of the drug that was used. It may be inferred that Cleopatra did not neglect such aids; but there, in all probability, her artificial adornments began and ended. In all else she was a genuine woman.

Conceding much, however, to the effect of Cleopatra's physical beauty, even at the ripe age of thirty-eight, the secret of her wonderful fascination is not to be found in the mere perfection of flesh and blood that may be represented by a picture. It was the consummate coquetry of the woman that carried everything before it. That she was not at all an amiable person—that sometimes, indeed, she was very disagreeable—must be freely admitted. But this was all a part of the sum and substance of her attractions. She knew better than to go—

Shining on, shining on, by no shadows made tender,

Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.

There was no sameness about her. It was the "infinite variety" which held in thrall those upon whom she was pleased to exercise her blandishments. She knew how greatly provocations and aggravations, if kept within due bounds, contribute to womanly success. At the very commencement of Shakspeare's drama, we see her in one of her taunting moods. There is a sore which she is sometimes disposed to worry, and that sore is "the married woman," the "shrill-tongued Fulvia." The epithet is Shakspeare's, but he did not invent the character to give effect to the situation. For Plutarch tells us that Antony's wife was of "a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature."

Cleopatra, therefore, does the wife no injustice when she so describes her as "shrill-tongued;" but she is scarcely just to the husband, from her own point of view, when she drives her sarcasms into him, asking Antony, when news comes from Rome, to which he would fain not listen, "Where's Fulvia's process?"—or summons—and adds—

As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
Is Cesar's homage; else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds—

Fulvia, not being very well pleased with the reports of Antony's proceedings in Egypt (of which, in truth, I cannot be much surprised), has hit upon the device of getting up a little war at home which may call her husband from foreign parts. But before this charm has worked effectively, Fulvia, by good fortune, sickened and died. The words are not mine. I am not responsible for them. It is Plutarch who says, "By good fortune, his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicily."\* News of this event reaches Antony at Alexandria, and he is somewhat conscience-stricken and sorrowful—wishing that to be undone, which before he had wished to be done, and resolving, in the hour of penitence, to make Rome his mistress. Nothing can be more exquisitely true than the language in which these transient emotions are expressed. Indeed, the character of Antony is a masterpiece not inferior to that of Cleopatra. But it is with the woman I have to do; and how womanly is the manner in which she receives the tidings of Fulvia's death! Knowing that he had received news from Italy, she had asked tauntingly, "What says the married woman?" adding—

You may go;  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;  
I have no power upon you; her's you are!

When he tells her that Fulvia is dead, she will not at first believe it; but when convinced of the fact by reading the despatch in which it is announced, she straightway turns it into a weapon of at-

\* I saw an advertisement not long ago in the London papers, the naïveté of which is equal to the above:—"If — will apply to —, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

\* See Kitto's Notes—*Pictorial Bible*.

† Shaw's *Travels*—quoted by Moore.

tack against Antony. She had previously put the question to him,—

Why did you marry Fulvia and not love her?

And now she bursts out into the exclamation,—

O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received will be.

Having just taunted him with caring too much for Fulvia, she now taunts him with caring too little. Nothing can surpass the truthfulness of this. Women are not illogical merely by default. They are wilfully inconsistent and self-contradictory. In their intercourse with men they delight in what they call "having him both ways." They are proud of their skill in so dealing with their masculine enemy, as to render it impossible for him to escape their oburgations. They know how aggravating this is, and they like to aggravate. Great men, I am afraid, have not better tempers than little ones—and so Antony, under this provocation, loses his temper; and then Cleopatra mocks him. Turning to one of her hand-maidens, she says:—

Look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman doth become  
The carriage of his chafe!

It is the delight of such women to lash a man into the extremest state of violent irascibility and then to laugh at him. In these times such altercations do not often take place in the presence of attendants, but the language used is very much the same. "You call yourself a great man, indeed—and to put yourself in such a temper. If a poor weak woman, such as I am, were to do it, it might be forgiven; but for a great man"—(and the greatness indicated may be physical or moral)—"oh, I am ashamed of you." And what can a man say to this? He *is* ashamed of himself and is silent.

It may, we know, be said that this process of intense provocation is not exactly the "way to keep him." We admit that it has an ugly look—that, as I have represented it above, it is pure "nagging." But Shakspeare knew the human heart a great deal too well to represent *only this*. In the midst of it all we see wonderful gleams of tenderness and of love. Her genuine fondness for the man she is provoking cannot be concealed.

I am quickly ill and well,  
So Antony loves,

she exclaims in the very thick of her upbraidings;\* and when she has exhausted her spleen, she asks to be forgiven and calls on the gods to prosper his undertakings:

Your honor calls you hence,  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the Gods go with you!

And so he goes forth to his duty—to play his part in the great heroic drama of the world; and Cleopatra gives herself up wholly to sweet thoughts of the absent one, and delights in nothing so much as in discoursing upon his perfections; and the very things, which a little while before she would have charged as sore offences against Antony, are now extolled as special merits in him. When Alexas tells her that, after his departure, the great Roman was "nor sad nor merry," Cleopatra bursts out into an enthusiastic commentary on this "heavenly mingle," and then apostrophizes the absent Antony, saying,—

Beest thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else!

And yet very recently she had been reviling him for being either sad or merry, and had made each mood in turn an offence against herself.

But is all this consistent with the idea of a true loving woman? Perfectly so. And these are the women for whom men live and die. Gentleness of manner, equableness of temper, consistency of speech and action, are all excellent things—blessed conditions not to be too highly admired or commended. But the majority of men are not good enough to be enslaved by such attractions. To their imperfect natures these good gifts become wearisome after a time. Antony, in his private or domestic conditions, is but a very common type of manhood. And when Shakspeare wrote the following delightful little snatch of dialogue, he had not merely Antony and Cleopatra, but men and women generally in his mind:—

\* Some of the Shakspearian commentators, with their usual ineptitude, have endeavored to spoil this passage, and with it the whole scene, by putting a colon or full stop after "well," so as to express not Cleopatra's fondness, but Antony's variability.

*Charmian.* Madam, methinks if you do love him  
dearly  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleopatra.* What should I do I do not?

*Charmian.* In each thing give him way—cross him in nothing.

*Cleopatra.* Thou talkest like a fool: the way to lose him!

A bit of high comedy of the best kind, the felicitous truth of which cannot be excelled. Cleopatra knew a great deal better than Charmian what was "the way to keep him." She knew that it is never wise in women to let men have their own way overmuch. They are apt to presume upon such concessions. A little wholesome bullying has always a salutary effect. There is more excitement in intercourse with wild animals than with tame ones. Tamelessness is, with all men whom women are prone to love, the most unpardonable of all offences. Men do not love women because they are good; and it is certain that the *vaurien* is the most beloved of his kind. All this is very shocking; but it is not the less true. A skilful use of the provocations and aggravations is almost certain to be successful. The "bad-tempered, unamiable, disagreeable, irritating, unbearable—*delightful* woman" carries everything before her with the Antonys of the world. Of course there is a "subauditur." Something is *understood*. It is beauty of some kind or other. It may not be mere beauty of form or color. It is something *piquant*, stimulating, irresistible—what, it is not very easy for a man to describe, though most men know what it is. Whether these nameless charms can work without love I am not prepared to say. I rather doubt it myself. We read of such results in fiction—of men breaking their hearts and wasting their fortunes upon women without a gleam of natural affection—as cold and as hard as marble. But I have never met these heartless enslavers in real life; and if they exist at all, I am disposed to think that their reign must be brief. Nothing is so lovable as love; and if the sinner be not a loving one, though she may conquer, she cannot retain her conquests. At all events Cleopatra was a tender-hearted, loving woman; and Antony well knew it. Shakspeare does not say much about it—but he lets the curtain fall, at the end of the first act, on the queen's arrangements to write every

day by special messenger to her absent lord, as regularly as though Rowland Hill had lived in the age of the Ptolemies.

We confess, however wrong it may be in the eyes of Miss Prude, that we cannot help feeling for Cleopatra when we learn that Antony is untrue to her. He goes to Rome and marries Octavia. "And a very proper thing to do, too, sir! A respectable young woman of his own country and creed!" There is nothing to be said against this view of the case.

But since these poor forsaken ones are apt,  
In ignorant directness to perceive  
Only the fact that gentle links are snap—

and the hearts even of those who are not respectable young women will bleed sometimes, we may not unrighteously feel compassion for such a Cleopatra. That the Egyptian queen's conduct towards the messenger who brought the news of this marriage was violent and unseemly—"not at all lady-like," as Miss Prude would say—must be admitted. "Her manners had not the repose" of the Vere de Veres. She was a woman with strong passions, and she could not take things coolly. It was a relief to her to strike the poor fellow and to hale him about by the hair of his head. This we can all of us understand, men and women alike; but the second scene with the messenger is not so appreciable by the former, although its wonderful truth is clearly to be discerned by all who have been observers of the female character. There is no more remarkable distinction between the character and conduct of men and women, in like circumstances, than that which is developed by rivalries and jealousies in the two sexes. Cleopatra, in accordance with feminine instincts, is eager to learn all that she can about the woman who has supplanted her,—

*Cleopatra.* Is she as tall as me?

*Messenger.* She is not, madam.

*Cleopatra.* Didst hear her speak; is she shrill-tongued or low?

*Messenger.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleopatra.* That's not so good. He cannot like her long!

On this the waiting-maid Charmian breaks in with the timely ejaculation, "Like her, O Isis! 'tis impossible!" to which Cleopatra replies, "I think so, Charmian,—dull of tongue and dwarfish!"



And then turning to the messenger she renews her inquiries,—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

*Messenger.* She creeps;  
Her motion and her station are as one,  
She shows a body rather than a life,  
A statue than a breather.

After inquiring about Octavia's age, Cleopatra continues,—

Bear'st thou her face in mind. Is it long or short?

*Messenger.* Round e'en to faultiness.

*Cleopatra.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so:

Her hair what color?

*Messenger.* Brown, madam; and her forehead,  
As low as she would wish it.

Having thus catalogued the personal qualifications of her rival, and arrived at the conclusion that "this creature's no such thing" (or, as I have heard women say, "no such great thing after all,") Cleopatra tells the messenger that he is "most fit for business," apologizes for having ill-used him, and dismisses him with lavish gifts. And how truly feminine is all this! A man's conduct in such circumstances is precisely the reverse of a woman's. The last thing that he cares to know is what his rival is like—the last thing that he thinks of doing is to make any inquiries about him. The less that he knows the better. He does not like to examine the skeleton too closely. He prefers to keep the evil as impalpable and mythical as possible; whilst a woman seeks to have it before her in all its minutest details. The photographic process helps her somewhat in these days. At all events, it does more than the descriptions of a messenger from a distance. But I have known a woman travel five hundred miles to look at a supposed rival. It is an almost prurient curiosity of the same kind that impels a woman to open and to read letters suspected to be written by a rival, or to contain, in some other shape, evidence of the infidelity of the man she loves. I do not say that such things have not been done by men. But, as a rule, they shrink from such investigations, and are content to be ignorant of what can only give them pain when known. It may be said that there is a sort of latent cowardice in this. Perhaps there may be. But there is wisdom, too, in abstaining from doing that which may fix a strong and enduring impression of a most painful kind upon the mind—

which may stamp upon it, with a photographic accuracy and minuteness, that which nothing can ever efface. The door of the Blue Chamber is far better closed than open.\*

Cleopatra was right when she said that Octavia would not keep Antony very long to herself. We soon find the married woman returned to her brother's house, and Antony and Cleopatra sitting side by side in a place of public resort in Alexandria. Plutarch says that, "to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans." But there they sat in gold chairs—Cleopatra robed as Isis, and her progeny, in various costumes, picturesquely grouped at her feet. I am not at all surprised that the Romans were greatly incensed. But it is pleasant to think that Cleopatra was of a forgiving nature, and that, loving Antony, she tolerated his infidelity, and made allowance for the temptations to which he had been exposed. How could Antony help being proud of such love? The Romans said that she had bewitched him "by her charms and amorous poisons." And so she had—but not in the sense which the words are intended to convey. Her charms were the natural charms of a beautiful and loving woman; her amorous poisons were only the incense of a flattery such as no man's vanity can resist. So she won him back again—completely, irrevocably. And with this the Shakspearian comedy ends—and the tragedy commences.

But before I pass on to the catastrophe, I would wish to give a few sentences to another dramatic illustration of this marvellous love-story. Dryden's tragedy of *All for Love*; or, *The World Well Lost*, is one of the best of glorious John's dramatic pieces. He himself seems to have thought it the best of all. It is stately and dignified, and it contains some fine passages in the classic style. But, al-

\* Such of my readers as have studied in the closet or seen acted on the stage Dean Milman's *Fazio* (one of the best of modern tragedies) will remember, and perhaps quote against me, the speech of Aldabella, ending with the words—

But never let me see her, Fazio—never!

I can only reply to this that Milman was a young man when he wrote the play. Had he written it at fifty, I don't think that this line would have been part of it.

though more correct and artistic than *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is greatly inferior to it as a portrayal of human character. It has not, in the same profusion, those glimpses of the moral nature of men and women as Shakspeare's drama, but it is not wholly wanting in them. Dryden, indeed, seems to have looked about very carefully to see whether from this wonderful picture of coquetry his predecessor had omitted anything that would have given greater completeness to the whole; and his search was not wholly unsuccessful. Among the various arts of the accomplished coquette not one is more serviceable than the excitation of a little wholesome jealousy in the breast of the victim. And this the elder dramatist had not turned to account. Dryden, therefore, found something to work upon, which had been dropped—we may be sure not overlooked—by Shakspeare; and he has introduced, with considerable effect, some new situations, almost Shakspearian in their reality. It was not a bad thought to bring Cleopatra and the "married woman" together, and to give dramatic development to the hints and suggestions of the earlier tragedy. The positions, relatively to each other and to Antony, of the wife and the mistress, are very felicitously illustrated. Octavia is clearly no match for Cleopatra. When the former boasts that, if nothing else, she is a noble Roman, the "serpent of old Nile" superbly replies:—

Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

It would be difficult to press a greater amount of irony and insolence into a single line. It might have two emphatic readings, according to the will of the exponent actress:—

Your lord, the man who serves *me*, is a Roman;

or,

Your lord, the man who *serves* me, is a Roman.

It is, indeed, all emphasis. Stung by these taunts, Octavia falls back upon her chastity, and reminds Cleopatra of her old connection with Cæsar. To this the Egyptian replies:—

I loved not Cæsar—'twas but gratitude  
I paid his love. The worst your malice can  
Is but to say, the greatest of mankind  
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him  
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,  
But whom his love made mine.

So Octavia takes nothing by her taunts. The love-wife thinks herself in a prouder

position than the law-wife; so the law-wife looks for an opportunity of shaking Antony's faith in the fidelity of his mistress. Meanwhile, the love-wife is thinking that the "man who serves" her is a little too attentive to the "married woman," and is falling off in his devotion to her. So she gets up the semblance of a flirtation with a handsome young Roman, named Dolabella, who easily falls into the trap. She does not care a straw for Dolly—but the little game answers her purpose. There is, of course, a friend ready on the occasion to drop suggestions into Antony's ears. He is what the young ladies of the day would call "a good old buffer," and he does his work, in all sincerity and outspokenness, by no means after the manner of Iago. Antony is, of course, furious; so Octavia's triumph commences. She says very quietly to her husband—the quietude of intense sarcasm—

Are you concerned  
That she's found false?

To this Antony replies:—

I should be, were it so;  
For though 'tis past, I would not that the world  
Should tax my former choice, that I loved one  
Of so slight note.

Upon seeing which, every woman will exclaim, "How like a man! Always thinking of himself!" And so it is—just like a man. These brief passages, indeed, from *All for Love*, are not unworthy of Shakspeare. We suspect that the proportion of those men who would be very much reconciled to losses of this kind, whether of a legitimate or an illegitimate character, if they were certain that no one would know anything about it, is lamentably great. But their vanity cannot endure the thought of its being known that they have been cuckolded or deserted. Vanity, indeed, except in very noble natures, is the largest part of what is called "love." It is often very severely visited. It was, doubtless, vanity that drew Dolabella in the first instance into the snares of the Egyptian queen; but it was not less inexcusable on the part of Cleopatra to pretend to be amorously affected towards a young man for whom, in truth, she cared nothing. This, however, is a little game which has not ceased to be played, and which never will cease to be played so long as men are truant and women are vexed. It must be admitted that it is very efficacious disci-

pline. It has, doubtless, sometimes been carried a little too far, and has had disastrous results; but it is generally successful. And, perhaps, if the third person in every little drama of this kind were a confederate and not a dupe, there would be little to say against the device. It seldom, however, happens so in real life. The third person is commonly a dupe—not a dummy; and he is often very much to be pitied. Ah, well! Perhaps the balance of this kind of mischief done in the world must not be charged against the gentler sex.

I have said that the comedy is ended, and that the tragedy is to commence. Of course, poetic justice demands that such a story should not "end well." The Nemesis is lying in wait for them, and they are very soon overtaken by it. It is the nature of all strong, passionate love to be subject to violent reactions—terrible gusts of anger supersede it at times—something, indeed, that simulates hatred, but which is, in reality, love in disguise. "To be wrath with one you love doth work like madness on the brain"; and so when Antony thought that Cleopatra had betrayed him, not to a juvenile lover, but to the enemy against whom he was fighting, he was furious with resentment. The fair Egyptian became "the foul Egyptian" in his mind. He calls her by the vilest name ever applied to woman; and then, with a gush of tenderness, exclaims,—

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them home;

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,  
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss—

But the sight of the Egyptian inflames him again more violently than before; and when she asks, in words and tones which, at the moment, he believes to be false,—

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

he bursts into a fury of rage closely allied to insanity, declaring, in most unjustifiable language, that he will have his former idol hoisted up before the shouting populace, and that "patient Octavia" shall plough Cleopatra's visage up "with her prepared nails." This insult is too much for the queen, who takes her departure, and, by the advice of her attendants, shuts herself up in a mausoleum and gives out that she is dead. Mardian the Eunuch bears the

tidings to him; his wrath has now expended itself; he is full of remorseful tenderness, and he at once resolves to follow her to the Elysian Fields. "I come, my queen," he exclaims, in a burst of triumphant fondness,—

Where souls do couch in flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly part make the ghosts gaze,  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.

Eager, in the fulness of his love, for this blessed reunion, Mark Antony falls upon his sword.

What followed, as narrated by Plutarch and portrayed with strict historical fidelity by Shakspeare, need not be repeated here. He died, as he could have wished, with Cleopatra's kisses on his lips,—

I am dying, Egypt—dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.

To which she presently responds, when her loving arms are round him,—

Die where thou has lived:  
Quicken with kissing, had my lips that power  
Thus would I wear them out.

Antony dies, and Cleopatra prepares to follow him to the shades below. Her death is as characteristic, as truly womanly, as her life. Antony, with his dying breath, had implored her to save herself by making submission to Cæsar. But she had resolved never to be taken alive. Perhaps she would not have cared so much about falling into Cæsar's hands, if it had not been for the detestable thought that—

The wife, Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion,

might triumph over her in the hour of disgrace. She was prepared for this. She had been taking lessons in the art of dying. Historians say that her object was to die with as little pain as possible. And so it was, in one sense—for to die painfully is to die unbecomingly. And Cleopatra was resolved to be beautiful and delightful even in death,—

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead.  
So she arrays herself in her most gorgeous and becoming attire; and having previously ascertained how to die with the least physical disturbance, she quietly puts an end to herself. Cæsar's messengers find her dead. "When they had

opened the doors, they found her stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." So Plutarch, in North's translation. And she must have been a lovable wretch after all—apart from the passion which she inspired in men—or her tire-women would not so have loved her. There is a kind of woman—the exemplars, however, are very rare—who are regarded with equal affection and admiration by both sexes. They are not "modest-eyed, still-conclusioned" women; but open-hearted, generous, impulsive; quick-tempered, passionate women, beloved, sometimes with an ardent,

almost masculine love and devotion, by their feminine equals and inferiors. Cleopatra was one of these; or her waiting-women would not have died with her, and in the very agonies of death ministered to the beauty of their mistress.

The story of the happy and unhappy loves of these two "quite-old" people is now ended. Is it less interesting than the story of Romeo and Juliet, which it very much resembles, *mutatis mutandis*, especially in the catastrophe? I think that I may anticipate the answer. At least, I may say without much fear of contradiction, that Cleopatra was one of the most fascinating women that ever lived, and that Shakspeare's picture of her is quite unexampled for its truthfulness, even in his own wonderful gallery of female portraits.

Fraser's Magazine.

#### DEATH OF MARY STUART.

##### I.

NOBLY at length to die,  
To end her life of blood;  
With a lightsome step and a joyous eye,  
In the pride of her peerless majesty,  
Before them all she stood.

##### II.

Not an eyelid's faintest shiver  
Was there, to give the lie  
To the false heart beating calm as ever,  
As she passed proudly by.

##### III.

Magnificent in wrong!  
The old smile lit her face  
As she stood those stern-eyed men among;  
Not a stain of fear as she swept along  
Should mar that fatal grace.

##### IV.

Not a falter as she passed  
Was wrung from her royal pride;  
With a lie on her lips to the very last,  
And a gay "Au revoir" to her judges cast,  
Thus Mary Stuart died.

O. AIRY.

Macmillan's Magazine.

#### PATTY.

##### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### COMING HOME.

LONG before Nuna expected she heard the sound of an arrival, and she knew by instinct that her husband had come back. She made a desperate effort at calmness.

"I will not reproach him," she said; "the picture will speak for itself. If I speak out, I shall get passionate and foolish, as I used to be with my father."

But it did not occur to her, in her misery, that she had usually made this



same resolution to be calm and reticent before each of those unhappy disputes at the Rectory.

She had made her resolution; but the strange, wild trouble that came on her as she heard Paul's step, kept her eyes from his face as he came in. She had an instinctive dread of betraying herself.

There is no use in attempting to revise life,—“if I had done this at that moment, then such and such a calamity would have been spared me;” the chief events of our life are already graven for us with an inefaceable writing. We may modify them; we may hasten or retard their coming; but from all eternity such and such joys and sorrows have been willed to our portion: only when we rail against this blind fate or destiny, or whatsoever else it may please us to name the inexorable law of being, we are apt to forget that freedom is left us—freedom to change thorns to roses, bitter to sweet—if we so strive to submit ourselves to all that is laid upon us, that our trials and griefs become at last the way we would have chosen, had such a choice been possible to poor, weak humanity.

But Nuna was far from such a goal; and if she could have seen the beaming love in her husband's face, her undisciplined heart would have insisted that it was just that drooping of her eyelids, meant to hide agitation, which began the wretchedness of her life.

Paul was startled that she should sit there motionless. He looked round in utter amazement, and he saw Patty's portrait.

Man is probably a less irritating being than woman is; but he has usually one weakness in which he is unrivalled—whatever mischance happens, he must at once fix blame on somebody.

Paul had come home, his heart brimful of love and resolve to atone to Nuna for all he might have inflicted on her in the way of neglect; and yet, being a man, his first feeling at sight of the picture was that Nuna had been somehow to blame, or that it would not have been there at all.

He was annoyed, and he had that extremely disconcerting sensation to a self-possessed man—he felt awkward and uncomfortable. It seemed to him that a scene was inevitable; he hated scenes.

He walked past Nuna up to the picture.

Nuna's resolution fled away; her self-

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control seemed flying after it; she felt no power of restraint left in her, and yet she could not begin a quarrel with Paul.

“Why doesn't he speak to me?” she thought. “Why before my face does he show that she is more to him than I am?”

But these thoughts were too passionate to be long kept in bondage. Her bosom heaved with its wild throbbings; she must have suffocated if she had not spoken.

“Why did you let me see it at all? Why not carry on your deceit to the end?”

Even then her good angel pleaded. She was shocked by the bitterness of her own voice—the contempt of her words.

“Deceit!” Her manner stung Paul past bearing; it was a spark falling on the tinder vexation had made of his patience. “Don't talk such nonsense, Nuna. Deceit! One would think I was a child, accountable to you for everything I do!” He had been ready to say that he had meant to tell her everything; but pride stopped the words, and made him say just the reverse.

All the pride, too, in Nuna's nature stirred; she raised her head haughtily.

“You are very unjust. I never have expected you to tell me all you do, though I believe it would not have been unusual if I had expected it; but I must feel deceived when a thing of this kind goes on for weeks without my knowledge.”

“A thing of what kind? In Heaven's name what do you mean? Mayn't I paint a woman's portrait without asking your leave first?”

Paul had lost command of his temper, and he knew it; and when he looked at his wife, there was such a new unwonted sternness in her eyes, that he shrunk from her almost with dislike. Nuna saw his movement, and read in it a fresh proof of his want of love for her.

She loved Paul too dearly to think of herself, or she might have known that by standing aloof with that hard, proud look she was depriving herself of all power of soothing him. If she had only thrown her arms around his neck; only shown him that, spite of all, she loved him deeply still, Paul would have softened: but Nuna was like us all; she knew her own feelings, and she forgot that Paul could not know that her face was not speaking the language of her heart; each moment her bitterness increased.

“Of course,” she said calmly, “if you

think you have acted rightly, I have nothing more to say; but I don't see that you can expect me to agree with you, or to feel pleased with what you have done."

She spoke more quietly, but so coldly, that Paul gazed at her in surprise.

"If there's one thing I have dreaded more than another in my life," he thought, "it has been jealousy. If Nuna is turning jealous, she'll drive me mad."

He stretched out his hand as if to impose silence, and Nuna's heart swelled more proudly still.

"You have quite mistaken me"—there was a sadness in his voice that tried her firmness—"and I have still more mistaken you. Will you hear what I have to say now, or will you try and recover yourself first?"

What a curse pride is, and specially when it gets uppermost in a woman! Here were these two poor human souls striving to get closer to each other, and yet, because each mantled itself in its own dignity, getting farther asunder.

"I have nothing to recover from," said Nuna. She kept her eyes away from Paul. "It is because I am so weak he despises me," she said to herself, in the strange hallucination that jealousy will work in the steadiest mind, "and he does despise me, or he would love me. He shall not say I am weak now."

Weak! Oh Nuna! At the very moment when your weakness would have been to your husband the perfection of sweetness! What use in strength when you should be weakest?

Paul bowed his head: his thoughts were bitter enough. What a self-delusion he had created! He had longed so ardently for this return home,—hastened it; for what? to find the wife he dreamed that he possessed, cold, jealous, standing on her rights, as unlike the fond, devoted woman he had pictured, as his own feelings were unlike those of last night.

"When I got the commission to paint that picture," he said,—and he looked at it while he spoke,—"I did not know who Mrs. Downes was; and when I found out, I did not tell you for two reasons: first, I really thought you had too much sense to object to my painting it; and next, I believe Mrs. Downes does not wish to be known as Patty Westropp. I don't blame her for this; she's a rich, fashionable woman now. She is not in our way

of life, and it seemed to me useless to discuss her at all."

Paul said all this in a cold, lofty way; he felt how lame it sounded, and yet he was vexed at his wife's continued silence.

He waited a few minutes; Nuna neither spoke nor moved; then he muttered something about breakfast, took up his hat, and went out.

"What is life for, I wonder?" he said, as eager now to get away from his home as he had been to come to it. "Surely the existence of Tantalus in the myth was a fair representation of what life has held for me."

And then he told himself it was all his own fault; that life was for men that which each made it for himself; that if he had not believed in women, and invested them with qualities of which they were incapable, he would not have been disappointed; and in the midst of this scepticism as to earthly bliss came the memory of his mother's loving, unselfish nature, and he sighed.

"I did not know what she was while I had her. I knew nothing of women then; they seemed to me far off, like a band of angels, almost too good to be loved even."

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### A COMMAND.

THE sittings for the unconscious woe-working picture had spread over a much longer period than they seemed to occupy; possibly, the time had passed more quickly with Paul Whitmore than it had with Mrs. Downes—for Time has a knack of flying with artists; they seem always, to themselves, to progress so slowly.

The last fortnight of June had been singularly oppressive; there had been no rain for weeks, and the clouds were evidently sultry, and hung about of evenings in heavy masses, puffing out a sulphureous breath, as if they meant shortly to let folks below know what was the sort of storm brewing up behind their shelter.

Roger had grown feebler and feebler; and now he lay on his comfortless bed, awaiting the arrival of Miss Coppock. His face had that unnatural hue which paleness produces on a sun-burnt skin; but there was a blue tinge on his lips, and a sunken extinguished look in his eyes, which told a beholder that the flame of life had got low in that wiry body stretched out on the bed.

He was restless with fever and impatience; yet, true to his restrained nature, he kept still; his long gaunt limbs showing through the scanty bed-covering like those of some recumbent effigy in stone.

"She'll come," he muttered; "I know the ways of her." He smiled, and the effect was ghastly; for the smile did not go beyond his lips. "I saw that day in the street she'd be willing to do just what she thought Patty might dislike; they've fallen out, I take it. Well, it seldom answers for mistress and maid to change places; and that's about the case with Miss Coppock and Patty."

Here the door was softly opened, and Patience came in.

She came up to the bedside, rustling her silk skirts, and speaking in the high-pitched artificial voice which seemed to her to be a sign of breeding; but the ashen face, the faded eyes, the aspect as of a shadow cast by a coming presence, made her words falter as they came, and then cease altogether.

Roger moved his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed there. A strong expression of repugnance came over him as he noticed a new unreal bloom on Miss Coppock's cheeks.

"Old fool!" he muttered, "is she going in to rival Patty in looks? She weren't comely ever, but now she don't look wholesome."

"I'm so sorry," Patience began, finding he made no answer to her first greeting.

Roger's eyebrows had lowered, and he looked up at her through the thick grey thatch.

"Are you, ma'am? I ought most like to say, I thank you. Why should you be sorry, Miss Coppock?"

"Dear Mr. Westropp, what a question!" Patience felt nervous at his new tone towards her; her affectation came back, and she had her high voice again. "Surely mere common feeling makes any one sorry to see a fellow-creature suffer; but, besides that, I consider you quite an old friend, and the father of dear Mrs. Downes, too. Why, there are such abundant reasons."

"Be there?" He lay looking at her with a hard inquiry in his eyes; it seemed to Patience he had sent for her only to gibe, and that she had better go away.

"I'm sure, Mr. Westropp, if I'd known——"

"Then it were just for love of me and of Martha," he interrupted her, "that you came, eh, ma'am? were it, indeed? I'm afeared I don't feel as thankful as I ought; and did you think I sent for you for the pleasure of looking at you, ma'am?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Westropp!"—and then she stopped, frightened into a sort of quailing submission by the unexpected energy of Roger's words, and the kindling of his sunken eyes.

"Listen, if you please, ma'am—for much talking don't suit me, I ain't the strength for it—don't let Patty come a-nigh nie; if I go, she'll be glad enough, there'll be no fear left then of my turning up to disgrace her, but I don't want her here beforehand. I sent for you, ma'am, to tell me where Miss Nuna bides in London."

Patience started; she thought he was wandering.

"My dear Mr. Westropp, why should you trouble yourself at such a time about Mrs. Whitmore? I'll do anything for you that is to be done; only tell me, please, what you'd like. I think you ought to have a better nurse than that old woman."

"Very like you do; perhaps I do too; but don't you put trouble on yourself as you've no call to. I put one trust in you, ma'am, and you failed me. I asked you to keep Patty from spendthrift, wasteful ways, and, instead of that, why you axially help spend my money—yes, my money—you know well enough it were mine by honest right. Look at your silks and your flouncins;" he grew more vehement as he felt his strength leaving him, "you've got my property on your back, that's how you kep' faithful to your promise."

His last words were thick and choked; and he lay still, panting and laboring for breath.

Patience had no experience of illness in others; Roger's anger and his exhaustion frightened her equally; she felt he ought not to be left to die there alone, and yet she shrank from staying beside him.

"I shall tell Patty he's ill," she said to herself: "there's no use in listening to his raving; she's his own daughter, and she ought to see after him."

She was not looking at Roger; she thought his eyes were still closed, and she moved like a cat towards the door.

"Stay where you are," he spoke sternly,

—he knew that fear would keep her stationary; “why do you go before you know what you was wanted for?”

“I beg your pardon,”—Patience was afraid to tell the truth,—“I was only going to tell your nurse you were ill.”

Roger lay looking at her curiously, almost with a smile on his face.

“Women ’ull all lie if they can get the chance,” he said. “I ain’t got a nurse, and you warn’t going farther down nor the street-door. Go there, and welcome; but listen to me fust. Find your way to Miss Nuna’s house, and tell her I bide here, and I want her,—quick too.” He saw refusal in Patience’s face, and he raised his hand warningly. “There bea’n’t overmuch that I believes in,” he went on, “but I’ve heerd a dyin’ person’s curse ain’t a safe thing to have laid on one. I’ll lay mine on you if you don’t do as I bid ye.”

“My goodness!” Miss Coppock was alarmed out of her gentility. “Whatever are you thinking about? Of course I will. Lor’, Mr. Westropp, don’t be so dreadful, don’t; don’t stare at me like that; oh, good heavens! he’s dying.” Her voice grew into a shriek; for Roger lay panting again, with eyes and mouth widely opened, and she thought he would die while still angry with her. “Oh, Roger Westropp, I’ll go to Miss Nuna; I’ll do everything you bid me if you only say, ‘Bless you, Patience Coppock,’ and shake hands.”

It had come to the ex-milliner that she was undergoing a realization of one of the scenes in her favorite romances, and this light taught her that the best antidote to a curse was a blessing from the lips which had threatened it.

“Bless you, Patience Coppock; but you’re mortal wrong if you look for profit from blessin’ o’ mine—you may go now;” his fingers twitched so restlessly, that she was forced to loosen the grasp she had lain on them. His eyes moved towards the door; she saw how impatient he was she should go.

“Good-by,” she said, “it shan’t be my fault if Mrs. Whitmore doesn’t come to you at once.”

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

##### MISS COPPOCK’S WARNING.

WHEN Nuna was fairly alone, she burst into passionate weeping.

“Oh, what have I done, what have I

done? driven him away by my jealousy, and he’ll never come back!”

She started up and ran to the door, but it was too late: the hall-door banged loudly; Paul was gone.

He had come home a day sooner than she expected, and instead of springing forward to welcome him, she had sat like a stone, and then, without waiting for any explanation about the picture, had reproached him with deceit.

“Whatever a husband does, a wife is bound to honor him and love him.” Poor Nuna’s tears dropped like scalding rain over the slender hands pressed against her throbbing bosom. “And what has Paul done? He could not do anything wrong, he is an artist, and he must admire beauty; don’t I worship beauty in women, and how can he help it? Oh, my darling! my darling! come back to me.”

This penitent mood lasted some time, but Nuna wanted stronger help than mere feeling against herself. Jealousy in an ardent nature is like devouring flame; you may slake it and it seems extinguished, but it lies smouldering, ready to leap up in active life at the slightest arousing.

She had kept steadily away from the picture, but afternoon came, and still Paul had not returned. She went up to it desperately and looked at it.

Her dinner had been sent away untasted, she looked haggard and worn, and she knew it.

“What can he feel when he sees us side by side?” she said. She went abruptly and fetched a hand mirror from her bedroom, and then she placed herself before the picture, and forced herself to compare every feature with Patty’s.

There was a passionate glow in her eyes at first, but as she persisted in her painful work her cheeks grew pale, and the firmly compressed lips parted into a listless look of despondency.

Her jealousy had been maddening, but it took a new despairing element as she noted with unsparing eyes the total want of any resemblance between herself and the beautiful face in the picture. It would have been easier to bear Paul’s admiration for another, if it had been attracted by charms which in any way reflected her own; but between Nuna and Patty there was the wide difference which time can never bridge over. Painting could not do any more justice to Patty



than it could do justice to any beautiful woman; but it could represent, in a measure, all the loveliness she possessed. Nuna's beauty was so entirely dependent on expression, on the ever-varying emotions which seem to lay the soul bare beneath the pure transparent skin, that it was no wonder she was unconscious of any power to charm; no wonder either that her heart sank like lead as she stood comparing her own face with Patty's. The beautiful picture smiled at her, not cruelly, Nuna thought, but in pity at her weakness.

She put the glass down on the table, and struggled hard against the disorder which she felt was mastering her soul.

She was humbled at her own vanity: it was new to Nuna to care about her looks.

"How silly I have grown!" she thought, sadly; "was Elizabeth right when she said I could never guide myself?" She made another effort at steadiness. Already she knew, even with her imperfect self-knowledge, that agitation and disquiet were as open doors to the subtle temptation which had destroyed her peace. If she would not be conquered by her jealousy, she must be self-restrained.

"Why don't I believe all Paul says? I do believe entirely his view of it. If I could only not think that horrid woman tries to make him like her better than he likes me!" and then she strove to think that if she were really the trusting wife she called herself, she should be sure of her husband's love.

But this last argument was an unhappy one; the poor devoted heart might blame itself, but nature and truth would be heard; and they both spoke out from the very depths of her love.

"There's no use in being miserable." She pushed her hair out of her eyes, and almost a look of her girlish archness came back. "Paul may not love me as I love him. I'm not worth it, most likely, but I am his wife, and he's much too good and too honorable to give way to liking Patty. I must see her." She shrank as she spoke, but she nerved herself against her reluctance. "Perhaps I have been wronging her, perhaps she loves her own husband very much, and I have been making myself miserable for nothing at all."

The afternoon was changing into evening when at last she heard footsteps on the stairs; but an instant's listening told

Nuna that this was not Paul's rapid tread. The servant announced Miss Coppock, but Nuna was so startled by the change in her looks that she hardly recognized her old dressmaker.

Miss Coppock came in voluble and high-voiced, a mixture of servility and patronage: surroundings were much in her estimation, and to find her former employer in an old-fashioned part of London, with not even a regular drawing-room to receive her in, was to Patience a decided confession of inferiority. She had driven to St. John street in a cab this afternoon, but she was going home to one of the best houses in Park lane, and she drove out daily in Mrs. Downes's fashionable carriage, yet in the midst of these self-complacent suggestions, every now and then, something in Nuna's refined face, in the gentle courtesy of her words and her manner, sent the ex-dressmaker back to her own rank of life, and made her feel like an impostor.

"You are surprised to see me, Mrs. Whitmore, I dare say, but I have brought you a message from Roger Westropp."

She looked around her at this, and she saw Patty's picture.

Miss Coppock gave a little start—Mr. Whitmore must have told his wife, after all—but Nuna was questioning her about Roger's message, so she was forced to be patient.

"I suppose Roger has sent for his daughter," said Nuna; "she sees him sometimes, of course?"

And then Nuna blushed; it seemed to her that she was prying into Patty's arrangements.

"Not often." Patience laughed spitefully; it was a relief to have found some one to whom she could speak freely.

"She can't like Patty; it's not in a woman's nature," she said to herself. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, you see Mrs. Downes has a position to maintain, and all that kind of thing takes time, you know; and going to court and fêtes and balls and operas is, of course, of far more consequence than going to see an old father, when we're ashamed of him. Dear me, yes, she don't even know he's ill." Here Miss Coppock laughed again.

But she had quite misunderstood her listener's silence; a flush of indignation rose in Mrs. Whitmore's face. Miss Coppock had told her she was Mrs. Downes's

confidential friend, and Nuna was disgusted at her treachery.

"I will go and see Roger Westropp as soon as possible," she said, coldly. "If I find him very ill,"—she was thinking aloud, rather than addressing her companion,—"I shall write to Mrs. Downes."

Mrs. Whitmore's manner irritated Patience; the woman had been stung and goaded by Roger's taunts till she was ready to vent her resentment on the first victim she met with: she had felt sure of Nuna's sympathy, and the fresh rebuff made her spite overbear her prudence.

"I wouldn't, really, Mrs. Whitmore;" she shook her head and gave Nuna a look full of compassion. "I dare say you didn't know it, but when Mrs. Downes was only Patty Westropp she never could say a civil word of you; and *now*, it stands to reason that she can't like you."

Nuna grew crimson; she stiffened into haughtiness.

"I really do not care to hear what Mrs. Downes thinks of me; but if I find her father very ill, I shall certainly write and tell her, Miss Coppock."

Here Patience met a look in those deep liquid eyes which almost made her rise from her seat; it carried her back to the time when she had stood, pins in hand, fitting on Miss Nuna's dresses.

She looked at her own silk skirts, and then at Nuna's simple muslin gown, and the contrast gave her fresh courage.

"Of course, Mrs. Whitmore, you must do as you think fit; but if I was in your position, knowing all that I do know, I would not interfere between Mrs. Downes and her father."

She waited here, but Nuna would not question her; she was anxious to get rid of her visitor, and she thought silence the surest way.

Miss Coppock sat some moments, but she meant to have her say out whether Nuna helped her or not.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whitmore." She rose to go away; but she would not see Nuna's outstretched hand; her anger had got beyond the bounds of decorum. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, be warned or not as you please; all I know is, if I had married a man who had been head-over-ears in love with Patty Westropp, I shouldn't like him to spend all his time with her as he does spend it now; and, above all, I'd take care not to vex her. Mrs. Downes

don't spare any one who stands in the way of her vanity,—I know that."

She rustled off; a twinge of conscience made her turn her head away. She did not want to see how Mrs. Whitmore had received her warning.

#### CHAPTER L.

##### NUNA'S PROMISE TO ROGER.

WHEN Paul came in at last, and told his wife not to sit up for him, as he was going to the theatre with friends, it seemed to Nuna as if she had heard the words before; as if this cold, estranged manner of her husband's were the reality of her life, and all the brighter, fonder ideas she had fancied or cherished, dreams.

And when next morning came and he sat opposite her at breakfast, hardly speaking a word but absorbed in his paper, she felt it was useless to struggle against fate; complaint and explanation would only alienate him altogether.

Her jealousy seemed dead; what right had she to be jealous? She had married Paul knowing he had loved Patty, and she had been so willing to believe his love for herself, that she had not paused to reflect on the rapidity with which he had transferred his affections. In the long hours of the last sleepless night she had had spare time to realize this thought, and to feel its truth.

"I gave my love too easily; I was won at once; I have made my own life," she said, in a quiet mood that was neither submission nor despair; "and now I have got to live it." She did not do herself the justice of remembering how hard she had pleaded against the hurry of her marriage.

She had so shrunk from approaching the subject of Patty, that she had not told Paul of Miss Coppock's message; and he had gone out now, and would not be home till evening. Nuna hesitated to go and see Roger unknown to her husband.

"But Miss Coppock seems to think he is dying; it is wicked to delay. Suppose he dies alone?"

She shrank a little at the idea of finding herself by Roger's death-bed; but, in her cottage visiting, she had met death, and it did not terrify her so much.

She went; she found the squalid house at last, after about twenty inquiries, and gave a timid knock at the door. Even her unobservant eyes were shocked by the dirty, ruinous aspect of everything: moss

had found a home in every crack of the stone steps ; and the parlor window looked as if it had received the mud splashes of a twelvemonth.

The door opened slowly, and then she recognized Roger Westropp.

His stern face lightened over with a smile. "Will you please walk in, ma'am?" he said.

Nuna went on into the little room, but she had no eyes for the squalor around her. Roger's face had taken her back to Ashton ; for the first time since her marriage she wished herself in her old life again.

She seated herself on the shabby, faded green sofa, but Roger remained standing. Nuna was still to him his young mistress ; neither his wealth nor her poverty could work any change in their relative positions.

"It's very kind on you to come, ma'am."

Nuna smiled up at him, looking so young and sweet and bright, that Roger felt all his old worship of her revived.

"I'm so glad to see you so much better, Roger ; I was afraid I should find you very ill indeed,—Miss Coppock said you were."

Roger's face clouded over ; he put both hands behind his back and stiffened into hardness.

"She said so, did she ? and yet she's never came anear this morning to see if I wur dead, or livin' ! I wur mortal ill yesterday, ma'am, but towards evenin' I took a turn, and this mornin' I'm better still. I'm afeared I'll disappoint some folks a while longer as'd be glad to feel there was a few feet of earth between them and their secrets."

"Oh ! please don't say so, Roger." Nuna spoke in a shocked, distressed voice ; almost as if she were crying.

"I'm only sayin' truth, but that there's not what I've got to say to you, ma'am. If you'd ha' come yesterday, maybe I'd ha' said more, but now——" He fumbled in his waistcoat, pulled out a bit of folded paper, and then slowly opened it and flattened it on the mantelshelf, before he turned to put it in Nuna's hand.

As her eyes followed his movements, they fell on Patty's likeness still resting against the blurred looking-glass. All the color faded from Nuna's face ; her eyes lost their liquid dancing light ; one instant, so it seemed to Roger Westropp, had robbed her of her beauty and her youth.

But Nuna did not notice his earnest, attentive glance ; her eyes remained fixed on the little portrait.

"Have you seen my daughter, Miss Nuna?" he said with a sharp, inquisitive look.

"No."

"Why not?" he said bluntly ; "I hear your good gentleman sees her most days." Nuna changed color with startling rapidity ; she felt his keen gaze on her face, and she had no strength to hide her agitation.

Roger was noting every change ; the drooping head, the quivering lips, the varying color ; and silently he put these side by side with Miss Coppock's talk.

His wits were keen, but they were not inventive, and he stood some minutes before he could see his way to helping Nuna in her trouble.

"It's just as it were at Ashton," he said to himself ; "Patty don't care a fig for the fellow herself, but she can't abide to spare him to another woman—the vain hussy !"

And yet, mingling with his pity for Nuna, came a sort of fatherly pride in Patty's beauty.

Nuna opened the paper.

"Messrs. Jones & Co.' I don't understand," she faltered.

"You've got to put that writin' by, ma'am, till so be as you hear as I'm taken ; then if you goes with it to Chancery lane, you'll get full informations at the office ; but"—he stopped and looked at Nuna to impress her with the importance of his next words—"don't you take no notice to my daughter about that paper, nor to Miss Patience, neither."

"I'm not likely to see either of them," said Nuna, proudly ; and she got up to go away.

Roger looked at her, and he smiled in his own peculiar fashion.

"That bit of paper may be of use to you some day, ma'am, for all you don't seem to set no store by it now ; I'm a going now to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" Nuna smiled ; she was vexed at her own ungraciousness. "I am very glad to do anything for you, Roger."

"Thank you, ma'am ; it's to go to Park lane, No. 7, and ask for Mrs. Downes. See her, if ye please—don't you be put off with no Miss Coppocks,—you see Patty, and tell her to come and see me directly ;

if she don't come to me, then I goes to her."

Nuna stood trembling.

"I can't," she said; "your daughter would think me an intruder. No, indeed I can't."

"Listen here, ma'am." He touched Nuna's clasped hands with one bony finger. "You was always a good young lady to your father, and others besides; you're not agoin' to refuse to send Patty to me when I'm sick and wantin' to speak with her? She's my own child, Miss Nuna. She ain't a lovin' child like you, ma'am, but she'll come if you says them words to her plain and straight—she'll come."

"Can't I write instead?" Nuna urged.

Something in Roger's stern voice and his tall, gaunt height, made her feel like a child with him.

"No, ma'am, writin' won't do. You'll not refuse an old servant, Miss Nuna?" he said earnestly; "it's life and death, I may so say, for me to see Patty. I shan't rest easy till you give me your word as you'll go straight to Park lane."

While he spoke, a strange, wild plan had darted into Nuna's mind. Why should she not see Patty? She had wished it herself yesterday, and then had shrunk from asking Paul.

"Am I always to be a coward?" she said, and she nerved herself with the struggle only timid natures know, and yet which, once achieved, lifts them to even daring bravery.

"I'll go," she said, abruptly. "Must it be to-day?"

"Yes, to-day, ma'am." His manner had altered; he saw that Nuna could only be compelled into his service by her belief in its importance to himself. "Unless Patty knows to-day, there's no use in telling her. Thank you, ma'am, I'm obliged to you."

He opened the door while Nuna stood looking at him; she had not yet realized that which she was about to do.

#### CHAPTER LI.

##### A GOSSIP AT THE "BLADEBONE."

THERE is a sensation well-known to persons of a nervous temperament; a something more or less akin to second sight. It is not presentiment; it is rather a consciousness of that which takes place respecting them in the mind of another, and it may exist in a mind entirely free from

any leaning to mesmeric influence. When Nuna's thoughts were drawn so strongly to Ashton, she was on the lips and in the hearts of her friends there, and her coming among them was the subject of desire—even of written entreaty.

Mrs. Bright's round, rosy face, which no amount of straw-colored bonnet trimming or white lace veil could pale, was full of excitement as she walked from the Parsonage gate to the "Bladebone."

If she had not spied out Mrs. Fagg on the doorstep, I incline to think that Will's mother would so far have forgotten the proprieties of life as to communicate her news to Bob the ostler, with whom she had left her pony-carriage on her first arrival in the village. For with Mrs. Bright "the proprieties" were a lesson still. In her husband's lifetime she had been left free. Will's public-school education had made him more fastidious than his father about outside matters; but the Miss Parsneps were the oracles who really influenced Mrs. Bright—the Miss Parsneps who always knew the right thing, and did it; who seemed never to be compelled to ask with the poet, "And what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?" even about so momentous a point with them as the wearing of flounces by maid-servants.

Mrs. Bright sometimes told herself that the Miss Parsneps must have had "opinions" in their cradles. They were so very settled, while she, poor plump body, was for ever changing in her endeavors to fit on a skin of consistent propriety, which nature had never meant her to wear.

With all her unswerving devotion to the aristocratic spinsters, she was never quite at ease with them. It was a relief to talk to a person who, like Mrs. Fagg, was her acknowledged inferior, and yet sufficiently well-taught to keep her place, even when Mrs. Bright, in the full gush of her confidence, sometimes forgot her own position. The reason of this might lie in the fact that Mrs. Fagg had the rare but ignoble gift of being satisfied with the state of life in which she had been born, and had no desire to tread on the heels of her superiors.

The months that have passed since we last saw these two have brought little change to the smooth skin and bright cheery eyes of the comely widow; but there is more alteration in Mrs. Fagg. It



is hard to give this alteration in words ; it is scarcely a physical change.

There may be a paler tint on her face ; the earnest eyes, set so far under her square, sharp-templed brows, may be a trace more careworn and sunken, but the mouth is less firm ; there is a chastened sweetness in the smile that greets Mrs. Bright ; an almost liquid light in the blue eyes—that light which we associate instantaneously with motherhood—there is so much of fostering love in it. Looking up at Mrs. Fagg from the bottom of the steps, and remembering your first impression of her, you say to yourself,—if you are a thoughtful person,—

"This innkeeper's wife has passed through some great sorrow since I saw her last, or maybe some great joy."

For though prosperity is apt to harden the heart by turning its love on itself and its own possessions, yet at its first incoming it unseals a spring of thankfulness which will gush forth on those near it ; and, if this spring be kept unchoked by pride and greed, who is to say that prosperity may not be as helpful as adversity ? But this is a digression : for it was sorrow in the beginning that had changed Mrs. Fagg.

"How's Dennis to-day ?" said Mrs. Bright, raising her flounced muslin as she stepped upwards ; and in former times Mrs. Fagg would have soliloquized, "Vain old fool," at sight of the said flounces ; but toleration had grown of late with sorrow, with the mistress of the "Bladebone," and, besides, the question was an engrossing one.

"We'll, ma'am, I'm sorry to say, thank you, not quite so well ; there's a thundery feel in the air, and I fancy he's much more sensible to weather-change now than what he used to be, and tired besides ; he's asleep just now."

"Ah ! then of course I won't go and see him." Mrs. Bright gave a sigh of relief.

Dennis had had a sudden illness in the winter, and had been ever since a helpless invalid ; his speech was imperfect, and it was no easy matter to keep up a conversation with him.

"Anyway you couldn't see Dennis now, ma'am." There was the old acerbity in Mrs. Fagg, and her head jerked back in a minute. "Miss Menella Parsnep's been with him an hour to-day, and in my opin-

ion she's been too much for him, though she have read him to sleep."

"Oh ! how can you, Mrs. Fagg ? why I should have thought it such a privilege for dear Miss Menella to take so much notice of Dennis."

Mrs. Bright had rather surprised herself. She knew that she had spoken just as one of the Miss Parsneps themselves would have spoken, but her feelings were somehow jarred by her own words.

"You see, ma'am,"—Mrs. Fagg spoke in her driest voice,—*"you think a deal of them Miss Parsneps, and I think a deal o' Dennis,—that's how it is. Miss Parsnep is well enough in their way ; but then, what a very small way it is ! If God Almighty didn't shape two elm leaves exact and similar, it ain't likely He meant men and women folk to follow suit, and squeeze theirselves to one pattern ; each one's way is best for each one's self."* Then, with sharp emphasis, *"There's that Miss Menella been tryin' to persuade Dennis he'd be better, if he went down to Primrose place and let her nurse him awhile."*

"Dear Miss Menella, has she really ?" Mrs. Bright's plump hands pressed themselves together in a gush of enthusiasm. "How good and kind she is ! just like a sister of charity, or a nursing mother, or an angel."

"Not much of that," Mrs. Fagg smiled, as a vision of the tall, bony figure of Miss Parsnep came with Mrs. Bright's words ; "and if she'd only asked Dennis, poor soul ! But to sit and tell me I should find it a relief, and I should get through twice as much work without him ! I've thought old maids apt at keeping married women to their work ; picking holes and interfering about children and such where they can in the manner of doing it : but to tell a wife she'd do anything better without her husband beside her than with him, and him ill, passes belief, and patience too, for that matter."

Mrs. Fagg ended abruptly as if her tongue had run away with her, and had been brought to a halt against its will.

"She didn't mean that,"—Mrs. Bright always suffered at any break in the harmony of her neighbors ; "but you know you've had a great deal of anxious nursing and care since Christmas ; and Bobby having scarlet fever, and peeling so dreadfully on the top of everything ; and although nobody did take infection, still they might,

which to me makes Miss Menella all the kinder."

Mrs. Fagg made no answer. Mrs. Bright's sentences, like some folks' notes, had a way of tying themselves in a double knot, and defied analysis.

She led the way into the little parlor where Paul had looked out of the window and admired the garden of the "Blade-bone." The roses were in full blossom, and the jackdaw, with his head on one side, seemed to have been popping in and out of the espaliers ever since we last saw him.

"I came here to tell you some good news," said Mrs. Bright, when she was comfortably settled on the sofa; "I don't know when I've been so flurried; it took me quite off my head."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Fagg, gravely; "how's Mrs. Beaufort, ma'am?"

"Well, it's not that"—the widow tried to look dolorous—"she's worse than she's been at all. I'm sure it's a sight to see that poor dear Rector, an Oxford man too, going about wringing his hands as one might do oneself,"—here she caught herself up. "I don't say one would; I'm not sure, now I call it to mind, I ever saw any one walk about wringing their hands before; and certainly it looks conspicuous in a man because of the awkwardness of coat-sleeves; but when one thinks how the Rector reads Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew too, just as easy as you or I read recipes"—she was careful to choose a suitable allusion for Mrs. Fagg's comprehension—"it seems a pity at such a time his learning shouldn't be any use to him."

"I don't fancy Greek and Latin's meant for that," said Mrs. Fagg; "but what is the good news, ma'am?"

"What a tongue she's got!" said the landlady to herself; "it's like that there compass the Rector gave to Bobby before he went to school. How it did shake, shake, shake; wag, wag, wag, before it settled to a point."

"Well"—Mrs. Bright's face broadened into a beaming smile, that seemed to bring her forehead and her chin nearer together, and to send her round, soft bloomy cheeks crushing into the full tulle bordering against which they glowed—"what do you think of Miss Nuna being expected at the Rectory? at least she's been sent for."

"Most time, too; and it's my belief, if

she'd been asked in a proper manner, she'd have come long ago. There never was a spice of malice in Miss Nuna; never."

Mrs. Fagg's mouth took its old set look. She was ready to defend her favorite against all assailants.

"I'm very fond of Nuna Beaufort, Mrs. Whitmore, I mean." Mrs. Bright spoke in a clucking voice, as she thought Miss Menella would have spoken. "But I never take a child's part against a parent, especially when he is a clergyman, it's against the course of nature;" then, feeling herself uncomfortable on her stilts, "Yes, she's coming at once, I believe, dear child; and I've no doubt it will have the best effect on Mrs. Beaufort."

"I'm sure I hope it may, ma'am." Sounds outside announced that the pony-carriage was ready, and Mrs. Fagg assisted in tucking away the flounces, and then stood on the door-step till her visitor was out of sight.

"Dennis used to say,"—the landlady looked pensive; her husband's sayings were treasured up like golden mottoes now,—"that nothing was made, which there wasn't a use for. Now, I'd like to know the use o' them heaps o' words as Mrs. Bright drops out by the gallon, for all the world like flakes o' snow; they come out and out, so soft and smooth, no roughness or shape in 'em; nothing as you can call 'em to mind by. She's a right good soul; but she's for all the world like a babe out without its nurse."

#### CHAPTER I.II.

##### PATTY'S ADMIRER.

MRS. DOWNES was in her pretty sitting-room; looking like her picture, as she sat very much in the same attitude in which Paul had painted her, an attitude so easy and natural that it seemed to be a part of herself.

Opposite to her, on so low a seat that he had to raise his eyes to her face, was a young man as picturesque, but not so natural-looking, as Patty herself.

Lord Seton's face had a gypsy type in it; large, dark southern eyes, made effeminate by the length of the black eyelashes; a skin, dark rather from nature than from exposure to atmosphere; a small characterless nose, and a large listless mouth: these, with an abundance of black, silky hair and beard, seemed more fitted for a costume model, than in keeping with the

faultless dress and conventional manner that belonged to them.

His eyes were fixed intently on Patty, but she was not looking at him; she was playing with her rings, twisting Maurice's last gift, a posy of brilliants, round and round one white rounded finger.

She caught herself doing this and smiled.

"I am forgetting all De Mirancourt's lessons on repose,—but what nonsense." Her soft brows narrowed a little—"How absurd I am! just as if by this time I can't trust to my own steering, just as if I don't know quite as much about life, and ever so much more about fashion, than De Mirancourt did, poor old hunchback!"

The day had been unusually warm; and although it is very pleasant to be worshipped by a pair of beautiful eyes, still there had been nothing to entertain or divert Mrs. Downes's consciousness from the oppression of the atmosphere. She began to wish Lord Seton would find his tongue; she was the least bit in the world tired of him.

He was supremely happy; his seat was most comfortable: he had a charming subject of contemplation; he wanted perhaps a cigar; but he could have stayed there content for another hour.

Patty's voice startled him from his dreams.

"You really must go. I have to pay visits, and then to meet Mr. Downes in the Park. You'll make me quite unpunctual."

Lord Seton gave an impatient stretch, and then recollected himself; but Patty had seen the movement, and she pouted.

"What have I done?" he said timidly. "Surely, you don't really care to be thought punctual? Do you know I detest punctual people?" And then he looked at Mrs. Downes to see whether his words had impressed or offended her.

He thought her very charming, the most charming woman he had ever seen; and there was a piquancy, a something different from the women among whom he had been brought up, which amused him extremely; but yet he was afraid of her. Something unlooked for, every now and then, disturbed even his sleepy admiration, and made him feel as if he had lost the usual landmarks by which he guided his conduct to women.

"You will be at the Busheys's to-night,"

he said; and Patty let him hold her hand while she answered. He thought she liked him to stand looking down into her eyes for his answer, but Patty was only considering how she should have felt two years ago, if she had been told that a Duke's son—a younger son certainly, but still the son of a Duke—would stand holding her hand, and imploring her with beseeching glances to meet him at a ball, given by a woman of decided fashion.

"I don't know," she smiled; "I've told you my engagements all depend on my husband: if he likes to go, you may possibly see us there; but I think it unpardonably selfish in a woman only to study herself in these matters."

"Mr. Downes is very much to be envied;" and then Lord Seton went away.

"Poor young fellow!" said Patty: "if anything happens to Maurice, I know he'd want to marry me at once; but I don't think I'd have him, he is only a lord, and he has no money to speak of. I'm not rich enough even with all Maurice will leave me to keep up a mere title, and enjoy life too."

She sat musing, conscious, as she looked towards the long mirror between the windows, of the charming contrast her white dimpled fingers made against the rosy cheek that nestled in them.

"There's one excellent quality in Maurice, I must say,—he's a gentleman; he has none of Patience Coppock's low notions about jealousy and so on. He said to me yesterday that nothing shows him so much how thoroughly fitted I am for society, as the rapid way in which my visiting list has filled up. He has plenty of sense, too; he knows that, clever as I am, my secluded school-life has been a disadvantage, and he's glad of course that I should spend my afternoons with as many visitors as possible; the higher class the better. I look on Lord Seton as a part of my education;" and she gave a merry laugh.

She heard the outer door open, and gave a slight yawn.

"Oh dear! I meant to ring, and say I would not see any one else to-day."

But it was not an actual visitor; only a lady who wanted specially to see Mrs. Downes.

"A lady? is she in the drawing-room? You can send Miss Coppock to her."

"Miss Coppock isn't in, ma'am, and

the lady said her business was entirely with you—a message from Mr. Westropp, ma'am."

Patty's face rarely told tales; but there was an unusual gravity on it, as she bade the servant show the visitor upstairs.

"I am not at home to any one else," she said.

Mrs. Downes puzzled for a moment in guessing at her visitor; and then her quickness told her it must be Mrs. Whitmore.

Roger certainly would not have employed a stranger to call on her; besides, he knew no one,—how could he?

There had been an angry smart at first, as if some one had struck her a blow. At times Patty succeeded so completely in forgetting her former identity, that the being reminded of it came with a sense of injury; but this did not last. She was not capable of reading Nuna thoroughly, but her sharp perceptive wits gathered in the upper surface of character, and she knew there was no fear that Mrs. Whitmore would betray her secret, even if Mr. Downes should come in during her visit. Before Nuna was half-way upstairs, Mrs. Downes was smiling at the triumph she anticipated over her former superior.

"We shall see who is the best lady now, Miss Nuna Beaufort."

Nuna's heart throbbed so violently, that she scarcely saw distinctly as she came into the room, and then she was conscious of a pleased surprise.

Patty's greeting was so easy, so graceful, so exactly that which could not have been expected in their strange relative positions, that all memory of the picture and her own sorrow floated away from Nuna, and gave place to a strong feeling of interest in the changed fortunes of Patty Westropp.

The intensity of Nuna's love for Paul made her prone to jealousy of his affection, but there was no trace of envy in her nature. As she looked round the luxurious room, the thought of old Roger and the misery in which he lived oppressed her.

"I have just come from your father." Her low, clear voice was tremulous as she gave Roger's message, and Patty noticed it.

"I knew she'd be nervous," she thought; "this shows me how right I was when I said clothes and show make

people self-possessed; and that fool of a Patience contradicted me to my face!"

"Yes." Patty's smile was not so beaming as when she had greeted Nuna. "I sent to inquire for him not long ago; he is better, I hope; but, Mrs. Whitmore, he does not care to be spoken of as my father. I changed my name to Latimer when I came into property, and it was then arranged that he and I should live apart."

Nuna felt rebuked; she scarcely knew why; but a feeling of resentment was already beginning against Mrs. Downes.

Patty was polite, smiling, amiable; but her manner, her voice even, suggested that she was years older than Mrs. Whitmore, and had an indulgent pity for her ignorance of the world and its ways.

"Then you don't consider him your father; but I suppose you do as he wishes?"

Patty laughed; but the silvery peal grated on Nuna just then,—she thought it sounded heartless.

"Well, that depends: I suppose now you are married you don't always find yourself able to do as Mr. Beaufort wishes?"

She had not spoken at random; she had gathered from Paul all the Ashton news she wanted, but she was startled at the effect of her words.

Nuna's conscience had been stifled when she resolved not to countenance her father's marriage; it had roused sometimes, and then she had tried to quiet it by writing to him in her old loving way, with a studious avoidance of Elizabeth's name; but as time had gone on, and Mr. Beaufort had left off answering her letters, Nuna had felt herself still more aggrieved, and consequently still more in the right, and conscience had slept. Her heart had been so full of Paul, that home and all relating to it had grown to be far of, unfamiliar. The studio in St. John street had been her world.

Patty's question stung through all grievances, all fancied wrongs.

Her father was not as old as Roger, but he was no longer young; and she was his only child; and she had left him to the sole care of a woman she knew to be cold and selfish.

"And he was not cold," sighed Nuna. No thought of Patty's presence restrained her; emotion always lifted Nuna beyond any conventional out-works. She clasped both hands over her eyes.



Patty smiled in undisguised amusement.

"How terribly unformed and impulsive she is! and I used to think her so lady-like. I suppose, poor thing, she can't afford to visit,—lives quite shut up, I daresay."

"How is Mr. Whitmore?" she said. But Nuna had recovered herself; she felt that a fresh trouble had started into life, but she thrust it bravely away till she should be alone. Patty's words brought her back to the present, vividly.

"Quite well, thank you." She was able to look calmly into Mrs. Downes's lovely blue eyes.

"I'm so glad." Patty spoke with sympathy in her voice. "Do you know I felt a little anxious about him; he has been painting my portrait lately,"—she spoke with a little conscious look, just as if she were in Paul's confidence,—"and I was so sorry to see the change in him; he looked pale and thin, and he was so grave; but I suppose marriage makes men older."

She laughed; she saw a flush on the delicate face; and it vexed her to be obliged to recognize Mrs. Whitmore's beauty. She was surprised to see Nuna smile.

"I must be going. I only came to give your father's message." The spell that Patty had held over Nuna broke with her last words. In an instant Mrs. Downes was again Patty Westropp, and all the superficial polish failed to hide the real want of refinement from Nuna's intuitive insight. "You will go and see Roger then, won't you?" she said, but there was not a trace of shyness in her voice; "he is expecting you. Good-day."

She was gone before Patty had had

time to reassert her sway,—Patty, who, for the first time since her marriage, had an irresistible consciousness of inferiority.

"Pale-faced, *gauche* creature! she has not a bit of *savoir faire*." The blue eyes flamed up, and then tried to comfort themselves by a long gaze in the looking-glass. The result was the exclamation—

"No wonder Paul Whitmore liked to paint my portrait!" and yet all the while an irrepressible chorus of vexation repeated every refined inflection, every simple movement, all the inborn grace and gentleness of the artist's wife. "Poor weak thing! she don't even know how to use the advantages she has," said Mrs. Downes, contemptuously. "I wonder what De Mirancourt would say to see such eyes so little under control; I don't believe she knows how she shows her feelings in them. I saw what she meant about my father,—so fine from her too. Why, there's not a shadow of excuse for the way she's cut herself off from the Rectory. Her father's quite as much of a gentleman as her husband is—more, for he lives in better style. I don't know what I was about, to let her off so easily, stuck-up, ignorant creature, reproving me in my own house!"

And then, as Mrs. Downes calmed her very unwonted vexation, she looked round complacently, and told herself that it must have been a trial to Nuna to see her as she was, and that she must make allowance for her vexation. "She's not worth putting oneself out about," Patty sighed, "but it is horrid to have to go to that dirty house in such hot weather. I really *will* make him move from Bellamont Terrace."

(To be continued.)

Quarterly Review.

#### DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.

WE now pass to another question, which is of even greater consequence than that of man's intellectual powers. Mr. Darwin does not hesitate to declare that even the "moral sense" is a mere result of the development of brutal instincts. He maintains, "the first foundation or origin of the moral sense lies in the social instincts, including sympathy; and these instincts no doubt were primarily gained, as in the case of the lower animals, through natural selection" (vol. ii. p. 393).

Everything, however, depends upon what we mean by the "moral sense." It is a patent fact that there does exist a perception of the qualities "right" and "wrong" attaching to certain actions. However arising, men have a consciousness of an absolute and immutable rule *legitimately* claiming obedience with an authority necessarily supreme and absolute—in other words, intellectual judgments are formed which imply the existence of an ethical ideal in the judging mind.

It is the existence of this power which has to be accounted for; neither its application nor even its validity have to be considered. Yet instances of difference of opinion respecting the moral value of particular concrete actions are often brought forward as if they could disprove the *existence* of moral intuition. Such instances are utterly beside the question. It is amply sufficient for our purpose if it be conceded that developed reason dictates to us that certain modes of action, abstractedly considered, are intrinsically wrong; and this we believe to be indisputable.

It is equally beside the question to show that the existence of mutually beneficial acts and of altruistic habits can be explained by "natural selection." No amount of benevolent habits tend even in the remotest degree to account for the intellectual perception of "right" and "duty." Such habits may make the doing of beneficial acts pleasant, and their omission painful; but such feelings have essentially nothing whatever to do with the perception of "right" and "wrong," nor will the faintest incipient stage of the perception be accounted for by the strongest development of such sympathetic feelings. Liking to do acts which happen to be good, is one thing; seeing that actions are good, whether we or others like them or not, is quite another.

Mr. Darwin's account of the moral sense is very different from the above. It may be expressed most briefly by saying that it is the prevalence of more enduring instincts over less persistent ones—the former being social instincts, the latter personal ones. He tells us:—

"As man cannot prevent old impressions continually repassing through his mind, he will be compelled to compare the weaker impressions of, for instance, past hunger, or of vengeance satisfied or danger avoided at the cost of other men, with the instinct of sympathy and goodwill to his fellows, which is still present and ever in some degree active in his mind. He will then feel in his imagination that a stronger instinct has yielded to one which now seems comparatively weak; and then that sense of dissatisfaction will inevitably be felt with which man is endowed, like every other animal, in order that his instincts may be obeyed."—vol. i. p. 90.

Mr. Darwin means by "the moral sense" an instinct, and adds, truly enough, that "the very essence of an in-

stinct is, that it is followed independently of reason" (vol. i. p. 100). But the very essence of moral action is that it is *not* followed independently of reason.

Having stated our wide divergence from Mr. Darwin with respect to what the term "moral sense" denotes, we might be dispensed from criticising instances which must from our point of view be irrelevant, as Mr. Darwin would probably admit. Nevertheless, let us examine a few of these instances, and see if we can discover in them any justification of the views he propounds.

As illustrations of the development of self-reproach for the neglect of some good action, he observes:—

"A young pointer, when it first scents game, apparently cannot help pointing. A squirrel in a cage who pats the nuts which it cannot eat, as if to bury them in the ground, can hardly be thought to act thus either from pleasure or pain. Hence the common assumption that men must be impelled to every action by experiencing some pleasure or pain may be erroneous. Although a habit may be blindly and implicitly followed, independently of any pleasure or pain felt at the moment, yet if it be forcibly and abruptly checked, a vague sense of dissatisfaction is generally experienced; and this is especially true in regard to persons of feeble intellect."—vol. p. i. 80.

Now, passing over the question whether in the "pointing" and "patting" referred to there may not be some agreeable sensations, we contend that such instincts have nothing to do with "morality," from their blind nature, such blindness simply *ipso facto* eliminating every vestige of morality from an action.

Mr. Darwin certainly exaggerates the force and extent of social sympathetic feelings. Mr. Mill admits that they are "often wanting;" but Mr. Darwin claims the conscious possession of such feelings for all, and quotes Hume as saying that the view of the happiness of others "communicates a secret joy," while the appearance of their misery "throws a melancholy damp over the imagination."\* One might wish that this remark were universally true, but unfortunately some men take pleasure in the pain of others; and Laroche foucauld even ventured on the now well-known saying, "that there is

\* "Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," Edit. 1751, p. 132.

something in the misfortunes of our best friends not unpleasant to us." But our feeling that the sufferings of others are pleasant or unpleasant has nothing to do with the question, which refers to the *judgment* whether the indulging of such feelings is "right" or "wrong."

If the "social instinct" were the real basis of the moral sense, the fact that society approved of anything would be recognized as the supreme sanction of it. Not only, however, is this not so, not only do we judge as to whether society in certain cases is right or wrong, but we demand a reason why we should obey society at all; we demand a rational basis and justification for social claims, if we happen to have a somewhat inquiring turn of mind. We shall be sure avowedly or secretly to despise and neglect the performance of acts which we do not happen to desire, and which have not an intellectual sanction.

The only passage in which our author seems as if about to meet the real question at issue is very disappointing, as the difficulty is merely evaded. He remarks, "I am aware that some persons maintain that actions performed impulsively do not come under the dominion of the moral sense, and cannot be called moral" (vol. i. p. 87). This is not a correct statement of the intuitive view, and the difficulty is evaded thus: "But it appears scarcely possible to draw any clear line of distinction of this kind, though the distinction may be real!" It seems to us, however, that there is no difficulty at all in drawing a line between a judgment as to an action being right or wrong and every other kind of mental act. Mr. Darwin goes on to say:—

"Moreover, an action repeatedly performed by us will at last be done without deliberation or hesitation, and can then hardly be distinguished from an instinct; yet surely no one will pretend that an action thus done ceases to be moral. On the contrary, we all feel that an act cannot be considered as perfect, or as performed in the most noble manner, unless it is done impulsively, without deliberation or effort, in the same manner as by a man in whom the requisite qualities are innate."—vol. i. p. 88.

To this must be replied, in one sense, "Yes;" in another, "No." An action which has ceased to be directly or indirectly deliberate has ceased to be moral as a dis-

inct act, but it is moral as the continuation of those preceding deliberate acts through which the good habit was originally formed, and the rapidity with which the will is directed in the case supposed may indicate the number and constancy of antecedent meritorious volitions. Mr. Darwin seems to see this more or less, as he adds: "He who is forced to overcome his fear or want of sympathy before he acts deserves, however, in one way higher credit than the man whose innate disposition leads him to a good act without effort."

As an illustration of the genesis of remorse, we have the case

"of a temporary though for the time strongly persistent instinct conquering another instinct which is usually dominant over all others." Swallows "at the proper season seem all day long to be impressed with the desire to migrate; their habits change; they become restless, are noisy, and congregate in flocks. Whilst the mother-bird is feeding or brooding over her nestlings, the maternal instinct is probably stronger than the migratory; but the instinct which is more persistent gains the victory, and at last, at a moment when her young ones are not in sight, she takes flight and deserts them. When arrived at the end of her journey, and the migratory instinct ceases to act, what an agony of remorse each bird would feel, if, from being endowed with great mental activity, she could not prevent the image continually passing before her mind of her young ones perishing in the bleak north from cold and hunger."—vol. i. p. 90.

Let us suppose she does suffer "agony," that feeling would be nothing to the purpose. What is requisite is that she shall judge that she *ought not* to have left them. To make clear our point, let us imagine a man formerly entangled in ties of affection which, in justice to another, his conscience has induced him to sever. The image of the distress his act of severance has caused may occasion him keen emotional suffering for years, accompanied by a clear perception that his act has been right. Again, let us suppose another case: The struggling father of a family becomes aware that the property on which he lives really belongs to another, and he relinquishes it. He may continue to judge that he has done a proper action, whilst tortured by the trials in which his act of justice has involved him. To assert that these acts are merely instinctive would be

absurdly false. In the cases supposed, obedience is paid to a clear intellectual perception and against the very strongest instincts.

That we have not misrepresented Mr. Darwin's exposition of "conscience" is manifest. He says that if a man has gratified a passing instinct, to the neglect of enduring instinct, he "will then feel dissatisfied with himself, and will resolve with more or less force to act differently for the future. This is conscience; for conscience looks backwards and judges past actions, inducing that kind of dissatisfaction, which if weak we call regret, and if severe remorse" (vol. i. p. 91). "Conscience" certainly "looks back and judges," but not all that "looks back and judges" is "conscience." A judgment of conscience is one of a particular kind, namely a judgment according to the standard of moral worth. But for this, a *gourmand*, looking back and judging that a particular sauce had occasioned him dyspepsia, would, in the dissatisfaction arising from his having eaten the wrong dish at dinner, exercise his conscience!

Indeed, elsewhere (vol. i. p. 103) Mr. Darwin speaks of "the standard of morality rising higher and higher," though he nowhere explains what he means either by the "standard" or by the "higher"; and, indeed, it is very difficult to understand what can possibly be meant by this "rising of the standard," if the "standard" is from first to last pleasure and profit.

We find, again, the singular remark:—"If any desire or instinct leading to an action opposed to the good of others still appears to man, when recalled to mind, as strong as or stronger than his social instinct, he will feel no keen regret at having followed it" (vol. i. p. 92).

Mr. Darwin is continually mistaking a merely beneficial action for a moral one; but, as before said, it is one thing to *act well* and quite another to be a moral agent. A dog or even a fruit-tree may act well, but neither is a moral agent. Of course, all the instances he brings forward with regard to animals are not in point, on account of this misconception of the problem to be solved. He gives, however, some examples which tell strongly against his own view. Thus, he remarks of the *Law of Honor*,—"The breach of this law, even when the breach is known to be strictly accordant with true

morality, has caused many a man more agony than a real crime. We recognize the same influence in the sense of burning shame which most of us have felt, even after the interval of years, when calling to mind some accidental breach of a trifling, though fixed, rule of etiquette" (vol. i. p. 92). This is most true; some trifling breach of good manners may indeed occasion us pain; but this may be unaccompanied by a judgment that we are morally blameworthy. It is judgment, and not feeling, which has to do with right and wrong. But a yet better example might be given. What quality can have been more universally useful to social communities than courage? It has always been, and is still, greatly admired and highly appreciated, and is especially adapted, both directly and indirectly, to enable its possessors to become the fathers of succeeding generations. If the social instinct were the basis of the moral sense, it is infallibly certain that courage must have come to be regarded as supremely "good," and cowardice to be deserving of the deepest moral condemnation. And yet what is the fact? A coward feels probably self-contempt and that he has incurred the contempt of his associates, but he does not feel "wicked." He is painfully conscious of his defective organization, but he knows that an organization, however defective, cannot, in itself, constitute moral demerit. Similarly, we, the observers, despise, avoid, or hate a coward; but we can clearly understand that a coward may be a more virtuous man than another who abounds in animal courage.

The better still to show how completely distinct are the conceptions "enduring or strong instincts" and "virtuous desires" on the one hand, and "transient or weak impulses" and "vicious inclinations" on the other, let us substitute in the following passage for the words which Mr. Darwin, on his own principles, illegitimately introduces others which accord with those principles, and we shall see how such substitution eliminates every element of morality from the passage:—"Looking to future generations, there is no cause to fear that the social instincts will grow weaker, and we may expect that enduring [virtuous] habits will grow stronger, becoming perhaps fixed by inheritance. In this case the struggle between our stronger [higher] and weaker [lower] in



pulses will be less severe, and the strong [virtue] will be triumphant" (vol. i. p. 104).

As to past generations, Mr. Darwin tells us (vol. i. p. 166) that at all times throughout the world tribes have supplanted other tribes; and as social acts are an element in their success, sociality must have been intensified, and this because "an increase in the number of well-endowed men will certainly give an immense advantage to one tribe over another." No doubt! but this only explains an augmentation of mutually beneficial actions. It does not in the least even tend to explain how the moral judgment was first formed.

Having thus examined Mr. Darwin's theory of sexual selection, and his comparison of the mental powers of man (including their moral application) with those of the lower animals, we have a few remarks to make upon his mode of conducting his argument.

In the first place we must repeat what we have already said as to his singular dogmatism, and in the second place we must complain of the way in which he positively affirms again and again the existence of the very things which have to be proved. Thus, to take for instance the theory of the descent of man from some inferior form, he says:—"The grounds upon which this conclusion rests *will never be shaken*" (vol. ii. p. 385), and "the possession of exalted mental powers is *no* insuperable objection to this conclusion" (vol. i. p. 107). Speaking of sympathy, he boldly remarks,—"This instinct *no doubt* was originally acquired like all the other social instincts through natural selection" (vol. i. p. 164); and "the fundamental social instincts *were* originally thus gained" (vol. i. p. 173).

Again, as to the stridulating organs of insects, he says:—"No one who admits the agency of natural selection will dispute that these musical instruments have been acquired through sexual selection." Speaking of the peculiarities of humming-birds and pigeons, Mr. Darwin observes,—"The *sole* difference between these cases is, that in one the result is due to man's selection, whilst in the other, as with humming-birds, birds of paradise, etc., it is due to sexual selection,—that is, to the selection by the females of the more beautiful males" (vol. ii. p. 78). Of birds,

the males of which are brilliant, but the hens are only slightly so, he remarks:—

"These cases *are almost certainly* due to characters primarily acquired by the male, having been transferred, in a greater or less degree, to the female" (vol. ii. p. 128). "The colors of the males may *safely* be attributed to sexual selection" (vol. ii. p. 194). As to certain species of birds in which the males alone are black, we are told, there can *hardly be a doubt*, that blackness in these cases has been a sexually selected character" (vol. ii. p. 226). The following, again, is far too positive a statement:—"Other characters proper to the males of the lower animals, such as bright colors and various ornaments, *have been* acquired by the more attractive males having been preferred by the females. There are, however, exceptional cases, in which the males, instead of having been selected, *have been* the selectors" (vol. ii. p. 371).

It is very rarely that Mr. Darwin fails in courtesy to his opponents; and we were therefore surprised at the tone of the following passage (vol. ii. p. 386):—"He who is not content to look, *like a savage*, at the phenomena of nature as disconnected, *cannot* any longer believe that man is the work of a separate act of creation. He will be *forced* to admit" the contrary. What justifies Mr. Darwin in his assumption that to suppose the soul of man to have been specially created, is to regard the phenomena of nature as disconnected?

Secondly, as an instance of Mr. Darwin's practice of begging the question at issue, we may quote the following assertion:—"Any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social *instincts*, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or *conscience*, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as in man" (vol. i. p. 71). This is either a monstrous assumption or a mere truism; it is a truism, for, of course, any creature with the intellect of a man would perceive the qualities man's intellect is capable of perceiving, and, amongst them—moral worth.

Mr. Darwin, in a passage before quoted (vol. i. p. 86), slips in the whole of absolute morality, by employing the phrase "appreciation of justice." Again (vol. i. p. 168), when he speaks of aiding the needy, he remarks:—"Nor could we

check our sympathy, if so urged by hard reason, without deterioration in the *noblest* part of our nature." How noblest? According to Mr. Darwin, a virtuous instinct is a strong and permanent one. There can be, according to his views, no other elements of quality than intensity and duration. Mr. Darwin, in fact, thus silently and unconsciously introduces the moral element into his "social instinct," and then, of course, has no difficulty in finding in the latter what he had previously put there. This, however, is quite illegitimate, as he makes the social instinct synonymous with the gregariousness of brutes. In such gregariousness, however, there is no moral element, because the mental powers of brutes are not equal to forming reflective, deliberate, representative judgments.

The word "social" is ambiguous, as gregarious animals may metaphorically be called social, and man's social relations may be regarded both beneficially and morally. Having first used "social" in the former sense, it is subsequently applied in the latter; and it is thus that the really moral conception is silently and illegitimately introduced.

We may now sum up our judgment of Mr. Darwin's work on the "Descent of Man"—of its execution and tendency, of what it fails to accomplish, and of what it has successfully attained.

Although the style of the work is, as we have said, fascinating, nevertheless we think that the author is somewhat encumbered with the multitude of his facts, which at times he seems hardly able to group and handle so effectively as might be expected from his special talent. Nor does he appear to have maturely reflected over the data he has so industriously collected. Moreover, we are surprised to find so accurate an observer receiving as facts many statements of a very questionable nature, as we have already pointed out, and frequently on second-hand authority. The reasoning also is inconclusive, the author having allowed himself constantly to be carried away by the warmth and fertility of his imagination. In fact, Mr. Darwin's power of reasoning seems to be in an inverse ratio to his power of observation. He now strangely exaggerates the action of "sexual selection," as previously he exaggerates the effects of the "survival of the fittest." On the

whole, we are convinced that by the present work the cause of "natural selection" has been rather injured than promoted; and we confess to a feeling of surprise that the case put before us is not stronger, since we had anticipated the production of far more telling and significant details from Mr. Darwin's biological treasure-house.

A great part of the work may be dismissed as beside the point—as a mere elaborate and profuse statement of the obvious fact, which no one denies, that man is an animal, and has all the essential properties of a highly organized one. Along with this truth, however, we find the assumption that he is *no more* than an animal—an assumption which is necessarily implied in Mr. Darwin's distinct assertion that there is no difference of *kind*, but merely one of *degree*, between man's mental faculties and those of brutes.

We have endeavored to show that this is distinctly untrue. We maintain that while there is no need to abandon the received position that man is truly an animal, he is yet the only rational one known to us, and that his rationality constitutes a fundamental distinction—one of *kind* and not of *degree*. The estimate we have formed of man's position differs therefore most widely from that of Mr. Darwin.

Mr. Darwin's remarks, before referred to, concerning the difference between the instincts of the coccus (or scale insect) and those of the ant—and the bearing of that difference on their zoological position (as both are members of the class insecta) and on that of man—exhibit clearly his misapprehension as to the true significance of man's mental powers.

For in the first place zoological classification is morphological. That is to say it is a classification based upon form and structure—upon the number and shape of the several parts of animals, and not at all upon what those parts *do*, the consideration of which belongs to physiology. This being the case we not only may, but *should*, in the field of zoology, neglect all questions of diversities of instinct or mental power, equally with every other power, as is evidenced by the location of the bat and the porpoise in the same class, mammalia, and the parrot and the tortoise in the same larger group, saurapsida.

Looking, therefore, at man with regard to his bodily structure, we not only may,

but *should*, reckon him as a member of the class mammalia, and even (we believe) consider him as the representative of a mere family of the first order of that class. But all men are not zoologists; and even zoologists must, outside their science, consider man in his totality and not merely from the point of view of anatomy.

If then we are right in our confident assertion that man's mental faculties are different *in kind* from those of brutes, and if he is, as we maintain, the *only* rational animal; then is man, as a whole, to be spoken of by preference from the point of view of his animality, or from the point of view of his rationality? Surely from the latter, and, if so, we must consider not structure, but action.

Now, Mr. Darwin seems to concede\* that a difference in kind *would* justify the placing of man in a distinct kingdom, inasmuch as he says a difference in degree does not so justify; and we have no hesitation in affirming (with Mr. Darwin) that between the instinctive powers of the coccus and the ant there *is* but a difference of degree, and that, therefore, they do belong to the same kingdom; but we contend it is quite otherwise with man. Mr. Darwin doubtless admits that all the wonderful actions of ants are mere modifications of instinct. But if it were not so—if the piercing of tunnels beneath rivers, etc., were evidence of their possession of reason, then, far from agreeing with Mr. Darwin, we should say that ants are rational animals, and that, while considered from the anatomical stand-point they would be insects, from that of their rationality they would rank together with man in a kingdom apart of "rational animals." Really, however, there is no tittle of evidence that ants possess the reflective, self-conscious, deliberate faculty; while the perfection of their instincts is a most powerful argument against the need of attributing a rudiment of rationality to any brute whatever.

We seem then to have Mr. Darwin on our side when we affirm that animals possessed of mental faculties distinct in kind

should be placed in a kingdom apart. And man possesses such a distinction.

Is this, however, all that can be said for the dignity of his position? Is he merely one division of the visible universe co-ordinate with the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms?

It would be so if we were intelligent and no more. If he could observe the facts of his own existence, investigate the co-existences and successions of phenomena, but all the time remain like the other parts of the visible universe a mere floating unit in the stream of time, incapable of one act of free self-determination or one voluntary moral aspiration after an ideal of absolute goodness. This, however, is far from being the case. Man is not merely an intellectual animal, but he is also a free moral agent, and, as such,—and with the infinite future such freedom opens out before him—differs from all the rest of the visible universe by a distinction so profound that none of those which separate other visible beings is comparable with it. The gulf which lies between his being as a whole, and that of the highest brute, marks off vastly more than a mere kingdom of material beings; and man, so considered, differs far more from an elephant or a gorilla than do these from the dust of the earth on which they tread.

Thus, then, in our judgment, the author of the "Descent of Man" has utterly failed in the only part of his work which is really important. Mr. Darwin's errors are mainly due to a radically false metaphysical system in which he seems (like so many other physicists) to have become entangled. Without a sound philosophical basis, however, no satisfactory scientific superstructure can ever be reared; and if Mr. Darwin's failure should lead to an increase of philosophic culture on the part of physicists, we may therein find some consolation for the injurious effects which his work is likely to produce on too many of our half-educated classes. We sincerely trust Mr. Darwin may yet live to furnish us with another work, which, while enriching physical science, shall not, with needless opposition, set at naught the first principles of both philosophy and religion.

\* "Descent of Man," vol. i. p. 186.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE LOIRE CAMPAIGN.

ON the morning of the 14th November last, a wild rumor spread through Versailles; the lazy inhabitants of that lazy town grew almost excited, and, probably for the first time in their lives, actually ran to tell each other the great news, "The Prussians are going away." By twelve o'clock a crowd—at least what is called a crowd in the metropolis of Seine-et-Oise—had assembled near the Prefecture, waiting eagerly and patriotically for the announced departure of the hated conqueror. The enthusiasm of its members grew from hour to hour as details of the royal packing-up began to circulate: the mayor told his private friends that King William's boxes were loaded in the *fourgons*, spies came breathless from the Ombrages to say that the Crown Prince's baggage was being brought out on to the carriage-drive, while old ladies from the Rue de Provence and the Rue Neuve hurried up with the intelligence that out of their fifth-floor windows they had seen Count Bismark and Generals Moltke and Roon clearing out their papers. And all this was true; headquarters were positively going to a safer place—to Ferrières or Lagny, or perhaps further still. The prudent Germans did not like the look of things out westwards, and, though they told no one the reason why, they had decided to evacuate Versailles. The day wore on, however, and they did not go; the patient mob which had lined the pavement of the Rue des Chantiers, waiting to see the Royal Staff disappear, went home to dine. Night came and the sun rose again, but the black and white flag still waved over the Prefecture. The 15th was another anxious day; the Prussians themselves did not know what was going to happen, beyond the fact that all the staffs were ordered to be in readiness to leave, and that the baggage was loaded in the vans. No officer could give one word of information: they said gloomily, "There must be something wrong with Von der Tann," and then, like the people in the streets outside, they waited. The 16th brought desolation to the French and joy to Germany; before nine o'clock out came the order to unpack; boxes went up-stairs again, and the wearers of

spiked helmets assured their acquaintances that it was all right once more.

Lookers-on at Versailles or elsewhere did not suspect that the issue of the war was virtually decided during these two days, and that what seemed, at the moment, to be only a question of the position of the Prussian King's headquarters, involved in reality the failure or success of the siege of Paris. This fact began to clearly show itself during the three ensuing weeks, but it was then only provable by results; its causes could not be distinctly traced. The coming publication of two French histories of the Loire campaign, the proofs of which have been most obligingly communicated for the purposes of this article, enables us at last to see exactly why King William was so nervous at Versailles on the 14th and 15th of November, and why the fate of Paris may be said to have then been settled. One of these histories is by General Chanzy, who, after commanding the 16th Corps on the Loire, became Commander-in-Chief in succession to General d'Aurelles de Paladines; the other, by far the most interesting of the two, is by M. de Freycinet, who was delegate of the Minister of War at Tours, under M. Gambetta. Both books will be widely read as soon as they appear.

Shortly after the investment of Paris, General von der Tann was sent westwards to look for the much-talked-of French army of the Loire, and to cover the besiegers in that direction. He took with him his Bavarians and a couple of Prussian brigades, some 20,000 men in all. A division of cavalry was sent after him, as fine a troop of horsemen as ever sat in saddle; those who saw them reviewed at Satory on the 2d of October, before they rode to Orleans, will remember the gallant show they made. They included a white regiment of Cuirassiers, the Augusta Dragoons, and a regiment each of brown and green hussars. France had no soldiers ready to stop the march of Von der Tann. He entered Orleans on 13th October, almost without firing a shot, and took Chateaudun on the 18th. By the end of the month, however, General d'Aurelles's army had assumed a form



which enabled him to act, and it was agreed that he should begin to move forward from Blois on the morning of the 29th October, with the intention of driving back the Bavarians, and then trying to reach Paris. But at the last moment he changed his mind; he telegraphed to Tours on the night of the 28th to say that the weather and the roads were bad, the equipment of part of the Garde Mobile very insufficient, and that it was consequently imprudent to attempt an action. It came out afterwards (as M. de Freycinet remarks) that the news of the capitulation of Metz had become known to General d'Aurelles that very afternoon, some hours before the Tours Government heard of it, and that it was the main cause of his decision not to move. This decision appears to have caused much disappointment at Tours, where it was immediately recognized that the Red Prince's army, suddenly set free, would come westward as fast as possible—and that it was indispensable to relieve Paris before its arrival, which was expected to take place about the 16th or 18th of November. But instead of hastening forward, the Loire army was delayed by "various circumstances, which it is difficult to determine with precision," amongst which, however, the current reports that an armistice had been concluded appear to have had much influence on General d'Aurelles, and to have disposed him to stop where he was. M. de Freycinet shows that the hesitations of the Commander-in-Chief were the object of continual correspondence between that officer and the Ministry of War; but, however strong may have been the pressure employed, it was not till the 7th of November, ten days after the date originally fixed, that the French army at last marched forward. Its total number had risen to 110,000 men.

While this was going on along the Loire, the Prussians had decided to send reinforcements to General von der Tann. Some 30,000 men had therefore been detached from the army before Paris, and had been sent towards him under the orders of the Duke of Mecklenburg. But before they could reach their destination the French had got so close to Orleans that the Bavarians were obliged to march out to meet them. Von der Tann had to leave a garrison in Orleans, and could

therefore bring out only about 15,000 men to face the whole of General d'Aurelles' force. The natural consequence was, that when the two armies met round Coulmiers on the morning of 9th November, the Bavarians, after a good fight, got completely beaten. They owned themselves that if they had been pursued, every one of them, from the general to the last camp-follower, would inevitably have been taken prisoner. Having marched all night to come into action, they had to march all the next night to get away from it; and it was with stupefaction that the exhausted Bavarians discovered on the 10th that General d'Aurelles was not attempting to come after them. And this was not their only surprise. On the 11th the Duke of Mecklenburg met Von der Tann at Toury; and the latter was proposing arrangements to unite their two armies, so as to make a stand against the victorious French and cover Paris, when, to his bewilderment, instructions were telegraphed from Versailles to abandon the direct line of defence, and to immediately march northwest to Dreux (leaving D'Aurelles to do what he liked), in order to stop another French army which was said to be marching straight on Versailles from Argentan and Laigle. Looking back at all this by the light of history, it seems incredible that the clever Prussians should have been so utterly taken in by the fear of an army which did not exist, that they left the road to Paris wide open before D'Aurelles; and more incredible still, that the Tours Government should have failed to profit by the prodigious opportunity which was offered to them by this mistake of General Moltke. As the Prussians keep their own secrets, no one knew at Versailles, and no one knows now, why another imaginary French army was expected to appear at Dreux; but, thanks to General Chanzy and M. de Freycinet, we can see why the Bavarians were not pursued, and why the opportunity of raising the siege of Paris which was offered by their defeat was not utilized. It appears that when the fight began on the morning of the 9th, General Reyau, with ten regiments of cavalry and some batteries of horse-artillery, was ordered to cover the French left wing and to turn the German right; but that, "instead of doing so, he opened his guns on the Ger-

man batteries," and reported "at two o'clock that his artillery had lost heavily in men and horses, and had no more ammunition, and that his cavalry had met with serious resistance everywhere. He seemed to expect that the enemy would out-flank him, and said he thought he should have to fall back." These are General Chanzy's own words. He goes on to say: "At five o'clock General Reyau again sent word that a column of infantry was appearing before him at Villamblain, and that he considered it indispensable to return to his encampment of the previous night. It was soon discovered that the column in question was composed of our own francs-tireurs; but, unfortunately, the cavalry had already fallen back, night was coming on, and it was impossible to get the regiments forward again." So that, when the battle was won by the centre and right, no cavalry was up to pursue the victory, or to ascertain the movements of the retreating Germans. The French slept on the field, but it began to rain and snow: the night was bad, there was no wood for fires, and the supplies of food and ammunition were got to the front with much difficulty. When day broke, Admiral Jauréguiberry sent his own escort, forty-five men, in pursuit of the Bavarians, and they took two guns, 130 prisoners, and quantities of baggage and ammunition. If forty-five hussars could do this, what would General Reyau's ten regiments have effected? General d'Aurelles does not seem, however, to have even thought of following up his victory, though he must have had 90,000 men still in fighting condition, against the united 50,000 of Mecklenburg and Von der Tann. "The following days," says General Chanzy, "were employed in organizing convoys, in completing the artillery, and in procuring clothes for the soldiers." Day followed day, and the French did not move; their outposts advanced, but the army remained inactive. Von der Tann left a few troops in Etampes, and marched away with the rest to join the Duke of Mecklenburg at Chartres; so that, by the 14th, there were not 5,000 Germans between D'Aurelles and Paris. With these facts before us, it is easy to comprehend the terrors of Versailles. General Moltke knew that nothing would stop D'Aurelles if he marched resolutely on by Etampes to the

Seine; he feared that Mecklenburg would not get into position between Chartres and Dreux in time to paralyze the other imaginary army, which was supposed to be driving on Versailles in that direction; so that, on 14th and 15th November, the German headquarters expected to be attacked behind from Rambouillet, and to be cut off from their line of communications eastward by D'Aurelles. It is not strange that they should have packed up their boxes; it seemed impossible to the energetic Prussians that their enemy would not rush at them instantly and make a desperate attempt to break the line of investment south of Paris before Prince Frederic Charles could reach it; but when they learnt, on the night of the 15th, that D'Aurelles had made no sign—that the Red Prince's outposts had reached the line of which Montargis is the centre—and that no French army had shown itself beyond Dreux—they took courage, stopped where they were, and so evaded the grave moral consequences which would have ensued on an evacuation of Versailles.

While the German headquarters were in this critical position, a conference had taken place, on 12th November, between the French generals and M. Gambetta, who had come up from Tours to congratulate the troops on the victory of Coulmiers. General Borel, a most able officer, who has since been chief of the staff to Marshal MacMahon during the Communist siege of Paris, proposed to march straight to the Seine, but General d'Aurelles would not have that at all; "not only did it seem to him impossible to continue the offensive, but he considered it was dangerous even to remain at Orleans. He said the enemy would be back on him directly; that M. Thiers" (who had just returned from Versailles) "had seen 80,000 Prussians marching down from Paris; that he was certain to be attacked in a day or two, and that his army was unfit to stand the shock." Finally, he proposed to immediately evacuate Orleans, and to return to his old position at Salbris. M. Gambetta, M. de Freycinet, and General Borel energetically opposed these arguments; but all they could obtain from General d'Aurelles was, that instead of abandoning Orleans, the army should retrench itself round the town: no forward movement should be made, for the moment at least; but it was admitted

that Paris should still be considered to be the destination of the army. A fortified camp was immediately formed round Orleans, new troops arrived, and in a few days the French had more than 200,000 men in position.

Meanwhile Prince Frederic Charles was marching up with extraordinary speed. His brigades advanced separately, by various roads, to their general rendezvous at Pithiviers, but D'Aurelles let them come without attempting to attack them, though General des Pallières asked to be allowed to march against them with his division, and though M. Gambetta wrote a despatch on the subject on 13th November. General d'Aurelles invoked, however, the old arguments of bad weather, bad roads, and ill-clothed troops; and time passed uselessly until the 19th November, when M. Gambetta seems to have lost patience. On that day he wrote to the General as follows: "We cannot stop eternally at Orleans. Paris is hungry, and calls for us. Prepare a plan which will enable us to reach Trochu, who will come out to meet us." General d'Aurelles declined, however, to prepare a plan, on the ground that he could not do so without knowing what General Trochu meant to do. It was not till about the 23d November that orders were at last given to get ready to march, and to send forward a few divisions to open the road.

On the 13th November, M. Gambetta had sent a pigeon-telegram to General Trochu informing him of the victory of Coulmiers, and proposing joint action between the Loire and Paris armies. M. Trochu replied on the 18th, by balloon: "Your telegram excites my interest and my zeal to the utmost; but it has been five days coming, and we shall want a week to get ready. I will not lose one instant. We have ample food till the end of the year, but perhaps the population will not wait till then, and we must solve the problem long before that." On the 24th another balloon was sent out, with the news that a great sortie would be made on the 29th, in the hope of breaking the investing lines and effecting a junction with d'Aurelles. But, most unluckily, this balloon was carried into Norway, and it was not till the 30th that its intelligence reached Tours by telegraph. Of course it created an immense sensation; for though it was expected, the definitive announcement of a great

sortie was an event of the gravest importance. The telegram was as follows: "The news received from the Loire army has naturally decided me to go out on the southern side, and to march towards that army at any cost. On Monday, 28th November, my preparations will be finished. I am carrying them on day and night. On Tuesday, the 29th, an army, commanded by General Ducrot, the most energetic of us all, will attack the enemy's positions, and, if they are carried, will push onwards towards the Loire in the direction of Gien. I suppose that if your army is turned on its left flank" (this was an allusion to the Duke of Mecklenburg, who, General Trochu thought, would move down from Chartres), "it will pass the Loire, and will withdraw on Bourges." This important despatch, which announced the Paris sortie for the 29th, was not received, as has just been said, till the 30th. M. de Freycinet was instantly sent up from Tours to General d'Aurelles with instructions to send the whole army next morning towards Pithiviers, where the Red Prince's troops were supposed to be massed by this time. A council of war was called to meet M. de Freycinet, whose arrival was announced by telegraph; and though General Chanzy says that a march forward under such hasty circumstances was considered to be dangerous, and was objected to by the generals present, M. Gambetta's will prevailed. It was decided to attempt to form a junction with General Ducrot near Fontainebleau, and the details of the operation were discussed and settled. A large stock of food, representing eight days' rations for 300,000 men, had been prepared, and was to be sent after the army directly Pithiviers was taken. The movement commenced on the morning of 1st December, and the fighting that day, particularly at Villepion, was all in favor of the French, who drove in the Germans everywhere. On the same day another balloon reached Belle Isle, bringing news of the first day's sortie from Paris, announcing a victory, and stating that the battle would go on next day. Thereupon General d'Aurelles issued a proclamation to his men, saying, "Paris, by a sublime effort of courage and patriotism, has broken the Prussian lines. General Ducrot, at the head of his army, is marching towards us; let us march towards him with a vigor equal to that of the Paris army."

Despatches were sent to Generals Briand at Rouen, and Faidherbe at Lille, begging them to support the movement by a concentric march on Paris, so as to occupy the Germans at all points. M. Gambetta telegraphed all over France that the hour of success had come at last. The fight went on again on 2d and 3d December; but after a series of movements and engagements, all more and more unsuccessful, the blame of which is thrown by everybody on everybody else, General d'Aurelles telegraphed to Tours, on the night of the 3d, that he was beaten, that he considered the defence of Orleans to be impossible and that he proposed to break up his army and retreat in detachments in three different directions, on Gien, Blois, and the Sologne. To this afflicting news Gambetta instantly replied by telegraph: "Your despatch of to-night causes me the most painful stupefaction. I can see nothing in the facts it communicates which can justify the desperate resolution with which it concludes. Thus far you have managed badly, and have got yourself beaten in detail; but you still have 200,000 men in a state to fight, provided their leaders set them the example of courage and patriotism. The evacuation you propose would be, irrespective of its military consequences, an immense disaster. It is not at the very moment when the heroic Ducrot is fighting his way to us that we can withdraw from him; the moment for such an extremity is not yet come. I see nothing to change for the present in the instructions which I sent you last evening. Operate a general movement of concentration as I have ordered." To this General d'Aurelles replied at eight in the morning: "I am on the spot, and more able than you are to judge the situation. It gives me as much grief as to you to adopt this extreme resolution. . . . Orleans is surrounded, and can no longer be defended by troops exhausted by three days of fatigue and battle, and demoralized by the heavy losses they have sustained. The enemy's forces exceed all my expectations, and all the estimates which you have given me. . . . Orleans will fall into the enemy's hands to-night or to-morrow. That will be a great misfortune; but the only way to avoid a still greater catastrophe is to have the courage to make a sacrifice while it is yet time. . . . I therefore maintain the orders which I have given."

This brought back, two hours later, another angry protest from Tours, leaving, however, to General d'Aurelles the power to retreat on his own responsibility. At half-past eleven that night (4th December) the Prussians re-entered Orleans. M. Gambetta came up from Tours in a special train, with the idea that his presence would produce some effect; but he could not get to Orleans, and was nearly caught by a party of cavalry which had got upon the railway.

Such is the secret history, on the French side, of the last effort to save Paris. It could scarcely have been expected to end otherwise: the real opportunity, during the few days after Coulmiers, was thrown away; success was almost as certain then as it was hopeless afterwards—for the Loire army, numerous though it was, could not contend after 20th November with the united forces of Prince Frederic Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg. Friends of France cannot read such a story without bitter regret. For the first time during the war, the French had won a real victory, and for the first time the Germans had made a mistake, and had uncovered the whole southern front of Paris; on 10th November the Red Prince was eight days' march off, and yet D'Aurelles would not move. If he had gone straight on, as a German would have done, he would have been on the Seine within three days. Versailles would have been evacuated, and the siege of Paris would have been suspended. A great battle would have taken place a week later, on the arrival of the Red Prince; but whatever might have been its result—however convinced we may be that it would have been a victory for Germany—a vast moral effect would have been produced. Paris would have been revictualled, and the issue of the war might have been materially altered. The battle of Coulmiers, though it was a week late, was still in time to open the door to active and useful movements; but the cavalry had gone calmly home to bed, just when it was wanted to ride down the outnumbered Bavarians. General d'Aurelles thought that his troops were wet and cold, and forgot that the other side was wetter and colder; so the precious hours passed away,—and when at last the Loire army was moved ahead, it was too late to hope for success of any kind.



It is useless to speculate on what might have happened if Marshal Bazaine, instead of surrendering on 26th October, had held out for another month. The Germans themselves have frankly owned that, in that event, they could not have resisted the Loire army. But they admit this under the impression that the Loire army would have really come on; an hypothesis which can scarcely be admitted after reading the curious revelations contained in M. de Freycinet's well-written book. Even the wilful and obstinate Gambetta could not get General d'Aurelles de Paladines to move; even the mistake of General von Moltke, which cleared the whole road to Paris, could not tempt the prudent Frenchman to risk the journey. With these facts before us, it may be fear-

ed that, if Metz had held out to Christmas, the fact would have exercised no influence on the siege of Paris. The moment when D'Aurelles should have struck his blow was precisely calculated at Versailles; but then the Germans knew their business; and if they packed up their clothes on the 14th of November, it was because, according to all the laws of strategy, the Loire army ought to have reached the Seine that night. If it had done that, instead of corresponding with the "heroic Ducrot" by pigeons and balloons, in order to "negotiate a mutual support," as the Americans say, it might have marched right into Paris; but it did not, and the world knows what the consequences were.

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Fortnightly Review.

#### THE OPIUM TRADE.

MR. GLADSTONE, in speaking of the opium war with China, once remarked that "justice was on the side of the Pagan." Never was this more true than at the present time, when a Pagan government, in spite of domestic anarchy, of the paralyzing influence of official corruption, and of the perpetual menace of foreign intervention, yet nobly endeavors to exert what remains of its shattered authority on the side of virtue and the good order of the State. On the other hand, I know of nothing more ignoble than the heartless indifference with which the failure of these patriotic efforts is regarded by so-called civilized nations, or the immoral cynicism with which English statesmen not only excuse but justify our share in entailing the greatest calamities on one-third of the human race. If it were possible for us to escape from the responsibility which must ever attach itself to the authors of the first Chinese War; if we could prove that in forcing the legislation of the opium trade by the treaty of Tientsin we yielded to iron necessity; if, moreover, we could demonstrate that our duty to India compelled us to prefer the temporary exigencies of revenue to the lasting interests of morality—it would still be incumbent on us to face the fact that our position is at once shameful and humiliating. But when we know that the direct responsibility of every act that has led to the degradation and

rapid decline of the Chinese Empire lies at our own door, and that the policy which has borne these evil fruits is still being, in a great measure, carried out by the concurrent action of Anglo-Indian administrators and British statesmen, the ignominy demands some fortitude for us to bear it. We, however, do bear it; and, at the same time, lose no opportunity of ministering to our self-love by pretending that wherever English commerce extends, or English influence penetrates, both confer untold benefits upon the less-favored nations of the world.

A few historical facts will show how entirely Great Britain is answerable for the desolating effects of the opium trade in China. Before the East India Company executed the project of embarking in the trade, the only opium exported into China was conveyed thither by the Portuguese from Turkey. The annual supply did not exceed 200 chests, and it was used strictly for medicinal purposes. In 1773, the Company first engaged in the traffic, but for many years the Chinese regarded it with so little favor that it proved very unprofitable. The Company, in fact, had to create the appetite, which has since given the extraordinary stimulus to the demand for the drug which we see existing in our own day. The Chinese Government, from the outset, exhibited a resolute determination to restrain its subjects either

from carrying on the trade or from becoming personally addicted to the use of opium. The severest penalties were imposed by law, and in many instances, actually enforced. The punishment of the bamboo and the pillory not sufficing to curb the appetite of the opium-smoker, far severer punishments—including that of death—were added. The persistence of the Celestials in resisting the encroachments of the East India Company was only equalled by the perseverance with which the latter prosecuted its designs. A government monopoly in the drug was established. Large districts of fertile territory were confiscated to the cultivation of the poppy, and the ryots were openly coerced into growing it. The finest and swiftest vessels were employed to convey the prepared drug from India to China. How “the foreign devils”—and surely the phrase is not altogether misapplied—violated the laws of the empire is graphically described by Heu Naetze, Vice-President of the Sacrificial Court at Peking:—

“At Canton,” he says, “there are brokers of the drug, who are called melters; these pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving-ships. There are carrying-boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly termed ‘fast-crabs’ and ‘scrambling-dragons.’ They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military posts which they pass are largely bribed; if they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising-boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue.”

The war of 1839 was the natural outcome of these lawless proceedings. The authorities at Canton, in the exercise of a strict right, required the British merchants to send away the “receiving-ships”; but these persons would neither send away the ships nor deliver up the opium. Commissioner Lin then ordered the merchants to be imprisoned until the opium was surrendered—a measure which had the effect of placing the whole of the drug then in Chinese waters, amounting to 20,000 chests, in his possession. Even in the light of the tragical events which ensued one may be excused for exulting in the moral courage which the Chinese Commis-

sioner displayed. He might have retained the opium, to be given up under pressure; or he might, as easily, have confiscated it, reserving to himself, according to Eastern fashion, a lion's share of the plunder. Instead of adopting either of these courses, he caused the entire stock—the estimated value of which was three millions sterling—to be thrown into the sea, and thus gave to the world an example of thoroughness in dealing with a great abuse which, fatal though it proved to China, may not be without its use hereafter. In this way originated the opium war, the parent of all the succeeding wars with China—a struggle in which British grape-shot mowed down the Celestials like grass, and our men-of-war made equally short work of the Chinese junks. We compelled the Chinese to sue for peace, and to pay an indemnity of upwards of four millions sterling; but there was one thing which they stubbornly refused to do—they would not legalize the trade to which all their misfortunes were due. It was pointed out to the Emperor that if he insisted on declaring the trade contraband, smuggling would still go on; whereas, if he consented to impose an import duty on the opium he might derive therefrom a revenue of £1,200,000 a year. His answer merits the attention of those Indian administrators who argue that they ought not to give up the traffic because of the princely revenue it yields. “It is true,” he said, “I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.” It needed two other wars, as well as the moral impression produced by the sack of the Summer Palace and the fall of Peking, to break down what some people are disposed to regard as the stupid prejudices of the Chinese against the legalization of the noxious drug.

Lord Elgin's treaty apparently placed the trade on a secure footing. At last the ban of celestial law was withdrawn from it, and opium was enabled to take its place side by side with the products of Lancashire looms and Birmingham workshops. The opium smuggler was transformed into an opium merchant. No pirate could have been made more respectable if the Admiralty, besides con-

doning his past offences, had appointed him to the commission of one of Her Majesty's ships. As for the Imperial Government, nothing could have been more opportune than the legalization of a trade for the prosecution of which, on the political extinction of the East India Company, it necessarily became largely responsible. That Government was enabled to cultivate opium under the Indian monopoly, and even to extend the area of cultivation as the now lawful appetites of the Chinese were enlarged, without any further apprehension from prohibitory laws, which the sword had cut in twain, and which, indeed, Lord Elgin's treaty had formally abrogated. There was, however, one fly in the pot of ointment. The Chinese, from eating opium in ever-increasing quantities (for since the year 1800 the exports from India have multiplied nearly forty-fold), have taken to cultivating it on a large scale. I have the authority of a gentleman who recently made a journey of more than three thousand miles in the west of China, traversing the provinces of Hoo-pih, Sze-chuen, and Shen-se, "and found nearly everywhere evidence of extensive cultivation." This home cultivation has all grown up during the last twenty years. It has already driven out the opium which formerly enriched Burmah at the expense of Western China. Chinese opium has two qualities which render it a formidable competitor to the Indian poppy. It only costs half the price, and is not nearly so deleterious. It therefore seems probable that while the rich epicure will still consume the foreign article, the poorer slaves of the vice will be content with wasting their substance on the drug of native growth and manufacture.

The Imperial edicts prohibiting the cultivation of the poppy in the provinces of the empire are still unrepealed, but for the present they remain a dead letter. What adequate motive can the Emperor and his council have for enforcing these edicts so long as they are not permitted to deal with the foreign trade? The money expended on opium, if spent in the country, would not be so absolutely unproductive as if it were all sent abroad in exchange for the Indian drug. On the other hand, the Chinese Government is naturally alarmed at the extent to which the good lands of the empire are being

used up by the cultivation of the poppy. China is an excessively poor and overcrowded country, and cannot afford to give to opium land which ought to yield food to the people. Choo-Tsun, a statesman who lived long enough to foresee, but not long enough actually to witness, the downfall of the empire, many years ago put this pertinent question: "If all the rich and fertile ground be used for planting the poppy, and if the people, hoping for a large profit therefrom, madly engage in its cultivation, where will flax and the mulberry-tree be cultivated, or wheat and rye be planted?" Two years ago, the answer to this inquiry was virtually given by one of the censors at Peking, who, in a memorial to the throne, complained that there had been "a great scarcity of food in Shensi and Kiangsu, where the opium-farming mostly prevails," and that "the laborers give their strength and time to the poppy, while wheat and millet are neglected."

Last year the Under-Secretary for India was somewhat despondent at the falling off in the opium revenue. This session his tone is more hopeful. The revenue has revived, and the prophets of evil—who were, however, chiefly connected with the Indian Department—stand rebuked. It is not impossible that the new-born confidence may be as premature as the recent depression. It is true that Mr. Grant Duff plumes himself on "the excellent" quality of Indian opium. It is indeed so "excellent" that it destroys the Chinese more quickly than the home-made drug; and if the object be to decimate China, or to multiply the number of sensual imbeciles and paupers, no one can deny that this end is likely to be attained. But unfortunately for the prospect of Indian opium, Mr. D. B. Robertson, her Majesty's Consul at Canton, has lately discovered a marked improvement in the quality of native opium, which is now, he says, equal to Malwa—a tribute calculated to induce Mr. Grant Duff to look well to his laurels. M. Huc, who published his "Chinese Empire" sixteen years ago, anticipated this very state of things, and, indeed, predicted that when the Chinese made at home all the opium necessary for their own consumption, "British India would experience a terrible blow—one that might possibly even be felt in the British metropolis." In allusion to the increasing use of laudanum in our

manufacturing towns, the learned French traveller even speculated upon the possibility of England one day sending to China for the means of gratifying the depraved tastes of her own people. Those who have read Dr. Bridges's remarks on the prevalence of this evil in our northern towns will hardly regard M. Huc's idea as so fanciful as to be absurd.

In the debate on Sir Wilfrid Lawson's motion, the Under-Secretary endeavored to produce the impression that the evils of opium-smoking and opium-eating had been enormously exaggerated. Mr. Gladstone, in a more cautious temper, argued that the question was an open one; and by resorting to what I must call a species of casuistry, gave just offence to many of his supporters, who thought that he, at any rate, would not fail to recognize the value of those moral considerations to which the originators of the discussion had appealed. The time has gone by for impeaching the facts upon which the exceptional enormity of the traffic is based. In China, from the Emperor and his chief officers down to the native painter who, after the manner of Hogarth, has depicted the successive stages of the opium-smoker's progress from prosperity to ruin, there has been but one testimony as to the frightful injury which the use of opium is inflicting on the people. It may consist with official ideas of expediency to represent the assailants of the trade as drawing upon their imagination for their facts, but it must not be forgotten that there is the strongest official evidence in support of even the extreme views which found expression in the speeches of the minority in the House of Commons. A select committee of that House is not a bad witness in such a case, and the select committee which sat in 1840 reported that "the demoralizing results of the opium trade are incontestable and inseparable from its existence;" while the East India Company, in a notable access of candor, declared that "were it possible to prevent the use of the drug altogether, except strictly for the purpose of medicine, we would gladly do it in compassion to mankind." A sentence like this conclusively reveals the existence of those mortal perturbations which secretly disturb the equanimity of even the most confirmed offenders against public morality. Similarly the slaveholders of the Southern States would some-

times admit that their "peculiar institution" was an evil of colossal magnitude, although, like the East India Company, they never sufficiently turned from their evil ways to resist the temptation to extend the system of which they professed to be unwilling supporters.

The opium trade has vitiated the whole of our relations with the Chinese Empire. That trade simply embodies in its most odious form the pretended right of the strong to ride rough-shod over the weak. The mob who, in driving a missionary out of a Chinese city, taunted him with hypocrisy in coming to teach them virtue when his countrymen "had burned their palace, killed their emperor, and sold poison to their people," may have been as brutal and unreasoning as mobs of the lowest class generally are, but it would be absurd to deny that their shout had in it a painful element of truth. The horrible spirit of fanaticism which resulted in the recent massacre at Tientsin merited a severe example of retributive justice; but it should, nevertheless, be remembered that during the last few years the French have dragooned the Chinese Government into making concessions which were eminently calculated to inflame the passions of an ignorant populace. To mention only one fact—the French Government has compelled the Chinese to restore to the Jesuits property which although granted to them two centuries back, was confiscated at the time of the Christian persecution a hundred and fifty years ago. An observant Englishman, writing to me from China, says that "the right of beating Chinese servants is openly claimed by the English masters, and our consular agents shrink from restraining this violence by proper severity." If the European, intoxicated with the pride of race, behaves in this lawless manner to his Chinese dependants, is it surprising that the latter should avail themselves of the first opportunity to retaliate? Professor Pumpelly of Harvard University, in his work "Across America and Asia," relates an incident which, if he did not speak with the authority of an eye-witness, one would be disposed to read with incredulity. After remarking that to the average foreigner "the teeming population around him is simply a swarm of chattering animals useful as producers of tea and consumers of opium," he says:—



"A steamboat which had been undergoing repairs made a trial trip, crowded with most of the leading foreigners of Shanghai, all, like myself, invited for a pleasure excursion up the Wusung river. As we were steaming at full speed we saw some distance ahead of us a large scow, loaded so heavily with bricks as to be almost unmanageable by the oars of four Chinamen who were propelling it. They saw the steamer coming, and knowing well how narrow was the channel, worked with all their force to get out of it and let the boat pass. As we all stood watching the slow motion of the scow, which we were rapidly approaching, I listened every instant for the order to stop the engine. The unwieldy craft still occupied half the channel, the coolies straining every muscle to increase her slow motion, and uttering cries which evidently begged for a few instants' grace. There was yet time to avoid collision, when the pilot called out, 'Shall I stop her, sir?' 'No,' cried the captain, 'go ahead.' There was no help for it. Horrified at hearing this cold-blooded order, I waited breathlessly for the crash, which soon came. The scow, striking under the port bow, veered around lengthwise, and was almost instantly under the paddles. A shriek, a shock, and a staggering motion of our boat, and we were again steaming up the channel. Going to the stern I could see but one of the four Chinamen, and he was motionless in the water. Among the faces of the foreigners on the crowded decks there were few traces of the feelings which every new comer must experience after witnessing such a scene. The officers of the boat looked coolly over the side to see whether the bow and paddles had suffered any damage, and such remarks as were made on the occurrence were certainly not in favor of the victims."

This being the temper of many of the Europeans in China, it is impossible that we can regard the future of our relations with that empire with a feeling of confidence or of hope, unless indeed we believe that a day will come when the British public will insist upon conferring on the Chinese a community of rights as well as of duties. If that day should ever dawn, the doom of the opium traffic—let its abolition cost Great Britain what it may—will be sealed. Indian financiers, ignoring the dictum of the Dutch Commissioners, who, in 1803, declared that "no consideration of pecuniary advantage ought to weigh with a European Government in allowing the use of opium," appear to think that in preferring revenue to morality they are clearly performing their duty to India. English statesmen,

who are or should be something more than the guardians of the State money-bag, may well be excused if they think of the honor of their country and of her moral influence, which has been so rudely shaken by the selfish and aggressive character of her policy in the East. The silk and tea which we export from China render her the benefactress of the world. The opium which we introduce into the Flowery Kingdom is of a value nearly equal to the two commodities with which she enriches the commerce and the homes of the civilized world. To suppress the opium traffic, now that its roots have struck so widely and so deeply, may appear to be a Quixotic enterprise; but, at all events, there can be on just reason why the Indian Government should not be divorced from its present indefensible connection with the cultivation, manufacture, and sale of the poison, or why the Chinese Government should not be at liberty to prohibit or to restrict its importation into the empire in such manner as it may consider practicable.

In the debate of last session, Mr. Grant Duff based his defence of the Bengal monopoly mainly on two grounds: first, that a revenue of seven or eight millions could not be sacrificed without gross injustice to the people of India; and, secondly, that the evils of opium smoking had been enormously exaggerated. Upon the second point I might have heaped authority on authority—Ossa upon Pelion; but enough has been said to show that the Chinese themselves entertain a very different opinion from that expressed by the Under-Secretary, and also that the Indian Government itself formerly held language which it is impossible to reconcile with the new theory of the comparative harmlessness of the drug. With regard to the question of revenue, while I cannot admit that the moral argument is affected by considerations of this nature, it must yet be admitted that, if the Indian Government were to retire from the monopoly and to substitute for it a system of export duty, the nation itself would be relieved from that direct complicity with the traffic which appears to me especially odious and indefensible. Sir William Muir, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, strongly advocates the abolition of the Government monopoly; and he does so, partly because he believes it would greatly tend to diminish the spirit

of gambling which, he says, "has ruined many a firm in Western India," and also because he is of opinion that "the change would relieve the British Government from the odious imputation of pandering to the vice of China by over-stimulating production, over-stocking the markets, and flooding China with the drug in order to raise a wider and more secure revenue to itself." Nor does Sir W. Muir stand alone in urging these views. Mr. George Campbell, late Chief-Commissioner of Oude, and now Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in speaking at the Newcastle Social Science Congress, declared himself in favor of abolishing the monopoly and of limiting the export from India, the Chinese Government, on its side, undertaking to do all in its power to restrict the use

of the drug among its own subjects. The major question is one which comes properly under the purview of Mr. Fawcett's India Committee, which will render a service to the empire if it takes into its serious consideration the present fluctuating and unstable character of the opium revenue. I so far agree with Mr. Campbell, that I believe our statesmen could not do themselves or their country more honor than by giving the Chinese Government to understand, that if it really desires to abate this great evil it would meet with every encouragement at our hands, and that no financial considerations on our part would be allowed to stand in the way of restricting or abolishing the use of the drug in the Celestial dominions.

F. W. CHESSEON.

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Chambers's Journal.

#### FOOD ECONOMIZERS.

THE man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before is very justly held to be a benefactor of his kind. With equal justice may we include in the list of such benefactors all those who, by their skill and inventive genius, aid in improving and economizing the food of the community. Creative power must, in fact, be called in, in most cases, to effect economization of food; so that there is no real distinction to be drawn between the man who adds to the human store by growing more, and him who increases that store by diminishing its waste. That much is wasted, and will, we fear, continue to be wasted, from sheer carelessness and lavish indifference, is only too true. But ignorance is the most fruitful cause of waste—ignorance which leads mankind to persevere in wasteful methods of preparing their food; while a knowledge of improved modes of cookery would add immensely to the health and comfort of the human family, and increase to an enormous extent the material wealth of the world.

The accomplished M. Soyer, writing at the time of the Crimean War, remarks that almost all the productions of nature can be made available, and produce wholesome and nutritious food for man. But this admirable cook, and really clever scientific man, goes on to show how essential knowledge is to the attainment of the benefits nature so liberally provides,

but which are so woefully wasted by adherence to old methods of preparing food. M. Soyer himself did much to reform the waste of which he complained, more especially by the improvements which he introduced in the cookery for the army and navy of this country, and which he also extended to our public institutions. That there was great need for this improvement may well be admitted if we are to credit M. Soyer's assertion, that by the system of cooking then in general use more than fifty per cent., or one-half of all animal and vegetable productions, was lost; and that the loss was aggravated by the food, generally, being so much less palatable than it ought to be. He mentions instances where, in some charitable institutions, the plan adopted was to cut one hundred pounds of meat into pieces of a quarter of a pound each, to put these pieces into one hundred gallons of water at twelve o'clock of one day, and boil them till twelve the next day, in order to form a soup for the inmates and patients. By this mode of proceeding, the osmazome, that is, the real nutriment of the meat, was lost by evaporation from the boiler; and only the gelatine and fibrine were left. A medical Board, instituted at Paris for the purpose of inquiring into the subject, proved that gelatine contained no nutriment whatever, and that the fibrine contained about the

same as a piece of dry wood. In short, as M. Soyer sums up the matter, it was much the same as if a cook put a piece of meat of a few pounds weight before a large fire to roast for twenty-four hours.

By the ordinary methods of cooking now pursued, that is, by roasting before the common fire, boiling in the common stew-pans, and using the ordinary oven, the waste is far beyond what most people can be aware of, and the result is not half so satisfactory as those who have tried improved methods know to be attainable. In roasting meat in the common way, the loss is one-third of the original weight, or  $5\frac{1}{3}$  ounces in the pound; while baked meat shows a loss of only  $3\frac{1}{3}$  ounces in the pound. Confining our remarks to butcher-meat only, we beg the reader to bear in mind that though there are some parts of Britain where a considerable portion of the population taste but very little of butcher-meat from one year's end to another, the consumption is, nevertheless, something enormous, and the amount of money to be saved by avoiding waste is really startling. From the known quantity of butcher-meat that enters the London market, it is easily calculable that the average quantity consumed by each man, woman, and child in the metropolis must be about seven ounces each per day; while the average for all England is calculated at about five ounces per head per day. If even fifteen per cent. of the waste on this enormous quantity of meat can be saved by improved cooking—and a greater saving than that can be effected—we arrive at results which cannot be too generally known. Captain F. P. Warren, of the royal navy, as our public authorities and scientific men in general are well aware, has done wonders by the introduction of his Patent Cooking-pot—now greatly used both in our land and naval forces—and by which, while the flavor of the food is improved, the saving of waste amounts to full fifteen per cent. Now, as Captain Warren has shown, were this saving to be universal in this country, we should, assuming the average price of butcher-meat to be eightpence per pound, the consumption to be no more than four ounces per head, and the population to be 30,000,000, effect a money saving of no less than £11,000,000 per annum—

enough of itself to defray the whole cost of our navy.

But it is by improved methods of cooking by gas that we are to look for the greatest saving in the future, for here we shall save not only in food, but in fuel. The adaptation of gas for the purposes of boiling, stewing, or frying is simple enough, and is in common use both in public and private establishments. The great difficulty heretofore has been to adapt gas so as to roast meat in a cleanly, economical, and satisfactory manner. In fact, it cannot fairly be said that meat has yet been properly roasted at all by any apparatus hitherto in use, as none of them have fulfilled the essential condition of having round the meat a free current of air, whereby all offensive fumes are carried off, and a genuine *roast* is effected. The difficulty just alluded to has, we think, been completely overcome by the adoption of an entirely new principle to gas-cooking. A new gas "Roaster," as it is called, is exhibited in the International Exhibition now open at Kensington, and which is marked in the catalogue as Southby's patent. Instead of the old plan of rows of gas jets above which the meat was placed, and from which it too often acquired unpleasant odors from imperfect combustion, which created a prejudice against gas-cooking—this new apparatus exhibits only one gas-burner, placed at one end of the frame-work, and standing quite clear of the food to be roasted. The burner is enclosed in an iron chimney, above which the flame is not allowed to come. When the gas is lighted, a light iron cover (the cover of the specimen in the Exhibition is of porcelain) is placed over, and encloses the chimney, the end of the cover farthest from the gas resting on the edge of the stand, and allowing free outlet to the heated air within. It will be seen that the principle upon which this roaster acts is, that the heated air from the burner ascends at once to the top of the cover, proceeds to the cool end, descends to the cooler outside air by the raised edge, and thus a free current is effected, which is said to be greater even than is obtained by roasting at an open fire. As an enormous quantity of fresh air impinges on the gas jet, the combustion of the gas is rendered absolute, so that no smell or extraneously unpleasant taste can impregnate the meat. We can speak

from experience that meat cooked by this apparatus is as perfect as can ever be attained by the best open fire cooking in the most skilled hands. The juices are all retained in the meat, which secures its being tender, full of flavor, and consequently in the most digestible condition. The loss of weight by cooking is reduced to a minimum, for, whereas a joint of meat of eleven pounds weight loses never less than three pounds by cooking at an open fire, the loss by this gas-roaster, on a joint of the weight above mentioned, is reduced to only one pound. Owing to the complete consumption of the gas,

aided by the consumable parts of the common air which rushes in to feed it, the cost of cooking is so markedly lessened, that such a joint as we have just described can be perfectly cooked at a cost not exceeding one penny. From what has just been stated, it will be seen that at the least a most important and valuable improvement has been effected. As money may be saved, comfort promoted, and health improved by accepting the aid of science as a handmaiden in the every-day but absolutely-neededful operation of preparing food, we have thought it a matter of duty to draw attention to the subject.

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Saturday Review.

M. THIERS.

THE singular and unprecedented position of M. Thiers throws a reflected interest on his past career. The almost unanimous suffrages of his countrymen have been given under the influence of various motives, but chiefly perhaps in the well-founded conviction that M. Thiers is a typical Frenchman of the age which followed the Revolution. When rational politicians elect to be governed by a man of seventy-four, they express their willingness to dispense with experiment and with novelty. It would be absurd to expect that an aged statesman should modify in the exercise of power the opinions and tendencies which have been associated with his active life and with his reputation. It would be an idle task to attempt the conversion of M. Thiers to free trade, to decentralization, or to non-intervention and permanent peace. His ideal of domestic and foreign policy is the Consulate of 1800, tempered perhaps by the Parliamentary system of 1830. In his History he never tires of quoting Napoleon's maxim that confidence should proceed from below and power from above. As chief of the actual Government, he probably inclines with his Imperial prototype to dwell rather on the efficiency of power than on the necessity of confidence; but he can never forget that his own greatest triumphs were achieved as a Parliamentary leader of the class which Napoleon habitually designated as a cluster of advocates. Notwithstanding his passion for military glory, M. Thiers has become the first man in France as a brilliant writer

and as a master of all the weapons of debate. It is remarkable that his admiration and his support have been largely given to characters utterly unlike his own, and to systems with which he had nothing in common. A great orator, he has applauded the silence which is enforced by military despotism; a disciple of Voltaire, he has long been the earnest advocate of the pretensions of the Pope. Whatever doctrine or practice seems likely to promote the greatness and glory of France requires for him no other justification. He has no objection to the Republican form of government, which he praised in his early writings; but there is no danger of his tampering with theories of Socialism which he probably finds utterly unintelligible. The satisfaction with which he may regard his present pre-eminence is perhaps tempered with regret for the strange isolation which causes him to stand alone without competitor or designated successor. With the exception of Princes who are recommended to notice by rank as well as by ability, and of two or three second-rate Generals, M. Thiers is not only the first of living Frenchmen, but the only conspicuous personage in the country. Gambetta, whose turn may possibly come hereafter, is thus far only the chief of a faction.

M. Thiers's youthful lot was cast in circumstances unusually favorable to the exercise of his remarkable faculties. As a first prizeman of the Polytechnic School, he commenced life with a promise which has been amply fulfilled. During the



reign of Charles X. journalism and political literature were the surest roads to political power. The Government was sufficiently unconstitutional to justify incessant attacks, while it was not so tyrannical or vigorous as to render opposition seriously dangerous. As a political and historical writer, M. Thiers took the side of the Revolution, but he was never a Jacobin. In the so-called principles of 1789, which he supposes to be equally definite and true, he is still a believer. If he had not proceeded with his great work, and become the chief prophet of the fabulous Napoleonic legend, he would perhaps have preached the not less idolatrous faith which has been taught by Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc. On the expulsion of the elder branch, M. Thiers had become sufficiently conspicuous to be admitted to subordinate office on the recommendation of Talleyrand. There were probably personal reasons for the animosity which he has always shown to his first patron; and in a short time he became, as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sufficiently important to dispense thenceforth with all external support. His colloquial and business-like oratory produced as great an effect in the Chamber as the stately declamation of M. Guizot; and at a later time he was fully a match for Lamartine or Montalembert. After the death of Casimir Perier, M. Thiers was counted in the first rank of Parliamentary leaders, and having been alternately the colleague and the opponent of Guizot and Molé, he became President of the Council of Ministers within ten years from the accession of Louis Philippe. In 1840 he thought that he had the opportunity of engaging in an enterprise after his own heart, by encouraging the ambitious projects of Mehemet Ali in spite of the protests of the Great Powers and the resolute opposition of England. His chief rival, M. Guizot, was at the time Ambassador in England, and M. Thiers prepared to arm three or four hundred thousand men, with the avowed purpose of marching on the Rhine. Luckily for himself and for his country, he was checked at home by the calmer judgment of the King; and abroad he encountered a firmer will than his own. Lord Palmerston desired Sir Henry Bulwer to hint with all possible delicacy to the French Minister that, if he ventured on a rupture, he

might save himself the trouble of discussing the management of Algeria, and that his Egyptian client would be summarily "pitched into the Nile." In two or three months, under Lord Palmerston's orders, Ibrahim Pasha was driven headlong out of Syria, and the King of the French readily accepted M. Thiers's resignation. From that time to the end of Louis Philippe's reign M. Thiers was steadily in opposition; but while he countenanced political agitation as far as it was directed against M. Guizot's Administration, he cherished no revolutionary designs. When Paris, in February, 1848, was already in the hands of the mob, M. Thiers accepted the office of Minister, in the vain hope of satisfying the popular demands. The fatal order which compelled Marshal Bugeaud to discontinue his resistance to the insurrection bore the signature of M. Thiers. In the tumult, constitutional government was swept away, to reappear with doubtful prospects of vitality after three-and-twenty years. M. Thiers's chief title to the gratitude of his countrymen rests on the consistent energy with which during the whole period he has struggled to re-establish the liberty which had been recklessly destroyed. In the Constituent Assembly, and in the National Assembly, he was the ablest champion of order, which was practically identified with Parliamentary government. Yet in his writings he had done more than any other Frenchman to render the revival of the Empire possible; and even when the Second Napoleon had profited by the popular delusions to which M. Thiers had given currency, the historian continued in successive volumes to inflame the passion of his countrymen for military glory. To the frequent overtures of the Emperor he replied by a persistent refusal to enter his service. The First Napoleon had filled his imagination by his exploits and by the all-pervading energy of his despotism; but his successor relied on the peasantry and the army to exclude the intellect of France from power; and M. Thiers was too proud and too upright to become an accomplice in the oppression of the order to which he belonged. When Napoleon III. in the wane of his popularity consented to restore to the Legislative Body a fragment of a shadow of power, M. Thiers, with half-a-dozen allies of far inferior capacity and reputation to his own, commenced an op-

position which gradually assumed reality and strength. He exercised by anticipation the Parliamentary liberties which he demanded; and he was too able and too famous to be silenced or to be treated with contempt. Of the whole policy of the Emperor, and more especially of his best acts, he constantly disapproved. To him the campaign of 1859 with its consequences appeared a fatal system of errors, because the Revolution had inherited from the old Monarchy, and had bequeathed to the First Empire, the maxim that the weakness and division of neighboring States were the condition of the greatness of France. Free trade, when it found favor with the Emperor, was abhorrent to a statesman who was incapable of throwing off the traditions of his youth. Repression at home was not more distasteful to M. Thiers than the promotion of Italian unity, with its necessary result of an abridgment of the temporal power of the Pope. The neutrality of the Emperor in 1866, when France might have fought on the side of Austria for the maintenance of the German Confederation, seemed to M. Thiers a proof of criminal imbecility. As he said in one of the harangues which were now addressed to an organized Opposition as well as to a Government majority, the Emperor had not left a blunder to commit. At the last moment M. Thiers attempted to delay the vote for war with Germany, on the ground that the

country and the army were unprepared. From that time he probably foresaw that the fall of the Empire was inevitable; but with prudent dignity he refused to become a member of the Government which was raised to power by the mob on the 4th of September. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he undertook an unauthorized diplomatic mission to all the Courts of Europe in the vain hope of procuring an alliance for France. Even at Florence the avowed enemy of Italy and of the reigning dynasty solicited with patriotic self-abnegation a possible reinforcement. It is not surprising that, when it became necessary to conclude peace and to found a government, all France instinctively turned to the indefatigable veteran whose name would add weight to his official authority. The Assembly has since become weary of his predominance, and of his irritable and imperious temper; and he steadily resists even the most plausible modifications of the traditions of French government; but the great mass of the population still regards him as indispensable. When his position is menaced, instead of dissolving the Assembly by military force, he threatens to resign; and if his health lasts, he will probably continue to govern France. It is possible that he meditates a future revenge on Germany; but he is too prudent to precipitate a rupture. So exceptional a rank has perhaps never been awarded to a civilian.

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The Spectator.

#### BURNS AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SURPRISE has been expressed in the newspapers that the celebration of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott should have awakened less enthusiasm in the sister country than the Burns Commemoration twelve years ago. There can, we think, be little doubt about the truth of the allegation that it has been so, even after we have subtracted from the various reports the hackneyed sayings of conventional cynicism, and removed from our minds the impressions which such remarks, credulously accepted, are fitted to convey. To any one out of Scotland, it seems, at first blush, strange to think that Burns has a far firmer hold of his countrymen than Sir Walter Scott. It seems unnatural that the peasant poet of Ayrshire, whose range in

one sense was remarkably limited, should at this day hold a higher niche in popular esteem than the historian, not only of the people's outward character, but of all that is noble and interesting in their life, than the inimitable artist not alone of his country's "brave men and beautiful women," but of those features of natural scenery which charm the eye, and that wealth of legend and story which awaken the curiosity and enlist the heart. Yet such is the case, and it may be worth while to consider some of the reasons why it is so. It has been said that the chief cause is a political one, but neither the Toryism of the one memory nor the Radicalism of the other had anything to do with the "amiable indifference" which in Scotland

the other day greeted the hundredth birthday of Sir Walter, or the hurricane of enthusiasm with which the usually undemonstrative Scotch twelve years ago hailed the centenary of Burns.

It has been often and truthfully said during these last few days that Scott lives and will live as a novelist, and not as a poet. Like Scott, in one sense, Burns lives as a man, but it is his poetry alone that imparts interest to his short, tempestuous life. There is thus at the outset a radical difference between the positions which the two men hold in respect to their audiences, and a difference too which affects materially their relation to the public, so far as *intimate personal communion* is concerned, and that playing of spirit upon spirit which is the peculiar mission of the poet, and the influence which, more than any other, is fitted to rouse enthusiasm, to beget reverence, and awaken love. The novelist works behind the scenes; he arranges his figures and makes his puppets play their part; and indeed, according to modern canons of criticism, the less he appears personally on the stage the more perfect his workmanship, the higher his art. The poet, however, or at least the lyrical poet, and especially such a poet as Burns, speaks face to face with the people; he comes before them glowing with the fire of his mission, burning with the zeal of his hatred or his love, weeping tears of sympathy or singing songs of hope. And so here is a reason acting altogether independently of the respective merits of the men,—an abstract reason, it may be called, which accounts in a very considerable measure for the reception given to a popular expression of regard for the memories of Scotland's two greatest men. In intimate connection with this should be observed the kind of man whose memory is fittingly commemorated by displays common to centenary celebrations, as also the character of those who find fitting expression to their reverence for greatness in toast-drinking and fireworks, in the discharge of cannon or the fluttering of flags. There is a kind of greatness and goodness to which such "honor" would be simply mockery—we do not say this of either Sir Walter or Burns—and there comes a time in one's culture and experience when gaudy trappings, however gay, when thunders of artillery, however loud, when the popular

hurrah, however hearty, fails altogether to utter one's gratitude and pride, or one's reverence for greatness "gone before." While in Berlin a few months ago, thousands were carried away in a tumult of enthusiasm by the memory of recent victory brought vividly before them by an imposing martial display, there must have been many thoughtful minds among "the proud and patient folks"—other than those to whom the pageant had been bought by bereavement—who failed to find in this gorgeous panorama anything like an adequate expression of their joy that a united Germany had been brought one step nearer completion, or that a sad and disastrous war had been brought to a close. We think it will be found on examination that those who swelled the applause in the case of Burns belong to a somewhat different and more demonstrative class than those who read and appreciate Sir Walter Scott. It must be confessed that, notwithstanding the still extensive sale of Scott's novels, they are not largely read by the less intelligent workmen, a considerable majority in all communities, and who, like the occupants of the gallery in a theatre, are always most liberal in demonstrative applause. All classes know Burns; there can be no doubt of that; all classes and the most demonstrative class do *not* know Scott as a living, struggling, human being like themselves. The ploughman, behind his team is far more to many of these than the man of law at his desk. The king of a jovial crew in Poosie Nancy's has more pegs about him on which they can lay hold of than the kind-hearted, lovable, literary man of whom all his contemporaries spoke well. And, moreover, the leading tales in penny newspapers have effectually put a stop to the reading of novels in book form by a very large proportion of the working-classes. The matter of these they find more suited to the times; the sensation is decidedly more peppery, the supply is so exhaustless, the penny visitor is so persistent and so popular, that he is seldom sent empty away. We suspect that even in Scotland many of the working-classes know more about tales with titles like "The Factory Girl" or "The Gypsy's Revenge," than they do about "Rob Roy" or "Waverley."

Again, the works of Burns are very complete in themselves. His poems give

complete and concise expression to the thoughts and feelings of the entire round of Scottish life. "Did not Scott do this?" it may be asked. "Did he not do more? Did he not call Scotland into being even? Has he not shown to all nations Scotch character, living and moving; Scotch scenery terrible in its rugged grandeur, tender in its simple beauty, various in its light and shade?" Yes, he did all this, and, as remarked years ago by the late Alexander Smith, and revived the other day by Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, added pecuniary value to each spot of soil that he touched with his magic pen. But he did it as a novelist, and not as a poet. Were it possible for a shrewd Scotchman never to have read any of the Waverley Novels until he was twenty-five years of age, we venture to assert that by no other means could he get such a good idea of the real excellence of Scott. He would find in him the germs, often the exact words, of Scotch proverbs and wise sayings with which he had been familiar since his childhood. He would find there represented, rippling from the lips of real men and women, the pawky humor of his native land, the shrewd caution of his countrymen in the doings of genuine Borderers, or the chivalry of that by no means ancient time before "the days of chivalry were gone." But the *personality* of Scott has at present little hold of the *demonstrative* public mind; some of his own characters, where known, might sooner evoke popular enthusiasm than himself. Burns gave no artistically wrought-out illustration of principles; he caught up and expressed the scattered fragments of thought and feeling which he found floating about in the minds of the people,—seeds these were that came to flower in himself; "forms of beauty smiling at the hearts" of his homely associates were set into "cadenced rhyme" by his genius, and lie ready to be appropriated by the simplest mind and used by the most unlettered tongue. His couplets have been, and are still, current coin in Scotland, "a circulating medium" of thought and feeling for all relationships of life. His poems are a perpetual expression of those primitive elements of ideal nobility, of those hopes and fears which form the sole heritage often of the simple heart untroubled by the mazy complications of subtle speculation or the revellings of luxurious fancy

which appeal to the sympathies of a refined and educated people, and link the tastes of a cultivated age. He wrote to his own heart, and he will never want an audience. It is, however, this coining of happy thoughts, this bringing into a focus of their aspirations, that makes him so personally popular among the uneducated portion of the people, while his genius commends him to the most gifted and widely read. At first sight it seems he did more for Scotland than Moore did for Ireland, more than Béranger did for France. But this generalization will be modified after a little thought. As in nature the mind finds a counterpart to its various moods, so in Burns the simple Scotchman finds expression to nearly all that can be expressed of his aspirations and needs. Does he wish to tell of the happy cottage-life of his country, then he knows he can turn to the page where the heart-felt rapture, bliss beyond compare of a guiltless Scottish home is painted in the most exquisite coloring. Does he turn with honest wrath at hypocrisy, and does his blood boil within him at the self-sufficient tyranny of the "unco guid"? Then where shall he go better for expression than to the pages of the Ayrshire ploughman, where satire with flaming tongue licks mercilessly the writhing hypocrite at the stake? Has the demon despondency taken hold of him, then where does he find more fitting expression to his feelings than in the immortal "Ode," or heartier encouragement than in some of the poetical "Epistles"? Is he oppressed by the tyranny of riches,—"A man's a man for a' that." Has the tenderest of all human ties been suddenly snapt, and does he look broodingly over the verge and wistfully away into the vast beyond? Then the exquisite poem, "To Mary in Heaven," is surely no inapt expression of his hungry heart. Is love or friendship the theme in any form, the pages of the Scottish bard are a never-failing resort.

It might have been well, indeed, had Burns been less truly representative than he was, since the vices of his time find such enduring and charming expression in his pages. But here is another clue to the hold he has upon the popular mind. Although it seems setting down a paradox, yet "Frailty thy name is Burns" might be inscribed on the title-page of "the brave man's book." But it is, after all, greatly



because of their frailties that we love people, and here again is another clue to the popular sympathy with Burns. Our model men, our completely-rounded, hard-visaged, always-successful men are hateful in the extreme to struggling humanity. There are no gateways of approach to them; there is no "human nature" in them; there was a plenty of all those in Burns. "A hair-brained sentimental trace," a good dash of aggression in his writing and character, heresy in theology, slips in life, all tend to rouse and keep alive that kind

of popular sympathy which makes a good display at carnivals. The enthusiasm is and was greater too because, rightly or wrongly, a notion prevails that Burns was neglected in life, and therefore it is a duty to bellow appreciation over his grave. Sir Walter Scott possessed none of these attractions, and although it may not agree well with generally entertained notions of Scotch character to find the "douce" people paying tribute to such qualities as these, yet that they do is a very patent fact, and not to be gainsaid by theory.

A.

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Cornhill Magazine.

## THE HEART'S SUMMER.

OH! Stay not, Swallow, in the dusky South,  
Put forth across the waters without fear;  
I bear this message from my lady's mouth,  
"Here are the blossoms: Why art thou not here?"

Thy last year's nest awaits thy glad return  
Close by her lattice, under sheltering eaves:  
Beneath it soon will clustering roses burn,  
The jasmine feels it with its topmost leaves.

I know thy secret; why thou mad'st it there,—  
That thou might'st see my love or hear her oft,  
Or feel her breath upon the morning air,  
Sweet as the rose's, borne with it aloft.

How fairer than all fairest things her face,  
What harmony moves with her as she moves,  
Thou knowest; but not her last and tenderest grace,  
Thou hast not seen her, Swallow, now she loves.

Here in this spot where I await her now,  
I came upon my Lady unaware,  
And saw Heaven's promise in her perfect brow,  
Its ripe fulfilment in her lips and hair;

And could no longer hide my bitter smart,  
But turned toward her with a passionate cry,  
"O Love! My Lady! Thou so kind of heart,  
Have pity on me. Love me or I die."

A moment's space she turned her head away,  
While all my flagging pulses ceased to beat,  
The smiling skies grew ashen-hued and gray,  
And the glad sunshine quite forgot its heat.

Yet timorously and lingeringly she turned  
Again; and her long look upon me fell,  
And I could see where the bright color burned  
In either cheek and mark her bosom's swell.

This saw I, Swallow—more I could not see—  
 For round my neck two loving arms there clung,  
 And a sweet while her heart beat close to me,  
 Her golden head upon my bosom hung.

Nay, once more, Swallow : I may tell thee this,  
 Be this thy welcome from the desolate South.  
 My lady turned at length to meet my kiss,  
 And trembling kissed me on my trembling mouth.

And I have told her, and she doth not chide,  
 How all my fears and longings thou hast known,  
 And graciously she biddeth me confide  
 This last sweet secret unto thee alone.

Oh ! laggard, if thou knew'st what sweets she hath  
 Hoarded for thee—what smiles thy coming wait—  
 Thou would'st not loiter on thy homeward path,  
 Nor let my summer languish for its mate.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

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BEETHOVEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, the greatest musical composer probably that ever lived, was born at Bonn, Germany, on the 17th of December, 1770. His father and his grandfather before him were musicians of repute ; and Beethoven himself from his earliest years displayed a strong disposition for music. He was hardly four years old when his father put him to daily and exhaustive practice on the harpsichord, and his extraordinary talent at that early period attracted general attention and reached the ears of the Electoral court. A short time afterwards he was transferred to the tutorship of Von der Eden, the court-organist, and on the resignation of the latter, became a pupil of M. Neeffe, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria defraying the expense of his tuition. This excellent master introduced his pupil to the works of Sebastian Bach, most of which he thoroughly mastered in a short time ; and at the age of thirteen, he had made such progress that he published, at Mannheim and Spire, in his own name, "Variations on a March, Sonatas, and Songs." About this time, too, his genius displayed itself very decidedly in musical improvisation, and his extempore fantasias are said to have excited the admiration of the most accomplished musicians of the time both at Vienna and Cologne.

The Elector of Cologne now sent Beetho-

ven, who had succeeded Neeffe as court-organist, to Vienna, to study under Joseph Haydn ; but that famous composer being then on the point of starting for England, placed his intended pupil in the hands of the eminent theorist, Albrechtsberger, who first gave him systematic instruction in counterpoint. After having completed his time with that master, he returned to his home at Bonn, but remained only a brief time. His patron, the Elector, died ; Cologne was annexed to France ; and war raged in its worst form in the north of Germany. Beethoven therefore left the place of his birth forever, and settled in Vienna, which city and its environs he never afterwards quitted, save for one or two brief visits to Berlin and Prague, and various summer excursions in search of rest and health.

He now (1791) came before the public as a piano-virtuoso, and achieved the most brilliant success, both artistic and social. For several years he moved in the first circles of the capital, was feasted and courted and petted by the nobility, and the noise of his fame went abroad into all lands. These years were probably the happiest of his life, but success did not spoil him, and it was about this time that he began composing that long list of works of every class and in every style which have handed his fame down to pos-

terity, and which must make his memory revered as long as music has a votary, or genius an admirer.

He first tried his strength in a series of quartets and trios. Next he composed the opera of "Leonore," better known now under the name of "Fidelio," the libretto for which was taken from a French piece called "L'Amour Conjugal." The opera did not excite much attention at first—was in fact a failure; but the next year the managers of the Karthnorthor Theatre gave "Fidelio" for their benefit, and it was received with applause. The opera then took the form which it now bears; it was reduced to two acts and preceded by an imposing overture in E major. The composer also added the short march, the air of the jailer, and the fine finale of the first act. Beethoven never afterward wrote an opera, and it is thought that he never got over the ill-success of "Fidelio." In all other departments of music, however, vocal and instrumental, his compositions are almost numberless,—his published works reaching opera 120 at the least. This music, too, is all of the very highest character. His vocal music is full of melody to a degree never equalled by previous composers; most of his piano-forte music is admirable; and his orchestral music has never been surpassed. Says an appreciative writer: "The grandeur of Beethoven's conceptions, and his marvellous skill in development, are most manifest in his orchestral works, in his overtures, and especially in his symphonies. This is the field in which all his faculties are called into action; in which the wonders of his imagination are displayed, and every resource of his art is made contributory. And the power which he here exhibits is the more remarkable, as the ground seemed to be so entirely occupied by Haydn and Mozart that no room appeared to be left for a third."

In 1809, Beethoven determined to accept the place of kapellmeister to the King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte, which was offered to him on many

very advantageous conditions. The war and other circumstances unfortunately prevented these conditions from being completely fulfilled; and he made preparations for a visit to England, to which he had been invited by the Philharmonic Society of London. When the time came for departure, however, he abandoned his intention, as he had by this time been attacked by the malady which never left him, and which played so melancholy a part in his after life—deafness. This malady came on gradually, but from the first defied all remedies and every effort of skill, till at length the sense of hearing became so utterly extinct that he could only communicate with others by writing. This severe affliction, acting on so sanguine and lively a temperament, precipitated him into deepest gloom, and a violent desire for solitude, and he could never afterward be induced to go into society.

By slow degrees, maladies, arising probably from a long-continued state of mental irritation, attacked a frame which nature had made healthy and robust, and rendered recourse to medical aid imperatively necessary. But the hope of any cure soon vanished. Symptoms of dropsy appeared, and became more and more decisive in character. He underwent the operation of tapping, which mitigated his pain somewhat. During the process he characteristically exclaimed: "Better water from my body than from my pen." During the latter part of his illness he was in a constant state of delirium; and in the evening of March 26, 1827, in the midst of a sudden storm of rain, hail, and lightning, Beethoven breathed his last.

In 1845, a statue was erected to his memory in his native town of Bonn, amidst great popular rejoicings. It is a fine work of art by Hülmel, of Dresden.

Beethoven was never married, and was never known to form an attachment of a tender kind. His portraits are said to be very faithful likenesses. He was of the middle size, rather stout of figure, and, as our portrait shows, had a countenance of rare power and refinement.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*A Terrible Temptation.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. New York: Harper & Bros.

EVERY recent novel that Mr. Reade has published has been the signal for a perfect torrent of

criticism and invective, and "A Terrible Temptation" has been no exception to the rule. The assault began, in fact, before a half dozen installments were fairly before the public, and will no doubt be continued as long as the novel retains

any of its present popularity. Most of this criticism has been of the character which Mr. Reade consigned to an immortality of contempt in his famous "prurient prude" letter, and as he is probably engaged now in preparing another one of that type adapted to present circumstances, and as he has proved himself on more than one occasion quite capable of "taking care" of both himself and his critics, we refrain from attempting here any answer in detail.

It seems necessary, however, to remind the critics now and then that it would be well to ascertain what use an author is going to make of his material, what moral he is going to teach, and what is the final result of his work, before indulging in unreserved and intemperate denunciation. This reminder seems especially needful in the case of "A Terrible Temptation," for, as we have said, the criticism which has given color to all since written, and which has no doubt largely shaped the popular impression of the book, was commenced before the story was fairly under way, when it was utterly impossible to tell what lesson the author intended to teach, and was based evidently on an entirely false prognostic of the course of the story. We imagine that there are few readers now who, taking the novel as a whole, would be prepared to say that "it is licentious to a degree which ought to bring it under the ban of the law," or that "it is a disgrace both to author and publisher." Appearing as it did in parts, there were one or two situations no doubt which were sufficiently dubious to impart a shock to the delicate sensibilities of the "prurient prudes;" but, judging the story as a whole, we have no hesitation in saying that its moral tone is exceptionally high, that no one can doubt for a moment whether the author believes in a line of demarcation between the virtues and the vices, and that as far as ethics are concerned "A Terrible Temptation" is unexceptionable. It would be very refreshing to meet the "young person" whose imagination has been soiled by contact with Mr. Reade, and especially with his latest production. She (of course such a "young person" is feminine),—she must be singularly obtuse who cannot see how shallow, mean, sordid, and base is the life of Rhoda Somerset and her class; and who cannot appreciate how powerfully the story teaches the lesson that they enter upon a fatal and perilous path who begin to do evil that good may come.

This being the ultimate moral of his story, it makes little difference to our mind what instruments he uses in working it out. If there is one principle which has been evolved from the complexities and jargon of literary criticism, it is that an author shall have the liberty of choosing what material he likes, and that we shall judge his work by its results. Of course it is at his peril that he commits offenses against either good taste or good morals; but we believe the principle as we have stated it is now one of the canons of "the gay science." It would be well, too, for the public to recollect when their ears are confused by a clamor like that recently heard against Reade, that the very critics who raised it have probably taken occasion more than once to wreak their scorn upon the "bigoted stupidity," which in the case of Shakespeare has given rise to "expurgated" editions.

Coming now to the artistic aspect of "A Terrible Temptation," we are quite willing to concur in the opinion that the *kind* of use which Mr. Reade has made of Rhoda Somerset and the other complications of his story is unmistakable indication of decaying powers. There must have been a very marked declension from the Reade of *Peg Woffington* before the same author could descend to the charts and other sensational machinery of the "Temptation;" and the characters which figure in the more recent story have little of the vital personality of the old. The style, too, from being crisp, and clear, and terse, has become simply snappish; and the egotism which at first gave a peculiar and not unpleasant flavor to Reade's work has recently attained to the enormous.

Having spoken as one having authority on pretty much all the questions that have agitated society of late, he has now given (what of course in his opinion no one else living was capable of doing) an estimate of himself; and it is to be hoped he will now rest for awhile. As it is, we feel a terrible temptation to throw his latest production out of the window, or at least to exclude it from the company of the other well-used volumes by the same author which lie upon our shelf. The book is interesting enough and innocent enough, but as a work of art it is very far below the level of its author's earlier writings.

*The Holy Bible, According to the Authorized Version.* With a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. By the Bishops and Other Clergy of the Anglican Church. New York: Scribner & Co.

THE leading article in the January number of the *ECLECTIC* for the present year gave an elaborate history of the English Bible, and intimated that the Commentary which has been so much talked about, and on one or two occasions wrangled about, during the past few years, was in an advanced state of preparation, and would shortly be ready for issue. The first volume of that Commentary, comprising the whole of the Pentateuch, was published in England a month or two ago, and has just been introduced to the American public by Scribner & Co.

It is difficult to determine as yet what will be the verdict of the English critics on the Commentary, but there is no doubt that the Commentary itself was received with apathy and an unmistakable sense of disappointment. What is wanted now, and what was expected when Speaker Denison first broached his scheme, is such a revision of and commentary on the Scriptures as will meet the requirements of modern scholarship, and embody the best results of recent critical investigation. This demand is as clearly felt inside the churches as out; and nothing will satisfy it but a version in which the best scholars shall have at least an equal voice, and in whose preparation there shall be no predominance of sectarian or theological influence. Certainly no Commentary will satisfy it which embodies the views and conclusions of one sect only, and which has been prepared in so narrow and exclusive a spirit as the present one.

With these drawbacks, however, the *Speaker's Commentary* is a most important work, and has especial value as an official interpretation of the



Scriptures by the leading Protestant Church of Christendom. It is a work, moreover, of undeniable ability and research, and of as much impartiality as could be expected under the circumstances. No one can omit the study of it who would understand the present attitude of Orthodoxy toward the great problems which have been raised by expanding knowledge and recent scientific criticism.

We copy the Preface to the Commentary as affording the best explanation of the plans and purposes of the work, and the methods adopted for carrying them out:—

"It is about seven years since the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. Evelyn Denison, conceived the idea of the present Commentary, and suggested its execution.

"It appeared to him that in the midst of so much controversy about the Bible, in which the laity could not help feeling a lively interest, even where they took no more active part, there was a want of some Commentary upon the Sacred Books, in which the latest information might be made accessible to men of ordinary culture. It seemed desirable that every educated man should have access to some such work which might enable him to understand what the original Scriptures really say and mean, and in which he might find an explanation of any difficulties which his own mind might suggest, as well as of any new objections raised against a particular book or passage. Whilst the Word of God is one, and does not change, it must touch at new points the changing phases of physical, philological, and historical knowledge, and so the Comments that suit one generation are felt by another to be obsolete.

"The Speaker, after mentioning this project to several prelates and theologians, consulted the Archbishop of York upon it. Although the difficulties of such an undertaking were very great, it seemed right to the Archbishop to make the attempt to meet a want which all confessed to exist; and accordingly he undertook to form a company of divines, who, by a judicious distribution of the labor amongst them, might expound, each the portion of Scripture for which his studies might best have fitted him.

"The difficulties were indeed many. First came that of treating a great and almost boundless subject upon a limited scale. Let any one examine the most complete Commentaries now in existence, and he will find that twenty or thirty ordinary volumes are not thought too many for the exhaustive treatment of the Scripture text. But every volume added makes a work less accessible to those for whom it is intended; and it was thought that eight or ten volumes ought to suffice for text and notes, if this Commentary was to be used by laymen as well as by professed divines. Omission and compression are at all times difficult; notes should be in proportion to the reader's needs, whereas they are more likely to represent the writer's predilections. The most important points should be most prominent; but the writer is tempted to lay most stress on what has cost him most labor.

"Another difficulty lay in the necessity of treating subjects that require a good deal of research, historical and philological, but which could not be expected to interest those who have had no special

preparation for such studies. In order to meet this, it was resolved that subjects involving deep learning and fuller illustration should be remitted to separate essays at the end of each chapter, book, or division; where they can be found by those who desire them. The general plan has been this: A committee was formed to select the Editor and the writers of the various sections. The Rev. T. C. Cook, Canon of Exeter, and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, was chosen Editor. The work has been divided into eight sections, of which the present volume contains the Pentateuch. Each book has been assigned to some writer who has paid attention to the subject of it. The Editor thought it desirable to have a small committee of references, in case of dispute; and the Archbishop of York with Regius Professors of Divinity of Oxford and Cambridge agreed to act in this capacity. But in practice it has rarely been found necessary to resort to them.

"The Committee were called upon, in the first place, to consider the important question, which has since received a much fuller discussion, whether any alterations should be made to the authorized English Version. It was decided to reprint that Version, without alteration, from the edition of 1611, with the marginal references and renderings; but to supply in the notes amended translations of all passages proved to be incorrect. It was thought that in this way might be reconciled the claims of accuracy and truth with that devout reverence which has made the present text of the English Bible so dear to all Christians that speak the English tongue. When the Prayer-Book was revised, the earlier Psalter of Coverdale and Cranmer was left standing there, because those who had become accustomed to its use would not willingly attune their devotions to another, even though a more careful Version; the older Psalter still holds its place, and none seem to desire its removal. Since then knowledge of the Bible has been much diffused, and there seems little doubt that the same affection, which in the middle of the seventeenth century clung to the Psalter and preserved it, has extended itself by this time to its authorized Version of 1611. Be that as it may, those who undertook the present work desired that the layman should be able to understand better the Bible which he uses in church and at home; and for this purpose that Bible itself gives the best foundation, altered only where alteration is required to cure an error, or to make the text better understood.

"This volume is sent forth in no spirit of confidence, but with a deep sense of its imperfections. Those who wish to condemn will readily extract matter on which to work. But those who receive it, willing to find aid in it, and ready to admit that it is no easy matter to expound completely, fully, and popularly that book which has been the battle-ground of all sects and parties, which has been interpreted by all the ages, each according to its measure of light, will do justice to the spirit that has guided the writers. Such will find in it something that may help them better to appreciate the sacred text."

The Commentary will be completed in eight stout volumes, and Messrs. Scribner & Co. have issued it not only in very handsome style, but at a price which is less than half that of the English edition.

*Zell's Descriptive-Hand-Atlas of the World*, Arranged and Edited by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, LL.D. Philadelphia: T. Ekwood Zell.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA is now finished and delivered to its subscribers, and it is gratifying to say that the completed work fully carries out the promise of the prospectus and of the earlier numbers which were before us when we commended it to the attention of our readers. Few enterprises of a literary character have ever been undertaken in America more important to the cause of popular education; and the manner in which the comprehensive plan of a Cyclopaedia, Dictionary, and Gazetteer in one was carried through, is highly creditable to Editor and Publisher alike, and to all engaged in its preparation.

The character and success of that work is a guarantee in some sense of any new work which Mr. Zell may present, and the "Atlas on a New Plan," which he is now publishing in monthly parts, will doubtless find a friendly public. This Atlas, like the cyclopaedia, is issued at a low price, and is designed not merely for students but for popular use. As the Editor well remarks: "There is needed a thoroughly popular work combining the requisite essentials of utility, cheapness, descriptive information, facility of reference, and excellence of execution;" and, with seven parts before us, we may say that the *Descriptive Hand-Atlas* promises to meet most if not all of these requirements.

The maps, which of course are the most important part of the work, will number thirty-three; they are constructed on a large scale, are 16 by 11 inches in size, and are printed in colors on extra fine and heavy plate-paper. The engraving, we understand, was done in Edinburgh, and in finish and elegance and precision is not surpassed in any maps now accessible to the public.

In addition to the Maps, which themselves indicate the comparative populousness and importance of towns "by the character of the lettering employed," there is the following descriptive and reference letter-press:—

1. Each Map has a complete Index, embracing every name to be found thereon, classified under general and descriptive heads; and furnishing additional and important statistical information, such as the extent and population of countries, provinces, and towns, the heights of mountains, the lengths of rivers, etc.

2. Besides the English names given on the Maps, the Indices supply the forms known to the inhabitants of the country in which the place is situated; as, for example, "Vienna, *Wien*."

3. The references to the Maps in these Indices are by letters which, easily found on the top and side of the Map, guide to the square containing the name required. Each reference further states the name of the country, province, or other division in which the place is situated.

4. At the close of the work is given a General Index, containing every name given in the Maps of the Atlas.

5. To conclude with a series of elegant Maps of this country, with a *special Index to them all*. The letter-press accompanying these Maps will contain the statistics of the last Census (1870), and in order to have this as full as possible, this portion of the Atlas will be issued last.

The *Atlas* is to be published in twenty-five monthly parts at fifty cents a part, or twelve dollars and a half for the whole. Any additional parts, that is, any parts beyond twenty-five, will be given gratis to subscribers.

*Songs of the Sierras*. By JOAQUIN MILLER. Boston: Roberts Bros. & Co. 1871.

It is two or three months since we introduced Mr. Miller to our readers as "The New American Poet," and since that time he has made a good deal of noise in the world. Few writers, in fact, have ever met with a warmer reception, or achieved a more immediate and universal success. Rossetti's estimate, which seemed extravagant at the time, was accepted and reiterated with enthusiasm by almost the entire fraternity of English critics, and Mr. Miller has received exceptionally generous recognition and encouragement at the hands of the American press. One or two of our most respectable critics, it is true, have not forgotten that somebody must find fault, but their disparagements have been fairly swept away by the tide of praise and appreciation that have greeted the new poet on every hand; and Mr. Miller may return "with lifted face" to his home amid those Sierras about which he has so nobly sung.

In the American edition of the *Songs*, two or three new poems have been added to those which appeared in the English one. One of these, "*Myrrh*," seems to have been written on the same plan and for the same purpose as Byron's famous Farewell; another one, *Kit Carson's Ride*, contains some fine verses, but as a whole is scarcely worthy of a place beside the earlier poems of the volume; and the last, "*Even So*," is rather calmer and more meditative than anything else that Mr. Miller has written. But none of them are important enough to demand further criticism, and Rossetti's verdict as expressed in a recent number may stand unaltered as our own. It is a long time since we have read anything in the way of poetry so spirited and fresh and unconventional as these *Songs of the Sierras*, and we shall expect from Mr. Miller in the future, when his genius has developed and his art is more matured, something which shall take a permanent place in the great poetical literature of the English tongue.

*School-Houses*. By JAMES JOHNNOT. With Architectural Designs. By S. E. HEWES. New York: J. M. Schermerhorn & Co.

WE imagine that this book will prove of almost inestimable value to school-teachers and to those who have anything to do with the introduction, equipment, and management of schools. It is a regular hand-book of information and practical suggestions on every question that can arise from the time a site has been determined upon till the school-house is finished and furnished and the brain-work of education has begun; and on every one of the topics embraced Mr. Johannot has earned the right to be regarded as an authority.

Among other things, the volume includes a large number of architectural designs, comprising plans and elevations, with full and precise descriptions, so that various tastes and means may be accommodated; and any carpenter, without further assistance, can construct a building exactly as described. These designs are very tasteful and even

elegant, without being elaborate; they are handsomely engraved on wood; and if the book has the influence among school-committees which its merits deserve, our school-houses will soon become a credit to the taste as well as to the intelligence of the country.

To all this, Mr. Johannot has added a full description of the most approved school-furniture and apparatus, so that a school may be supplied with everything necessary to its highest success without recourse to untried and costly experiments; and his chapters on Light, and especially on Heating and Ventilation, are of a value and importance which we believe it would be impossible to exaggerate. No treatise with which we are acquainted discusses the practical aspects of these subjects at once so comprehensively, lucidly, and concisely.

The mechanical part of the book is admirable, and will no doubt contribute largely to its success.

#### SCIENCE.

*December Eclipse of the Sun.*—Preparations are on foot for another eclipse expedition, for again will there be an eclipse of the sun in December; but this year the observers will have to go farther south than last year, even to India, Ceylon, and Australia. The Indian government will take care that the observatories under their administration shall do what is required; and at Melbourne the government astronomer may be expected to make good observations, while Ceylon, as we hear, is to be expressly visited by an astronomer from this country. Among the observations, particular pains are to be taken in obtaining good photographs of the corona, with a view, if possible, to gain further information on some of the phenomena.—*Chambers's Journal*.

*The Lygodium palmatum in New Jersey,* within 32 miles of New York.—In the June number of the "Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club," in Notes by Rev. S. Lockwood, of Freehold, N. J., it is stated, "In October, 1869, I found and collected beautiful specimens in fruit of the climbing fern, *Lygodium palmatum*, not very far from Keyport, N. J." At the Monmouth County Agricultural Fair, held this Fall at Freehold, the daughter of this gentleman exhibited, under the name, "A Cryptogam Garden," a case of mosses, fungi, lichens, and ferns, all in growing condition, and gathered from the woods of Monmouth county, N. J., in which collection the graceful and delicate *Lygodium* was the queen of attraction. Mr. Lockwood says, that when he discovered this beautiful and rare fern, he was almost overcome with joy.

*Sir Wm. Thomson at Edinburgh.*—The "inaugural address" of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was delivered at Edinburgh on August 2d, by Sir W. Thomson. His address was mainly occupied with accounts of the great benefit derived by the world from purely scientific and apparently infructuous investigations, and of the achievements of the year in science, the most striking of which is the evidence collected, now almost irresistible, of the nature of comets.

It appears to be demonstrated by the spectrum analysis that the nucleus of comets is a driving train of meteoric stones, and that the tails are trains of minute planets, of which a few thousands or millions strike the earth every 14th of November when we pass through the tail of Tempel's comet. The tails are illuminated by sunlight, according to many conditions, one of which is the tactical arrangement of the rushing squadrons of meteorolites. Sir W. Thomson believes in evolution as a zoological truth, though not as a biological truth, and he startled Edinburgh by one of the wildest fancies we ever remember to have read. Life, he says, can only come from life—which is true, and is the best argument we know of for a living Creator—but life might have been born on this earth through the fall of a moss-covered aerolite from some shattered planet, which might even have on it some living animal. The idea of anything living after it had been hurled through airless space and through our buckler of atmosphere is certainly dreamy enough for science. There is not an atom of evidence for it, there is nothing gained by it—for how did life come in the shattered world?—and it is utterly inconsistent with what we take to be nearly proved, that no planet has, or can have, precisely the atmosphere of ours. How, then, could the moss bred there live here, any more than roses on Mount Everest?

*Deep-Sea Explorations.*—Dr. Carpenter has communicated to the zoological section of the British Association the substance of a letter received by him from the First Lord of the Admiralty, in which the government have expressed their willingness to support Dr. Carpenter's scheme of prosecuting deep-sea explorations throughout the Atlantic, Indian, Southern, and Pacific Oceans. This substantial acknowledgment of the services already rendered by this successful deep-sea explorer and his talented coadjutors will be received by every scientific man with the same unqualified degree of satisfaction that characterized its announcement to the Association.

*Difficulties of the Hypothesis of an Amazonian Glacier.*—Professor James Orton, in a paper extracted from the *Annals of the American Academy of Sciences*, severely criticizes Agassiz's theory of an Amazonian glacier. He announces the discovery of extensive beds of tertiary fresh-water shells in beautiful preservation at several points on the Upper Amazon, in the very deposits considered to be the mud produced by the grinding power of the glacier. He shows that all critical tests of glacial action are absent; and he exhibits in a striking manner the overwhelming difficulties in the way of conceiving the existence of such a glacier. The *mer de glace* has a slope of about  $14^{\circ}$ ; the Amazon valley for 1,600 miles has a slope of only  $0^{\circ} 8' 5''$ , or about 2½ in. in a mile. Now, even if we make the extreme supposition that a glacier could move along this almost perfect level as fast as the *mer de glace* on a slope more than a hundred times as great, it would yet take 20,000 years for the ice to pass from the foot of the Andes to the Atlantic coast. But in order for the ice not to melt during these 20,000 years, on the equator and almost at the sea level, the mean temperature of the atmosphere must have been at or below the freezing-point! What, then, must

have been the temperature of the extra-tropical parts of the earth? and how did the tropical fauna and flora manage to exist at all during this glacial epoch? The proofs of continuity of the forms of life from the Miocene through the Pliocene and post-Pliocene to the modern epoch are so complete, that the supposition of so gigantic a revolution in the climate of the globe as an Amazon glacier implies, requires an overwhelming mass of facts to support it; and it must ever be a matter of surprise that a man of Professor Agassiz's reputation and ability should have put it forth with so little consideration of its consequences, and resting on such a scanty basis of facts that it has not gained a single scientific adherent.

*Spontaneous Generation.*—Dr. Crace Calvert read at the British Association a paper "On the Action of Heat on Germ Life," in which he successfully combats the views of the advocates of abiogenesis. His late experiments tend, moreover, to show that infusorial life resists a far higher degree of heat than has been hitherto supposed. The boiling-point of water has usually been considered sufficient to deprive every living particle of its vitality, but according to Dr. Calvert vibrios will resist a temperature of 300° Fahr., and it is only at the higher one of 400° that their movements entirely cease. The same organic atoms have been subjected by this experimenter to an amount of cold 17° below the freezing-point of water, yet on the ice being melted, these animalcules have gradually resumed their former characteristic activity.

*Professor Agassiz at Work.*—Professor Agassiz is about setting out from Boston on a deep-sea survey of the oceans bordering America. He has at his orders a new United States coast-survey steamer fitted for the purpose. She will carry a dredging apparatus capable of working at a depth of 3,000 fathoms, and the professor intends making a zig-zag course between the eastern coast of America and the deepest part of the Atlantic as far as Cape Horn, and so up the western coast to San Francisco, dredging all the way. He anticipates a new revelation of the condition of animal life from those unknown depths. Another item of scientific interest is the photographing of the fixed stars by Mr. Rutherford, of New York, already noted for his photographs of the moon. He is engaged in photographing those notable groups of stars sufficiently compact to come on the field of the astronomical camera, and the result of his labor is such that the relative distances of the stars from each other are now measured with one-tenth of the error which obtained in previous measurements. What seems most singular in these photographs is that the stars appear with distinctly defined round disks, though to telescopic vision even they are points merely. This is owing to the deviation of the ray from the right line, or what is known as twinkling, which in the photograph, by the regularity of its deviation on all sides produces a disk, the centre of which is the exact location of the star. Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, Professor of Astronomy, anticipates important results in calculating the movement of the stellar system, this hitherto unattainable exactitude of measurement enabling the observer to verify movements previously only suspected.

*New Theory of the Sun.*—Professor W. A. Norton, of the United States, has examined the several theories recently put forth to explain the physical constitution of the sun, and has stated his own views in an American periodical. The theories assume that the mass of the sun is entirely gaseous, and that light and heat are occasioned by the constant movement of the gaseous matter; that which was within rising to the surface, while that from the surface descends to the interior. Besides this, it has been thought that the so-called red prominences seen during an eclipse are produced by vehement eruptions of masses of incandescent hydrogen, stretching to almost incredible distances. Professor Norton believes that the phenomena observed in the sun, and its influence in the universe, are an effect of repulsion; and that the solar repulsion consists of a series of impulses propagated in waves through the ether of space, and taking effect upon atoms of different sizes with varying intensity. He regards heat as the origin of this repulsion, and brings forward instances to show that heated particles have a repulsive tendency. Pure silica, for example, in a state of powder, when heated, behaves somewhat as a fluid; the particles slide easily over each other, and the surface undulates. Also, it is well known that the flow of water through pipes is facilitated by heat; in other words, the frictional resistance is diminished. The lightest vapors on the sun rise to the surface, and there, meeting with oxygen, heat is developed; after which the particles descend, and play their part in building up the solid nucleus of the sun. By some such process, it is supposed, the solid mass of our earth was formed. Professor Norton illustrates his argument by a reference to comets, and concludes: "If we transfer to cometary bodies the physical structure we have recognized in the sun's upper photosphere—namely, the existence of a succession of light vaporous envelopes, subject to the energetic faction of the force of heat repulsion, the mystery in which some of the curious transformations they undergo have hitherto been involved seems to be in a great degree dispelled." These conclusions, we may remark, are supported by the researches of other observers, among which Mr. Sorby's results are noteworthy. Long and careful examination of meteorites under the microscope led this gentleman to the conclusion, that the materials of which they were composed had been at one time in a state of vapor. On cooling, this vapor condensed into a sort of cometary cloud, formed of small crystals and minute drops of melted stony matter, and being in a violent state of commotion, the particles were often broken by collision. From this it might be inferred that meteors as well as comets were originally nothing more than vaporous matter thrown off from the sun.

In presence of these views and conclusions, it seems opportune that the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna has offered a prize for the discovery of comets. It is suggested that the many amateur astronomers who now watch the sky should devote themselves to this task, seeing that observatories, wherever situate, have for the most part no time for other than their special class of observations. Out of the many thousands of comets which are believed to exist, not more than



from two hundred to three hundred are known; and it has now become important that our knowledge of these faint bodies should be multiplied. The prize is to be a gold medal or twenty Austrian ducats, and for this eight comets are to be discovered.—*Chambers's Journal*.

*Interesting to Firemen.*—The beneficial effects of using cotton-wool as a respirator have led Professor Tyndall to make experiments on the best form of respirator for firemen, who, in the discharge of their duty, have often to work amid dense smoke. In some kinds of smoke, cotton-wool placed over the mouth is a sufficient protection; but it is ineffectual against the pungent fumes of resin, unless moistened with glycerine. Dr. Tyndall therefore contrived a respirator which may be described as a cage of metal and wire-gauze of proper shape, in which, opposite the mouth and nostrils, are placed, first a layer of cotton-wool moistened with glycerine, then a layer of dry wool, a layer of small pieces of charcoal, another layer of dry wool, and last, a layer of small pieces of caustic lime. With a respirator of this kind over their mouths, and their eyes protected by proper glasses, Dr. Tyndall and his assistant have staid for an hour in a stone room, where, from fires of pine-wood, the smoke was so dense and pungent that a single inhalation without the respirator would have been unendurable; and they might have prolonged their stay for hours. This was so satisfactory, that Dr. Tyndall invited Captain Shaw of the London Fire Brigade with some of his men to witness and test the experiment. The result was equally successful; and since then the respirator has been perfected, and suitable hoods to which they are fitted have been constructed, so that henceforth the firemen of London will be able to pass unharmed through the most stifling smoke.

*Food in Besieged Paris.*—The publication of scientific periodicals in Paris, interrupted by the war, has now resumed its natural course, and many interesting details come to us of what was done by scientific men during the two sieges. It is worthy of record that the Académie des Sciences kept up their meetings regularly. Among the papers published in their *Comptes Rendus* is one, unfortunately posthumous, by M. Payen, the eminent chemist, on the way in which the Parisians eked out or multiplied their food resources during the prolonged investment of their city. All the stable-manure was spread thickly over neighboring gardens, and converted into forcing-beds for vegetables. Cabbage, Brussels sprouts, celery, and beet-root were grown under glass, and found a ready sale, or were given away as rations, to the prevention of scurvy. The beet-roots were baked before distribution. It was admitted that great manure-heaps smell badly; but the smell is one that does not kill, and while there is no stagnant water near the heaps, danger is not to be apprehended. The blood collected from slaughter-houses was, before the war, made into a fertilizer for exportation; but during the siege it was eaten in the form of black puddings or sausages; and all the scraps of skins, tendons, entrails, and such like, instead of being converted into glue, were cunningly treated, and made as relishing as the sheep's trotters so largely sold in Paris. By this there was not only gain in food, but an avoiding

of the putrescence that would have arisen in heaps of animal refuse. The supply of salad oil failed. A substitute was found in horse-fat, which is of a soft, oily nature: when clarified, it was used in cookery, and horse-dripping was relished on toast. Mixed with beef and mutton fat, it had a softening effect, and was sold as "beurre de Paris"—Paris butter. In many instances, the fat was necessarily "high," but a way was found to purify it. The taint is imparted by odorous volatile acids. The fat was heated to 225 degrees, and then sprinkled with water: in the commotion that followed, the ill-smelling acids flew off with the steam. Clever cooks sometimes purify slices of meat in a frying-pan in a similar way; and by the same means, colza oil or tallow may be freed from their unpleasant elements. Another resource was albumen, the millions of dried whites of eggs prepared for the use of muslin-dyers. These soaked in water were eaten *au naturel*, or became useful in cookery. Another was the hundreds of thousands of kilogrammes of potato pulp provided in underground cisterns, to be converted into syrups for brewers, confectioners, liqueur-makers: all this was diverted from its intended use, and mixed with flour, to augment the store of bread. Such were some of the devices by which the beleaguered city kept itself alive. It is said that not a few of the arts thus practised in extremity will become permanent. Visitors to the French capital should beware of "beurre de Paris," and of the glue which is as nice as trotters.

*A Mountain Railroad.*—Tourists and holiday-folk who wish to get to the top of a mountain without fatigue will perhaps take pleasure in the fact, that the railway up the Righi is opened to a height of 4,000 feet. It is to be extended to the very summit; meanwhile, parties may visit the baths, or ascend to the Kulm, and enjoy the prospect, and return to Lucerne or any other town on the lake easily within the day. But the making of the line has not been easy. It commences with a turn-table at Vitnau, a few yards from the shore of the lake, and ascends the slope at an angle which soon becomes 25 in 100, which may be considered as a steep gradient; and at this rate it zigzags to the upper terminus. At the height of 1,000 feet, it passes through a tunnel, and next crosses a deep ravine by a viaduct, which, in addition to its angle of 25 feet in 100, has a curve of 280 metres radius. The trains on this curious railway comprise the engine and one carriage. The carriage has two floors or stories, with seats for eighty passengers, and in the ascent is pushed by the engine. The distance to be travelled is three and a half English miles, and the time required for the journey is more than an hour—from which it will be understood that the speed is not great.

#### ART.

*Some Curious "Restorations."*—In the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Ravaisson discusses the old question of the original form and position of the Venus of Milo, which he thinks may be solved more easily now, since some pieces of plaster have come off during the burial of the statue and the original joints have once more become apparent. He returns to the theory

of Quatremère de Quincy, according to which the figure formed part of a group representing Venus disarming Mars. At the same time he strongly deprecates the barbarous habit of a so-called "restoration"—a habit which, he says, was still in vogue when the Venus of Milo first came to the Louvre. At that time all the antiques used to be "repaired" and "made like new." First the wanting pieces were replaced by bits taken from other antique statues. A great number of statues carry to this day heads upon their shoulders which do not belong to them—heads sometimes of totally different periods, and, moreover, as ill fitting as can be. Without leaving the Louvre, more than one Greek statue may be seen surmounted by a head belonging to a Roman one, and many a statue of god or goddess with the head of an entirely different male or female deity. Whenever there was no antique bit handy, other pieces had to supply the want, sometimes derived from the chisel of a common artist, sometimes from that of a master—a Montorsoli, Guglielmo della Porta, or at times Michel Angelo. Hence also the Louvre boasts of an Apollo of archaic Greek style, who, by dint of the attributes supplied to him, has been turned into a Bonus Eventus, a deity of the low Roman period, and of a wounded Amazon, whose tunic, invariably lifted up over the knee of the ancients, has been replaced by a long many-folded robe. Yet even when the restoration is made with knowledge and taste, it cannot but produce a want of harmony, and break up the unity of style and execution, the more so, as the antique portions have generally been touched up to make them fit in with the restorations and their new aspect. Thus the "Diane Chasseresse" was restored by Barthélemy Prieur, who not only supplied the missing portions, but "touched up" all the ancient parts as well. The same is the case with regard to the Pallas of Velletri, and many of the most beautiful statues to be found in the other museums of Europe, more especially the Vatican, such as the Apollo of Belvedere, the Laocoon, and the Venus of Medici. Hence it has happened that in comparing sculptures since brought to light, which have not been retouched in this manner and still bear the unutilized impression of the Greek chisel, some have been led to underestimate the age of many long-celebrated works, and to trace their origin to the so-called Roman period when execution had become much enfeebled. And yet some portions of replicas of these same statues which have fortunately been preserved intact prove incontestably their genuine Greek workmanship. M. Ravaisson advises the removal of all the "improvements" hitherto wrought upon the Venus of Milo; and except one or two little touches, perhaps, about the extremities of the nose and lips, which are absolutely necessary, that henceforth the statue should be exhibited in the original form in which it was found.

*Mr. Jarvis on American Taste in Art.*—I sometimes think that there is more æsthetic bottom to the half-fledged American people than to any of the older races at this moment. It has often happened to me to witness the impressions received from works of art by amateurs of different nations, and their constitutional varieties of temperament as regards them. The average Englishman—I

speak of the cultivated amateur—is an intellectual lover of art in relation to its historical antecedents rather than its æsthetic aspects. He appreciates the relative power of names, styles, and characterization in a serious way, with exuberance of feeling; judges cautiously, but dogmatically, and on the whole fairly, though apt to let his strong likings take the transient impress of a fashion for this or that object or artist. A Frenchman gets animated, analyzes keenly technical points, compares quickly, criticizes decisively and incisively, generally from the material aspect of art, though prone to discover and enjoy the *spirituel* element. His delight is positive and detective; somewhat narrow in its spiritual apprehension, but intense in its peculiar direction. Germans manifest more genealogical and historical acumen, perceiving details, and drawing inferences overlooked by others, and are prone to speculate thereon. Theirs is a sound, hearty, and learned enjoyment; slightly "dry-as-dust," but instructive. The Russian is more of a cosmopolitan amateur, with no very decided preferences, but disposed to enjoy everything after its kind, without tormenting himself with carping criticism or superfluous investigation. If he be less informed than the other nationalities, he has a compensation in a quick eye and active sensibilities. An Italian amateur is chiefly made up of the traditions of his past; has but slight knowledge or interest in the present; rejoices in the reflected glory of the old masters; is local and isolated in taste and judgment, but æsthetic in feeling and sensitive to impressions; less disposed to critical analysis and independent judgment than the Frenchman, but more appreciative of the whole. He accepts a reputation as it has descended to him, understands the good points of his special school, and retains something of the old disturbing jealousy which magnifies one's own city at the expense of a rival's.

This sketch is superficial, but has recognizable fact for a foundation. In remarking that the American amateur may have more æsthetic bottom than the European, I do not imply that he is his equal in culture, but that his incipient taste has a freer range; that he has a nice detective instinct, is quick at apprehending and applying, has no prejudices of national training to uproot—his drawbacks to a catholic comprehension of art being more negative than positive—that he inclines to the true and beautiful, enjoying both just as fast as he has an opportunity to get acquainted with them; that he is either extremely reticent or enthusiastic in his preference; and, finally, that as to form the American type of man all civilizations are fused into one new being, so the coming American amateur bids fair to be more susceptible to æsthetic influences than any other. With this large susceptibility, there is dawning an equal ambition, crude and unformed now, but only lacking the knowledge which comes from culture and experience, to do away from America the reproach now cast on it by learned Europeans, of being a great nation destitute of any art.

*The Venus of Milo.*—On disinterring the Venus of Milo from its concealment in the cellar of the Prefecture of Police, it is found that the damp has loosened the plaster by which the two blocks composing the statue were joined, just above the hips. It also appears that though the

surfaces of the two blocks show that they originally fitted firmly upon each other, the artists of the Louvre, who joined them together, had inserted thin bits of wood, throwing the upper part of the statue a little forward, and imparting that bend which characterized the statue; the perpendicular line from the chin being made to fall upon the point of the supporting foot instead of the instep, as the Grecian artist designed it. The question now before the Institute is whether the "French bend" shall be preserved or the erect Grecian attitude restored.

*Losses at the Tuileries.*—When the Garden of the Tuileries was reopened to the public the people found most of the statues defaced or wholly destroyed. The colossal figure of Peace, by Chaudet, was burned by petroleum; the statue of Agrippina had lost her head and her right arm; Cybele pointed with the stump of her left arm to the missing skirt in which her missing right arm once held sundry fruits of the earth, now missing likewise; Pradier's Prometheus was but little injured, while the Serpent-Charmers, dedicated by Clesinger to the Prince Imperial, belonging to the Jardin Réservé, was found literally riddled with shot, hacked with bayonets, and otherwise mutilated in the most disgraceful manner.

*Sacrilege at Nuremberg.*—The barbarity of commercial utilitarianism, it seems, is fast invading the chosen city of German art—Nuremberg itself; and Dürer's walls are condemned in the name of municipal improvement. At present it is only decreed to raze the ramparts and fill the moat in certain places here and there, "for the sake of air and light;" but the correspondent who with praiseworthy indignation reports the sacrilege to one of the art-journals of his country seems to have small faith in the ultimate moderation of its perpetrators.

*The treatment of the eyes in ancient statuary* receives a new light from a bronze figure which has just arrived at the British Museum, having been rescued by divers from deep water off the coast of the island of Rhodes. This is apparently a Roman figure of Cupid, broken in three parts, and covered with marine growths and shells; of no great artistic value except for the rarity of having the two eyes in their places, and consisting of small garnets cut to a point.

#### VARIETIES.

*The New York Frauds.*—In the absence of political excitement, the most interesting subject of discussion in the United States is the financial administration of the city of New York. Two noble aspirations hitherto unsatisfied in Europe have been fully realized in the commercial capital of America. A great city, governed by a commune or municipality elected by universal suffrage, is at the same time an Irish Republic. No central despotism interferes with the free action of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, nor is Irish public spirit restrained and thwarted by intrusive aliens. The result is an annual corporate expenditure of 5,000,000*l.*, or rather a taxation producing that amount of revenue; for the outlay on public objects is indefinitely smaller

than the receipts. A part of the residue appears in the form of large fortunes accumulated by a few notorious local politicians. The most conspicuous of the number a few years ago became bankrupt as a small tradesman, and, having exchanged business for politics, he now maintains a splendid establishment. The Mayor of New York is his close ally; the Governor of the State was largely indebted to him for his election; and it is believed that if the Democratic party secures a majority he will be able to appoint the next President. The rulers of the city are leading members of the well-known Tammany organization, and they are intimately associated with Fisk and the confederate railway swindlers. The Judges nominated by Tammany Hall are notoriously paid agents of the Erie Directors, who also control the Legislature at Albany. A part of the plunder obtained by railway frauds and by municipal corruption is employed in the payment of subordinate accomplices and in the management of elections. Another portion, awarded in violation of all American principles to the maintenance of Roman Catholic schools, purchases the connivance of the priests and the active support of their disciples. There is probably no precedent in history for so mean, so audacious, and so successful a conspiracy. The managers of the system, profiting by the demoralization which they have themselves created, scarcely take the trouble to excuse their insolent frauds. The wealthiest traders find it more convenient to pay enormous taxes than to resist, and the respectable population is powerless against the rabble and its nominees. London rate-payers who habitually grumble at the inefficiency and wastefulness of the parochial King Log will do well to remember that a King Stork constituted on the New York model might impose on a city three times as populous as New York a taxation of fifteen millions sterling. —*Saturday Review.*

*The American Lyceum.*—Among the peculiarities of American life which nobody born out of the country can be expected to understand, is the strange fondness of a lively and intelligent people for Lyceums and Pie. Against pie there has at last been a revolt. This sacred dish has been denounced both in the press and from the platform as nasty and unwholesome. The Union has survived the impious attack on a national institution, but there is reason to fear that the consumption of this horrible delicacy has not as yet been materially diminished by the abuse which has been lavished on it. It is something, however, that its supremacy should have been challenged and its merits thrown open to discussion. A morbid appetite is always the most difficult to eradicate, and it is evident that the American passion for pie must be left to die out gradually, along with its unhappy victims. The Lyceum system has also, it appears, been somewhat shaken of late. While the host of lecturers has multiplied in all directions, audiences have been gradually dwindling away. There are laments that even the most thrilling course of lectures, with plenty of "stars," and with patriotic and comic subjects well mixed together, will hardly draw now. A frivolous and dissipated generation is turning away from the solemn and edifying recreations of its ancestors. Young America, arrived at years of discretion, shuns the

Lyceums, while younger America, yet in his teens and under domestic rule, attends these dismal rites only under protest.—*Saturday Review*,

*Niagara Falls.*—"One night I wandered alone, down a precipitous footway on the Canadian side, to the spot where formerly Table Rock stood. Its shattered masses lay below me, scarcely visible through the circling clouds of foam. Above me bent forwards the overhanging mass of the hollowed rock, threatening an overwhelming ruin. In front the great flood of waters rolled headlong down, losing itself in a chaos of surge and foam. The ledge on which I stood continued forwards beneath the descending flood. Wet through with spray, with hands against the rock, and with carefully placed feet, I passed slowly behind the falling waters. The moonlight streamed in through a break in the flood, and I paused to look up. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. From a cavern of black waters, turned here and there into cataracts of brilliants, I looked out into a strange world as fair but as intangible as seen in dreams. The blue heaven, the round moon, and stars were faint in mist. The outline of the falls, brightened where the moonbeams fell, and the dark masses of the woods on the opposite shore rose like a thin vision through the ascending wreaths of spray. Before me the way still led on beneath the body of the falls; I followed. A frightful chasm yawned at my feet, up which clouds of spray came drifting against my face. Below I dimly traced the peaks of jagged rocks. Before me the black wall of the cliff struck out into the falling flood, barring further progress. My eyes threatened to grow dizzy; I closed them for an instant. The earth seemed to tremble where I stood. And, hardest of all to endure, the air was rent with the most hideous and appalling noises. It seemed as though myriads of fiends, or formless creatures of the waters, yelled curses at me from the bewildering floods, or shrieked warnings to the intruder. I returned with hurried steps."

*Keith Johnston and Recent Geography.*—The death of Dr. Alexander Keith Johnston—a severe loss to his special department of science—suggests reflections as to the immense acquisitions to our knowledge of geography which may be comprised within the span of a single lifetime. That life was itself by no means prolonged beyond what is called the allotted span of man. It was no further back than 1804 that Keith Johnston was born at Kirkhill, a little village near Edinburgh; yet so progressive, even in what may be termed a geometrical ratio, is the development of scientific knowledge, that the two generations comprised within the conscious experience and active work of such a self-made pioneer in geography have witnessed an amount of gain in the general ideas of the earth's structure and extent, such as hundreds of previous years could hardly boast. We set aside for the moment that comprehensive and all-embracing study of terrestrial phenomena which the German includes in the encyclopædic title of *Erdenkunde*. What we would speak of is little more than that comparatively superficial range of knowledge which it is the province of the map-maker to set before the eye. It is only to a limited extent that the geological features or phenomena of the earth's crust can be

presented within the compass of a chart. For such advance as has in fact been made in this direction the world is, indeed, under no slight obligation to Keith Johnston himself. It was his specialty to have made from an early period of life, and on a wide scale, the application of physical science to geography. Without having himself devoted years to the purposes of travel or exploration, his chosen and invaluable work was that of giving in systematic form and harmony the results accumulated by the labors of the great explorers of nature. It was on the plan of Berghaus, combined with a careful study of the best English and foreign works of geography, that he based his *National Atlas*, published in 1843. Profiting by the research of Humboldt and Ritter, and, indeed, by the counsel of the former, as well as by the energy and accurate knowledge of Petermann, he brought out in 1848 his *Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena*, of which an abridged edition appeared in 1850, and a new and enlarged one in 1856. Among his numerous publications of the kind we would but recall to mind his valuable *Dictionary of Geography*, the four successive editions of which, from 1850 to 1868, form a notable chronicle of the wide and rapid growth of geographical knowledge. His labors culminated in the splendid *Royal Atlas*, in large folio, published only last year.

*Climbing the Matterhorn.*—Recently, when reviewing Dr. Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," we ventured in a prophecy respecting the Matterhorn, in these words: "Its summit still awaits a female foot, and, we believe, despite the labor and hazard, a female foot will one day press it." Little did we, and not at all did the majority of those who know the mountain well, expect that this prophecy would be speedily fulfilled, and least of all by an English lady. However, we learn, from a correspondent who has just returned from Switzerland, that Miss Walker, a lady famous for her climbing triumphs, reached the top of the Matterhorn, on the 22d of July last. She ascended from Zermatt, and by the route commonly now known from that side. Being favored with a very fine day the party remained on the summit for forty minutes, and descended without mishap. Intending climbers may be thankful for the information that great quantities of snow have fallen during last winter on several well-known mountains and passes.—*Athenæum*.

*Does the Race Progress?*—Lord Houghton, in a well-turned speech at the centenary in honor of Miss Hope Scott, the sole survivor of the line, mentioned the kind of loneliness in which the names of all the great *litterateurs* stand. They have rarely left descendants. We have no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Bacon, no Newton, no Pope, no Byron; Italy has no Dante, no Petrarch, no Ariosto, or Alfieri; Germany has no Goethe, no Schiller, no Heine; France has no Montaigne, no Descartes, no Voltaire, no Lamartine. There is no descendant known of Luther, Calvin, or John Knox. The fact is remarkable, and not favorable to the theory of an indefinite progress of humanity. The race of the very great does not multiply, while the race of the very little, say any Irish hodman, is as the sands of the sea.



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Engraved for the Eclectic by Geo E. Perine, N.Y.

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S.

